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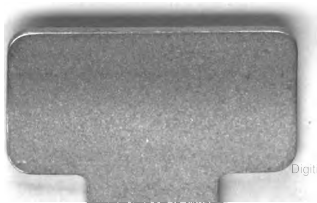
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(drastische Nachbildung des Falstaff.)  
**H U D I B R Ä S**

IN

**THREE PARTS,**

BY

**SAMUEL BUTLER,**

(1663-78)

WITH

**BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,**

EDITED

BY

**LUDWIG GANTTER.**

---

**STUTTGART.**

**J. B. METZLER.**

**1855.**





# BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

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*Poeta nascitur non fit*, is a sentence of as great truth as antiquity; it being most certain, that all the acquired learning imaginable is insufficient to complete a poet, without a natural genius and propensity to so noble and sublime an art. And we may, without offence, observe, that many very learned men, who have been ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themselves obnoxious to that satirical inspiration our Author wittily invokes:

Which made them, though it were in spite  
Of nature and their stars, to write.

On the one side, some who have had very little human learning, but were endued with a large share of natural wit and parts, have become the most celebrated\* poets of the age they lived in. But, as these last are, "*Raræ aves in terris*," so, when the muses have not disdained the assistances of other arts and sciences, we are then blessed with those lasting monuments of wit and learning, which may justly claim a kind of eternity upon earth. And our author, had his modesty permitted him, might, with Horace, have said,

---

\* Shake speare, Davenant, &c,



*Exegi monumentum aere perennius:*

Or, with Ovid,

*Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

The Author of this celebrated Poem was of this last composition: for although he had not the happiness of an academical education, as some affirm, it may be perceived, throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful parts of human learning.

Rapin (in his reflections) speaking of the necessary qualities belonging to a poet, tells us, he must have a genius extraordinary; great natural gifts; a wit just, fruitful, piercing, solid, and universal; an understanding clear and distinct; an imagination neat and pleasant; an elevation of soul, that depends not only on art or study, but is purely the gift of heaven, which must be sustained by a lively sense and vivacity; judgment to consider wisely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this character is due to our Author, we leave to the impartial reader, and those of nicer judgment, who had the happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

SAMUEL BUTLER, the Author of this excellent Poem, was born in the parish of Strensham, in the county of Worcester, and baptized there the 13. of Feb. 1612. His father, who was of the same name, was an honest country farmer, who had some small estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the Lord of the Manor where he lived. However, perceiving in his son an early inclination to learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the free-school at Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright; where, having passed the usual time, and being become an excellent school-scholar, he went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that University, his father's abilities not being sufficient to be at the charge of an academical education; so that our

Author returned soon into his native county, and became clerk to one Mr. Jefferys, of Earl's-Croom, an eminent Justice of the Peace for that County, with whom he lived some years, in an easy and no contemptible service. Here by the indulgence of a kind master, he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to whatever learning his inclinations led him, which were chiefly history and poetry; to which, for his diversion, he joined music and painting; and I have seen some pictures, said to be of his drawing, which remained in that family; which I mention not for the excellency of them, but to satisfy the reader of his early inclinations to that noble art; for which also he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the most eminent painters of his time.

He was after this recommended to that great encourager of learning, Elizabeth Countess of Kent, where he had not only the opportunity to consult all manner of learned books, but to converse also with that living library of learning, the great Mr. Selden, who often employed the poet as his amanuensis and transcriber.

Thus ran on the years of Butler's youth and early manhood, and so far he cannot be considered as unfortunate, if we are to presume that he found his chief enjoyment, as scholars generally do, in opportunities of intellectual improvement.

He is next found in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an ancient family in Bedfordshire, and an eminent commander under Oliver Cromwell, marked probably — perhaps to an unusual degree — by the well-known peculiarities of his party.

It is probable that he served him in the capacity of tutor. The situation could not be a very agreeable one to a man whose disposition was so much towards wit and humour, even though those qualities had not made their owner a royalist, which in such an age they could scarcely fail to do. Daily exposed to association with persons, whose character, from antagonism to his own, he could not but loathe, it is not sur-

prising that the now mature muse of Butler should have conceived the design of a general satire on the sectarian party. Perhaps personal grievances of his own might add to the poignancy of his feelings regarding the Cromwellians. The matchless fiction of Cervantes supplied him with a model, in which he had only to substitute the extravagances of a political and religious fanaticism for those of chivalry.

Sir Samuel Luké is supposed to have sat for the portrait of the hero of *Hudibras*. Butler has hence been accused of ingratitude and an odious betrayal of his benefactor; but so grave a charge as this deserves, particularly when brought against an illustrious genius, a much more conclusive degree of proof than the evidence will supply. We must know, first, whether Butler was really treated in the family of Sir Samuel Luke with kindness sufficient to justify us in giving the name of ingratitude to his satirizing of that personage; and, secondly, we must have better evidence as to the severity and malice of the alleged satire itself than is to be gathered from the very few and not very distinct allusions to Sir Samuel occurring in the poem of *Hudibras*. \*

The rapid and immediate success of Butler's poem of course brought him under the notice of the court at the Restoration, whose interests the satire had so powerfully served; and Charles presented the author with a sum of 300 pounds sterling, promising to do more for him. \*\* This promise, however, the king never fulfilled, and as those who were at the helm, minded money more than merit, our author found that verse in Juvenal to be exactly verified in himself:

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\* "We are not disposed decidedly to rebut the charge; but we think it may in candour be allowed to hang in doubt, until we know something more precise as to the circumstances attending the connexion of the poet with his patron, and more particularly, those attending their parting." (*Chambers*.)

\*\* It is usually stated that this order was for 3000 l., but that a figure was cut off, and only 300 l. paid. It is to us quite inconceivable that so large a sum should have ever been ordered by the king, all the circumstances being considered. (*Chambers*.)

*Hand facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat  
Res angusta domi.*

The Earl of Clarendon promised him a place at court, but he never obtained it. He was endued with that innate modesty, which rarely finds promotion in princes' courts.

Butler now became Secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow-Castle, when the court there was revived.\* The poet, now fifty years of age, married one Mrs. Herbert, a gentlewoman of a very good family, but no widow, as the Oxford Antiquary \*\* has reported. She had a competent fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill securities, so that it was of little advantage to him.

He is reported to have been Secretary to his Grace George Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor to the University of Cambridge; but whether that be true or no, it is certain, the Duke had a great kindness for him, and was often a benefactor to him.\*\*\* But no man was a more generous friend to him, than that Maecenas of all learned and witty men, Charles Lord Buckhurst, the late Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, who, being himself an excellent poet, knew how to set a just value upon the ingenious performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and supply the necessities of those, whose modesty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our author was a signal instance, as several others have been. In fine, the integrity of his life, the acuteness of his wit, and easiness of his conversation,

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\* What emoluments he derived from his stewardship, or whether he derived any emoluments from it at all, does not appear; but it seems tolerably clear that the better part of his life was spent in mean and struggling circumstances in London. (Chambers.)

\*\* Also Chambers says that he married a widow. (Ed.)

\*\*\* Contrary to this statement Chambers says: "Butler was favoured with an interview by the Duke of Buckingham, who, however, seeing two court ladies pass, ran out to them, and did not come back; so that Butler had to go home disappointed." (Ed.)

had rendered him most acceptable to all men; yet he prudently avoided a multiplicity of acquaintance; and wisely chose such only whom his discerning judgment could distinguish (as Cowley expresses it)

From the great vulgar or the small.

Such are the only circumstances related as chequering a twenty-years' life of obscure misery which befell the most brilliant comic genius which perhaps our country has ever produced.

Butler departed this life in the year 1680, in a wretched lodging in Rose-street, Covent-Garden, then the most miserable and squalid quarter of London. He was even indebted to the charity of a friend\* for a grave, as he did not possess sufficient property to pay his funeral expenses\*\*, and it was not till some time after his death that this great comic genius received the honour of a monument, which was erected, with a laudatory inscription, at the cost of an admirer. This tardy recognition of Butler's merit gave origin to one of the acutest epigrams in the English language: —

\* Whilst Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,  
No generous patron would a dinner give:  
See him, when starved to death and turn'd to dust,  
Presented with a monumental bust.  
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,  
*He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone."*

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\* Mr. Longuevil, of the Temple. (*Ed.*)

\*\* He was buried at the west end of the church-yard of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, on the south side, under the wall of the church.

*(Pilgrimages in London.)*

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

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### 1) ROBERT CHAMBERS.

It is rarely that a pasquinade, written to satirise living characters or systems, outlives its own age; and, where such is the case, we may well suppose something very remarkable in the work, if not in the merits of its author. Such a work is *Hudibras*, a cavalier burlesque of the extravagant ideas and rigid manners of the English Puritans of the civil war and commonwealth. Borne up by a felicity of versification and an intensity of wit never excelled in our literature, this poem still retains its place amongst the classic productions of the English muse, although, perhaps, rarely read through at once, for which, indeed, its incessant brilliancy in some measure unfits it. The same amount of learning, wit, shrewdness, ingenious and deep thought, felicitous illustration, and irresistible drollery, has never been comprised in the same limits. The idea of the knight, Sir Hudibras, going out "a-colonelling" with his Squire Ralph, is of course copied from Cervantes; but the filling up of the story is different. Don Quixote presents us with a wide range of adventures, which interest the imagination and the feelings. There is a freshness and a romance about the Spanish hero, and a tone of bright honour and chivalry, which Butler did not attempt to imitate. His object was to cast ridicule on the whole body of the English Puritans, especially their leaders, and to de-

base them by low and vulgar associations. It must be confessed, that in many of their acts there was scope for sarcasm. Their affected dress, language, and manners, their absurd and fanatical legislation against walking in the fields on Sundays, village May-poles, and other subjects beneath the dignity of public notice, were fair subjects for the satirical poet. Their religious enthusiasm also led them into intolerance and absurdity. Contending for so dear a prize as liberty of conscience, and believing that they were specially appointed to shake and overturn the old corruptions of the Kingdom, the Puritans were little guided by considerations of prudence, policy or forbearance. Even Milton, the friend and associate of the party, was forced to admit

That New Presbyterian was but Old Priest writ large.

The higher qualities of these men, their indomitable courage and lofty zeal, were of course overlooked or despised by the royalists, their opponents, and Butler did not choose to remember them. His burlesque was read with delight, and was popular for generations after the Puritans had merged into the more sober and discreet English dissenters. The plot or action of *Hudibras* is limited and defective, and seems only to have been used as a sort of peg on which he could hang his satirical portraits and allusions. The first cantos were written early (1663), when the civil war commenced, but we are immediately conveyed to the death of Cromwell, at least fifteen years later, and have a sketch of public affairs to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. The bare idea of a Presbyterian justice sallying out with his attendant, an Independent clerk, to redress superstition and correct abuses, has an air of ridicule, and this is kept up by the dialogues between the parties, which are highly witty and ludicrous; by their attack on the bear and the fiddle; their imprisonment in the stocks; the voluntary penance of whipping submitted to by the knight, and his adventures with his lady.

The poem was left unfinished, but more of it would hardly have been read even in the days of Charles. There is, in

fact, a *plethora* of wit in *Hudibras*, and a condensation of thought and style, which become oppressive and tiresome. The faculties of the reader cannot be kept in a state of constant tension. Many of the lines and similes are completely identified with the language, and can never be separated from it. Such are the opening lines of Part II. Canto III.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated as to cheat;  
As lookers-on feel most delight  
That best perceive a juggler's sleight;  
And still the less they understand,  
The more they admire his sleight-of-hand.

## 2) HENRY HALLAM.

*Hudibras* was incomparably more popular than *Paradise Lost*; no poem in our language rose at once to greater reputation. Nor can this be called ephemeral, like that of most political poetry. For at least half a century after its publication it was generally read, and perpetually quoted. In the *Fiction* of *Hudibras* there was never much to divert the reader, and there is still less left at present. But what has been censured as a fault, the length of dialogue, which puts the fiction out of sight, is in fact the source of all the pleasure that the work affords. The sense of Butler is masculine, his wit inexhaustible, and it is supplied from every source of reading and observation. But these sources are often so unknown to the reader that the wit loses its effect through the obscurity of its allusions, and he yields to the bane of wit, a purblind mole-like pedantry. His versification is sometimes spirited, and his rhymes humorous; yet he wants that ease and flow which we require in light poetry.

## 3) Dr. JOHNSON.

Politics are now nothing more than means of rising in the world. With this sole view do men engage in politics,



and their whole conduct proceeds upon it. How different in that respect is the state of the nation now from what it was in the time of Charles the First, during the Usurpation, and after the Restoration, in the time of Charles the Second. *Hudibras* affords a strong proof how much hold political principles had then upon the minds of men. There is in *Hudibras* a great deal of bullion which will always last. But, to be sure, the brightest strokes of his wit owed their force to the impression of the characters, which was upon men's minds at the time; to their knowing them, at table and in the street; in short, being familiar with them; and above all, to his satire being directed against those whom a little while before they had hated and feared.

There is more *thinking* in Milton and in Butler than in any of our poets.

#### 4) THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The merit of *Hudibras*, excellent as it is, certainly lies in its style and execution, and by no means in the structure of the story. The action of the poem, as it stands, and interrupted as it is, occupies but three days and it is clear, from the opening line, "When civil dudgeon first grew high," that it was meant to bear date with the civil wars. Yet after two days and nights are completed, the poet skips at once, in the third part to Oliver Cromwell's death, and then returns to retrieve his hero, and conduct him through the last canto.

Before the third part of *Hudibras* appeared, a great space of time had elapsed since the publication of the first. Charles II. had been fifteen years asleep on the throne, and Butler seems to have felt that the ridicule of the sectaries had grown a stale subject. The final interest of the piece, therefore, dwindles into the widow's repulse of Sir Hudibras — a topic which has been suspected to allude, not so much to the Presbyterians as to the reigning monarch's dotage upon his mistresses.

## 5) GEORGE CRAIK.

The poetry of Butler has been very happily designated as merely the comedy of that style of composition which Donne and Cowley practised in its more serious form — the difference between the two modes of writing being much the same with that which is presented by a countenance of a peculiar cast of features when solemnised by deep reflection, and the same countenance when lighted up by cheerfulness or distorted by mirth. And it may be added, that the gayer and more animated expression is here, upon the whole, the more natural and attractive. The quantity of explosive matter of all kinds which Butler has contrived to pack up in his verses is amazing; it is crack upon crack, flash upon flash, from the first line of his long poem to the last. Much of this incessant bedazzlement is, of course, merely verbal, or otherwise of the humblest species of wit; but an infinite number of the happiest things is also thrown out. And *Hudibras* is far from being all more broad farce. Butler's power of arguing in verse, in his own way, may almost be put on a par with Dryden's in his; and, perseveringly as he devotes himself upon system to the exhibition of the ludicrous and grotesque, he sometimes surprises us with a sudden gleam of the truest beauty of thought and expression breaking out from the midst of the usual rattling fire of smartness and conundrums — as when in one place he exclaims of a thin cloud drawn over the moon —

Mysterious veil; of brightness made,  
At once her lustre and her shade!

## 6) WILLIAM HAZLITT.

The greatest single production of wit of this period, I might say of this country, is Butler's "*Hudibras*". It contains specimens of every variety of drollery and satire, and those specimens crowded together into almost every page. The

proof of this is, that nearly one half of his lines are got by heart, and quoted for mottos. In giving instances of different sorts of wit, or trying to recollect good things of this kind, they are the first which stand ready in the memory; and they are those which furnish the best tests and most striking illustrations of what we want. Dr. Campbell, in his "Philosophy of Rhetoric", when treating of the subject of wit, which he has done very neatly and sensibly, has constant recourse to two authors, Pope and Butler, the one for ornament, the other more for use. Butler is equally in the hands of the learned and the vulgar, for the sense is generally as solid as the images are amusing and grotesque. Whigs and Tories join in his praise. He could not, in spite of himself,

"narrow his mind,  
And to party give up what was meant for mankind."

Though his subject was local and temporary, his fame was not circumscribed within his own age. He was admired by Charles II. and has been rewarded by posterity. It is the poet's fate! It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at, that arbitrary and worthless monarchs like Charles II. should neglect those who pay court to them. The idol (if it had sense) would despise its worshippers. Indeed, Butler hardly merited anything on the score of loyalty to the house of Stuart. True wit is not a parasite plant. The strokes which it aims at folly and knavery on one side of a question, tell equally home on the other. Dr. Zachary Grey, who added notes to the poem, and abused the leaders of Cromwell's party by name, would be more likely to have gained a pension for his services than Butler, who was above such petty work. A poem like "Hudibras" could not be *made to order of a court*. Charles might very well have reproached the author with wanting to show his own wit and sense rather than to favour a tottering cause; and he has even been suspected, in parts of his poem, of glancing at majesty itself. He in general ridicules not persons, but things, not a party, but their

principles, which may belong, as time and occasion serve, to one set of solemn pretenders or another. This he has done most effectually, in every possible way and from every possible source, learned or unlearned. He has exhausted the moods and figures of satire and sophistry. It would be possible to deduce the different forms of syllogism in Aristotle, from the different violations or mock-imitations of them in Butler. He fulfils every one of Barrow's conditions of wit, which I have enumerated in the first Lecture. He makes you laugh or smile by comparing the high to the low, or by pretending to raise the low to the lofty; he succeeds equally in the familiarity of his illustrations, or their incredible extravagance, by comparing things that are alike or not alike. He surprises equally by his coincidences or contradictions, by spinning out a long-winded flimsy excuse, or by turning short upon you with the point-blank truth. His rhymes are as witty as his reasons, equally remote from what common custom would suggest; and he startles you sometimes by an empty sound like a blow upon a drum-head, by a pun upon one word, and by splitting another in two at the end of a verse, with the same alertness and power over the odd and unaccountable in the combinations of sounds as of images.

There are as many shrewd aphorisms in his works, clenched by as many quaint and individual allusions, as perhaps in any author whatever. He makes none but palpable hits, that may be said to give one's understanding a rap on the knuckles. He is, indeed, sometimes too prolific, and spins his antithetical sentences out, one after another, till the reader, not the author, is wearied. He is, however, very seldom guilty of repetitions, or wordy paraphrases of himself; but he sometimes comes rather too near it, and interrupts the thread of his argument (for narrative he has none) by a tissue of epigrams, and the tagging of points and conundrums without end. The fault, or original sin of his genius, is, that from too much leaven it ferments and runs over; and there is, unfortunately, nothing in his subject

to restrain and keep it within compass. He has no story good for anything, and his characters are good for very little. They are too low and mechanical, or too much one thing, personifications, as it were, of nicknames, and bugbears of popular prejudice and vulgar cant, unredeemed by any virtue, or difference or variety of disposition. There is no relaxation or shifting of the parts; and the impression in some degree fails of its effect, and becomes questionable from its being always the same. The satire looks, at length, almost like special pleading; it has nothing to confirm it in the apparent good humour or impartiality of the writer. It is something revolting to see an author persecute his characters, the cherished offspring of his brain, in this manner, without mercy. Hudibras and Ralpho have immortalised Butler; and what has he done for them in return, but set them up to be "pilloried on infamy's high and lasting stage?" This is ungrateful!

The rest of the characters have, in general, little more than their names and professions to distinguish them. We scarcely know one from another, Cerdon, or Orsin, or Crowdero, and are often obliged to turn back, to connect their several adventures together. In fact, Butler drives only at a sect of obnoxious opinions, and runs into general declamations. His poem in its essence is a satire, or didactic poem. It is not virtually dramatic or narrative. It is composed of digressions by the author. He instantly breaks off in the middle of a story, or incident, to comment upon and turn it into ridicule. He does not give characters but topics, which would do just as well in his own mouth without agents, or machinery of any kind. The long digression in Part III, in which no mention is made of the hero, is just as good and as much an integrant part of the poem as the rest. The conclusion is lame and impotent, but that is saying nothing; the beginning and middle are equally so as to historical merit. There is no keeping in his characters, as in *Don Quixote*; nor any enjoyment of the ludicrousness of their situations;

as in Hogarth. Indeed, it requires a considerable degree of sympathy to enter into and describe to the life even the ludicrous eccentricities of others, and there is no appearance of sympathy or liking to his subject in Butler. His humour is to his wit, "as one grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff: you shall search all day, and when you find it, it is not worth the trouble." Yet there are exceptions. The most decisive is, I think, the description of the battle between Bruin and his foes, Part I. Canto III., and again of the triumphal procession in Part II. Canto II., of which the principal features are copied in Hogarth's election print, the *Chairing of the Successful Candidate*. The account of Sidrophel and Whackum is another instance, and there are some few others, but rarely sprinkled up and down.

The widow, the termagant heroine of the poem, is still more disagreeable than her lover: and her sarcastic account of the passion of love, as consisting entirely in an attachment to land and houses, goods and chattels, which is enforced with all the rhetoric the author is master of, and hunted down through endless similes, is evidently false. The vulgarity and meanness of sentiment which Butler complains of in the Presbyterians, seems at last, from long familiarity and close contemplation, to have tainted his own mind. Their worst vices appear to have taken root in his imagination. Nothing but what was selfish and groveling sunk into his memory, in the depression of a menial situation under his supposed hero. He has, indeed, carried his private grudge too far into his general speculations. He even makes out the rebels to be cowards and well beaten, which does not accord with the history of the times. In an excess of zeal for church and state, he is too much disposed to treat religion as a cheat and liberty as a farce. It was the cant of that day (from which he is not free) to cry down sanctity and sobriety as marks of disaffection, as it is the cant of this to hold them up as proofs of loyalty and staunch monarchical principles.

Butler.

2

Religion and morality are, in either case, equally made subservient to the spirit of party, and a stalking-horse to the love of power. Finally, there is a want of pathos and humour, but no want of interest in Hudibras. It is difficult to lay it down. One thought is inserted into another; the links in the chain of reasoning are so closely rivetted, that the attention seldom flags, but is kept alive (without any other assistance) by the mere force of writing. There are occasional indications of poetical fancy, and an eye for natural beauty; but these are kept under or soon discarded, judiciously enough, but it should seem, not for lack of power, for they are certainly as masterly as they are rare. Such is the burlesque description of the stocks, or allegorical prison, in which first Crowdero and then Hudibras are confined: the passage beginning —

"As when an owl that's in a barn,  
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,  
Sits still and shuts his round blue eyes,  
As if he slept," etc.

And the description of the moon going down in the early morning, which is as pure, original, and picturesque as possible: —

"The queen of night, whose large command,  
Rules all the sea and half the land,  
And over moist and crazy brains  
In high spring-tides at midnight reigns,  
Was now declining to the west,  
To go to bed and take her rest."

Butler is sometimes scholastic, but he makes his learning tell to good account; and for the purposes of burlesque nothing can be better fitted than the scholastic style.

## 7) THOMAS B. SHAW.

The great productions of literature may be looked at under two different aspects or relations. Every illustrious name in letters may be considered as typifying and expressing some

great and strongly marked epoch in the history of man in general, and also as the offspring and embodiment of some particular era, or some peculiar state of feeling existing in the nation of which that name is an ornament: that is to say, criticism may be *general* or particular, cosmopolite or national. Thus Milton, viewed as a colossal intellect, without any reference to his particular century or country, may be looked upon as the type and offspring of the Reformation and of the republican spirit combined; regarded with reference to England and the seventeenth century, he will be found to embody the Commonwealth — that stirring and extraordinary period of British history, when the united influences of those two mighty phenomena were acting on a stage sufficiently limited, and during a period sufficiently short, to enable us to form a clear and well-defined idea of their character. The period at which Milton wrote was, as we have seen, a period of vehement struggle between powerful and opposite principles: and if in the illustrious author of 'Paradise Lost' we find the eloquent assertor of the liberty of the press, and the uncompromising advocate for democratic forms of government, we cannot be surprised if we behold, in the ranks of the royalist party, a mighty champion of monarchy, and an irresistible satirist of the follies and vices of the republicans. This champion, this satirist, is *Samuel Butler*, perhaps the greatest master who ever lived of the comic or burlesque species of satiric writing — a strange and singular genius, whose powers of ridicule were as incomparable as the story of his life is melancholy. In point of learning, vast, multifarious, and exact, he was no unworthy rival of Milton: in originality of conception and brilliancy of form his work is unequalled; indeed, 'Hudibras' is one of those productions which may be said to stand alone in literature. It is not to be denied that the reputation obtained out of England by this extraordinary work is by no means commensurate with its real merit as an effort of genius and originality, or with the vast store of wisdom and of wit contained in its pages; nor is it even pro-



bable that this indifference to its merits will ever at any future period be less than it has hitherto been, or than it is at present. It arises from a very natural cause. The subject of Butler's satire was too local and temporary to command that degree of attention in other countries, without which the highest powers of humour and imagination will have been exerted in vain. It is undoubtedly true that the vices, the crimes, the follies so pitilessly ridiculed in 'Hudibras' are common to mankind in almost every state of civilised society; but we must no less remember that some of the more prominent of them never burst forth into so full a bloom of absurdity and extravagance as they did at the memorable epoch of English history which he has caricatured. The Commonwealth and the Protectorate form a revolutionary epoch, and, like all epochs of revolution, were fertile in strong contrasts of political and social physiognomy. Such periods, acting, as they so powerfully do, upon the *manners* of a people, are admirably suited for the purposes of the satiric poet. At such times the elements of faction, the extravagances of opinion, of sentiment, of manners, of costume, are brought prominently out upon the surface of society, and present themselves, so to say, in a condensed and tangible form, which the satirist has only to copy to produce a vivid and striking picture — fortunate, too, if a future age, free from these violent agitations and strong contrasts, does not charge him with exaggeration, and mistake the grotesque but faithful delineations of his pencil for the sportiveness of caricature. Curious as they are to the moral speculator, and full of matter to the studious searcher into the history of party, the absurdities of that legion of fanatical sects by whom the destinies of England were then swayed are neither sufficiently attractive or picturesque in themselves, nor sufficiently well known to the general European reader, for Butler's admirable pictures of them to be generally studied or understood out of England; for with political satire, no less than political caricature, much of the point of the jest is lost to those who are not able to judge of the likeness. It

may be objected that, to the great body of English readers, the very considerable time that has elapsed since the occurrences took place which Butler has ridiculed, and the total disappearance of the things and the men represented in his poem, must have rendered them as strange and almost as unintelligible as they are to the non-English reader, from remoteness of place as well as distance of time, and dissimilarity of manners, customs, and sentiments. This is undoubtedly true to some extent: but the intensely idiomatic spirit of this excellent writer has given to his work a sap and a vitality which no obsolescence of subject could destroy. An immense number of his verses have passed into the ordinary everyday language of his countrymen: containing, as they often do, the condensed thought of proverbs, they have fixed themselves on the memory of the people by their proverb-like oddity and humour of expression, and often by the quaint jingle of their rhymes. Thus multitudes of Butler's couplets float loosely in the element of ordinary English dialogue, and are often heard from the mouths of men who are themselves ignorant of the source of these very expressions, and who possibly hardly know that such a poet as Butler and such a poem as 'Hudibras' ever existed. The fundamental idea of 'Hudibras' is, in our opinion, singularly happy. The title of the poem, which is also the name of its hero, is taken from the old romances of chivalry, Sir Hugh de Bras being the appellation of one of the knights (an Englishman, too, according to the legend) of Arthur's fabulous Round Table. Much also of the structure of the poem is a kind of burlesque of those ancient romances; and the very versification itself is the rhymed octosyllable so much employed by the Norman trouvères, a measure singularly well adapted for continuous and easy narrative, and consequently peculiarly fit for burlesque. Of comic poetry, part of whose humour consists in a resemblance or contrast between a ludicrous imitation and a serious or elevated original, there are two principal species. In the one, the characters, events, language, and style of a sublime

and pathetic work are retained, but mingled with mean and ludicrous objects; as when the heroes of the 'Iliad' are represented as cowards, gluttons, and thieves: and in the other, trivial or ridiculous personages and events are described with a pomp of language and an affected dignity of style wholly disproportioned to their real importance. The former species of writing, it is hardly necessary to say, is called *burlesque*, and the second *mock-heroic*. Of the first kind are the innumerable *travesties* of the ancient poets; and of the second both the French literature and the English possess excellent specimens, though the 'Lutrin' is not to be compared to the 'Rape of the Lock.' Although both these kinds of comic writing may appear to have been the offspring of a considerably advanced period of literature, it is nevertheless certain that specimens of them are to be found at an exceedingly early epoch — even in the very infancy of poetry in the heroic age, and in its second birth or avatar of the romantic or chivalric period of the Middle Ages. We need only mention, in proof of our first proposition, the 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice,' falsely, it is obvious, ascribed to Homer, but still a work of very high antiquity; and also we may refer to many of the comedies of Aristophanes. As to our second position — that in which we speak of the existence in the Middle Ages of this kind of comic writing — it will be necessary to refer rather more fully to the literature of that early period, not only because this section of it is less likely to be familiar to our readers, but also because it bears more immediately upon the subject in hand — 'Hudibras' being, to a certain degree, a burlesque of the tales of chivalry which form the staple of mediæval literature. We have, then, numberless proofs that the solemn, wonderful, and stately romance of the *trouvère* was often parodied, and that ludicrous and burlesque poems were frequently written, for the purpose of exciting mirth, in which the stately manners and occupations of the knight were represented in connexion with the ignorance, rudeness, and coarse merriment of the peasant; somewhat in a similar

manner as we find in the Attic theatre the terrible and pathetic tragedy made a source of laughter in the satiric drama, which is supposed to have formed a part of the trilogy of the ancients. Of these latter only one example now exists, in the 'Cyclops' of Euripides, an admirable and most laughable *jeu d'esprit*, in which the heroic manners and adventure of Ulysses and Polyphemus are evidently travestied from a serious tragic version (now lost) of the same adventure, which formed one of the members of the same trilogy. Not to speak of the ancient Norman subdivision of the Romanz poetry, we need not look farther than our own country to find several examples of the same kind of humour existing in the chivalrous literature of the Middle Ages. And the thing is natural enough: the taste and feeling of the ludicrous, which seems innate in the human mind, will find a ready food in the serious or elevated productions fashionable in any age or country. Among the early English poems to which he have alluded there are two which are not only admirable for their oddity and humour, but curious, as presenting perfect examples of the principle of which we are speaking: these are the 'Tournament of Tottenham' and the 'Hunting of the Hare.' In the former of these singular *jeux d'esprit* the reader will find a very lively parody of the language, sentiment, and usages of the chivalric period. The subject is a solemn tourney, or "passage of arms," in which the actors are clowns and peasants instead of high-born and gentle knights, and in which the peculiar terms and ceremonies of these solemn and splendid spectacles are most ludicrously burlesqued and misapplied. In the 'Hunting of the Hare' the leading idea is nearly similar, with the exception that it is not the language and the usages of the tournament which are burlesqued by their connexion with the lowest order of the people, but the terms and, if we may so style it, the technology of the art of venery — an art which was in those ages considered as only second in importance to the science of war, which possessed a language of its own no less complicated and elaborate, and

was, no less than it, the peculiar privilege of the nobles. In this curious poem the "base-born churls" go out to hunt the hare with all the ceremonies of knightly vinery; and the poem, which describes their mishaps and their ignorant misapplication of terms and customs, produced its effect in a similar way to the laughable caricature of military and heraldic splendour in the "Tournament of Tottenham.

"Cervantes laugh'd Spain's chivalry away,"

says Byron; and though it is an error to suppose that the ludicrous adventures of the Knight of La Mancha can in any sense be said to have destroyed a system which had ceased to exist when Cervantes wrote, yet every reader must feel how much of the comic effect of this immortal work arises from the strong contrast and want of harmony between the Don's peculiar train of ideas and the social condition of the times in which he attempts to realise his hallucination. So completely indeed had knight-errantry ceased to exist at the period when the Don is supposed to set out on his adventures, that Cervantes was obliged to adopt the idea of *insanity* in his hero ere he could bring in contact two states of society — two conditions of sentiment so incompatible as the chivalric age and the real manners of his own day. But every one sees how much the ludicrous effect is heightened, nay, how completely it proceeds from this forcible juxtaposition of discordant periods; for as all true beauty arises, in nature and in art, from harmony, so the ludicrous has ever for its principal element the incongruous and the discordant. Place Don Quixote in the real age of chivalry, surround him with the real customs and ideas which his "fine madness" has conjured up from the past and from the world of imagination, and he ceases to be a ludicrous, or even an extraordinary character.

In 'Hudibras', the form of the poem, the versification, and the conception of some of the adventures, derive their comic piquancy from their resemblance to the solemn tales of Anglo-Norman chivalry. The age of knight-errantry is

indeed far less prominently brought in contrast and opposition with a different period in 'Hudibras' than in 'Don Quixote;' but it is so brought to a certain degree, and with a certain degree of effect: and herein we may perceive a proof of Butler's good sense. The manners of Spain when Cervantes lived were indeed widely different from those of the chivalric age; but they were not so completely changed but that many relics of chivalry still existed in the legends, the songs, and the recollections of the people: these existed then, it is obvious, for they exist, to a certain extent, down to the present day. But England when Butler wrote, England in the civil war and under the Long Parliament, was as perfect and absolute a contrast to the chivalric age as the mind of man can conceive. Butler therefore contented himself with taking from that period certain general outlines for his picture; the principal of which — the idea of representing his hero as setting out, attended by his squire, in a garb and an equipment ludicrously caricatured, knight-errantlike, to destroy abuses — he undoubtedly took from Cervantes. The characters of the Knight of La Mancha and his inimitable squire, it should be observed, grotesque as they are, are in no sense intended to excite, or capable of exciting, any feeling but that of merriment — a merriment which in the case of the former is always tempered with respect and pity. The object of Butler was different: he intended to produce in us a feeling of ridicule and contempt, and of contempt carried as far towards detestation as was compatible with the existence of the ridiculous. And in their respective aims, both so different and so difficult, each of these great wits has wonderfully succeeded. Cervantes makes you laugh at his admirable hero, and yet love him the more the more you laugh; while Butler causes you to detest Sir Hudibras as much as it is possible to detest him without ceasing to laugh. Pity and abhorrence are both *tragic* passions, and consequently, when carried beyond certain limits, are destructive of the sense of ridicule: and these two great men have each in his peculiar

line carried their ludicrous character exactly so far as to touch the brink where the comic ceases, and where the tragic begins. Butler's object in writing 'Hudibras' was to cover the fanatic and republican party with irresistible ridicule; and in that assemblage of odious and contemptible vices which he has, as it were, condensed in the persons of Sir Hudibras and his clerk, it is impossible not to see at once the strong though certainly exaggerated resemblance between the original and the portrait, and the extraordinary genius of the painter. Sir Hudibras, a Presbyterian officer and justice of the peace, sets out, attended by his clerk Ralph (who is the representative of the Independents), to correct abuses, and to enforce the observance of the strict laws lately made by the fanatic parliament for the suppression of the sports and amusements of the people. In moral and intellectual character, in political and religious principles, this worthy pair forms a parallel as just and admirable as in grotesque accoutrement, in cowardice, and in paradoxical ingenuity. The description of their character, dress, equipment, and even their horses, is as complete and finished a picture as can be conceived: not a single stroke of satire is omitted; they live before us a perfect embodiment of everything that is repulsive and contemptible.

Though the lines which distinguish these two personages are drawn with a strong, a learned, and a delicate hand, there is too great a natural resemblance between the two classes of which Hudibras and Ralph are the representatives for us to derive from them the pleasure we find in Don Quixote, and which arises from the happy and humorous contrast between the Don and Sancho. The differences between Presbyterian and Independent, Antimonian and Fifth-Monarchyman were much better known and more easily distinguished when Butler wrote than they can be now after so many years have tended to confound in one general indistinctness the peculiar features which gave individual character to the thousand sects then struggling for supremacy, each hating with

a fervent hatred the Church and the monarchy of England, but abhorring each other with far greater cordiality. But it was not so when Butler wrote, and we cannot, therefore, justly complain that a work written with a particular and definite purpose of local and temporary satire does not possess a greater universality of design than it was likely, or indeed possible, it should have. We must remember that the vices and follies ridiculed in 'Hudibras', though they may no longer exist under the same forms, yet are inherent in human nature; and we may accept this sharp and brilliant satire as an attack, not upon the Presbyterian or Independent of 1660, but upon pedantry, hypocrisy, upon political and religious fanaticism.

The plot and adventures of this poem are very slight and unimportant: the butt of the author was the whole Puritan party, and he was more likely to render that party ridiculous by what he makes his personages *say* than by anything he could make them *do*. The numerous dialogues scattered through the work are, in this respect, more powerful means of throwing contempt on the object of the satire than the events; though many of the latter, as the adventure of the bear and fiddle, the imprisonment in the stocks, the self-inflicted whipping of the knight, &c. &c., are recounted with great gaiety and invention. The learning, the inexhaustible wit, the ingenuity, the ever-surprising novelty of the dialogues, forbid us to regret, or rather altogether prevent us from perceiving, that the intrigue is so imperfect and inartificial a shardly to deserve the name of a plot, that the action is inconsistent, and left unfinished at the conclusion — if, indeed, the abrupt termination of the poem can correctly be called a conclusion — in which nothing is concluded.

In the interval between the appearance of the first and last cantos the Restoration had taken place, to which Butler had so powerfully contributed, and from which he was destined to meet with such ingratitude; and consequently many of the topics which he had treated with such admirable humour



in the first part had become obsolete; so that it may be doubted whether Butler could have completed his work, or whether the work would have been rendered more valuable had he done so. Its success was immense — addressed as it was to the strongest prejudices of the royalists, and directed against a party whose peculiar vices were unusually well adapted to serve as a butt for the satirist. It immediately became the most popular book of the time, was quoted and admired by all the courtiers, and by the merry king himself, who was certainly able, whatever were his deficiencies in more important points to enjoy and appreciate the wit of "Hudibras"; but who, with that ungrateful levity which forms the worst feature of his character, forgot to reward the admirable author to whom he owed much in more senses than one.

### 8) VILLEMALIN.

Charles II, en prenant de Louis XIV l'exemple de la pompe et des plaisirs monarchiques, n'imita pas ce prince dans sa munificence à récompenser les lettres. La littérature n'avait, sous son règne, que les entrées du pouvoir absolu, et s'adressait à un public souvent distrait par de sourdes inquiétudes et des mécontentements. Dans les premières années de la restauration, le poème de Butler, qui jetait une dérision piquante sur le zèle farouche et minutieuse des puritains, était un service rendu à la cause royale. Il y avait peu de générosité dans le poète à frapper un parti vaincu, dont les derniers chefs expiraient leur fanatisme sur l'échafaud; il y avait encore moins de noblesse dans la manière dont ce poète satirisait, sous son nom propre, la famille de sir Luck, où il avait été recueilli et où il avait vécu. Mais tels étaient la haine et le dégoût qu'avait laissés dans les esprits la rude et fanatique domination des sectaires, telle était la crainte qu'ils excitaient encore, qu'on accueillit avec le plus vif empressement le poème d'Hudibras. Nul ouvrage, sous Charles II, n'était plus lu, plus cité. Il servit sans nul

doute à décréditer ce rigorisme, cette tristesse puritaine qui se maintenaient comme une forme d'opposition et un menace à la nouvelle cour. Sous ce rapport, Charles II devait au poète une reconnaissance dont il ne s'acquitta qu'en lui citant parfois des vers d'Hudibras. Butler, félicité et oublié, mourut pauvre, laissant un ouvrage original, qui, par malheur, est intraduisible.

On a comparé son Hudibras à Don Quichotte. L'imitation n'est pas douteuse. Le chevalier puritain et son écuyer Ralfo furent évidemment inspirés par les deux personnages de Cervantes ; mais le poète anglais n'a pas l'élégance, l'imagination, la variété de l'Espagnol. Hudibras surtout n'est pas amusant pour tout le monde, comme Don Quichotte. La fidélité même de ses parodies traîne avec soi quelque chose de l'ennui qui s'attachait aux originaux puritains. Le poète se moque bien, mais longuement. Ses plaisanteries sont instructives pour l'histoire ; mais qu'est-ce que des plaisanteries qu'il faut étudier ? Le chevalier Hudibras est une bonne copie des pédants réformateurs, mais qu'il est loin de l'aimable et admirable fou Don Quichotte ! Et quant à l'indépendant Ralfo, bien qu'il soit poltron et souvent battu comme Sancho, ses arguments de prêche et de régiment n'égalent pas les proverbes du bon écuyer. Ce n'est donc pas au chef-d'oeuvre de Cervantes, qu'il faut comparer Hudibras, mais plutôt à notre satire Menippée. C'est le même bon sens goguenard et le même savoir original : la peinture des puritains vaut celle des ligueurs. Mais Hudibras n'avait pas, comme la Menippée, le mérite de venir pendant le combat et d'aider à la victoire. Les chants de ce poème ne furent publiés qu'en pleine restauration, de 1653 à 1677. Les plaisanteries de l'auteur sur la révolution, ses bons mots perpétuels contre les bouchers, les brasseurs et les savetiers, venaient bien tard, quand la restauration avait dispersé les restes de Cromwell, et qu'Harrison, Bradshaw et tant d'autres étaient morts dans les supplices. Il fallait un grand fond de gaieté aristocratique pour rire encore du défaut de naissance de ces

hommes. Le grand et populaire succès d'Hudibras est à cet égard un indice curieux pour l'histoire, autant que le livre en lui-même abonde en traits de mœurs, dont elle peut profiter. Le jacobite Samuel Johnson, qui donne à Butler le nom de grand, regarde son poème comme un des monuments de la langue anglaise. Ce livre a du moins l'incontestable avantage d'être tout indigène par le sujet, les mœurs, les détails. A ce titre, il occupe une place à part dans la littérature du temps; il a l'esprit du règne de Charles II, sans aucune trace d'esprit français. Vous savez même que Butler n'aimait pas ses vers, trouvant qu'il y en avait toujours un pour le rime, un pour le sens. \*

### 9) MENNECHET.

Il est rare que les ouvrages écrits sous la dictée des passions politiques survivent aux événements qui ont inspirés. Si le républicain Milton n'eût écrit que sur les guerres civiles et religieuses de son temps, son génie nous serait à peine connu : le Paradis perdu a seul sauvé de l'oubli ses pamphlets politiques. C'est par cette raison qu'un poète, que certains critiques de l'Angleterre prétendent sans rival dans la poésie burlesque et qu'un poème qui leur paraît dans son genre un effort de génie presque aussi étonnant que le Paradis perdu, ne nous sont guère connus que de nom. Ce poète, c'est Samuel Butler; ce poème, c'est Hudibras. La réputation de l'auteur et celle du livre sont si grandes en Angleterre que c'est un devoir pour nous de nous en occuper.

Pour comprendre comment une guerre civile qui coûta tant de sang à l'Angleterre et fit monter Charles I<sup>er</sup> sur l'échafaud, a pu inspirer un poème comique et presque burlesque à un poète royaliste comme Butler, il faut se rendre compte de ce qu'étaient alors les partis en Angleterre et se rappeler

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\* Those that write in rhyme still make  
The one verse for the other's sake;  
The one for sense and one for rhyme  
I think's sufficient at one time.

qu'au temps de la Ligue nous avons eu la satire Ménippée. Le ridicule se mêle si souvent aux actions humaines, que les catastrophes, même les plus sanglantes, peuvent rarement y échapper. En Angleterre, le protestantisme était alors divisé en trois sectes principales : les évêques, les presbytériens et les indépendants. En désaccord sur tout le reste, ces trois sectes se réunirent pour renverser le trône ; puis elle se déchirèrent les unes les autres, et leurs querelles, sans être sanglantes, se sont perpétuées jusqu'à nos jours. Butler vit, en homme d'esprit, que si les ennemis du roi étaient les plus forts, ils n'en prêtaient pas moins la face aux traits du ridicule, et il saisit la seule arme qui pût alors les atteindre. Il se souvint que, dans un autre temps et dans un autre pays, Michel Cervantes avait eu le talent de faire rire toute l'Europe aux dépens d'un brave hidalgo épris d'un enthousiasme chevaleresque assez voisin de la folie, et il se persuada que l'Europe ne s'amuserait pas moins de son juge presbytérien courant en chevalier les provinces de l'Angleterre pour y établir les doctrines puritaines et redresser les torts de la noblesse et du clergé. Sir Hudibras est le Don Quichotte de la réforme, et, pour que la ressemblance fût complète, le poète lui donna un secrétaire ou écuyer nommé Ralph, qui est proprement son Sancho Pansa. Comme dans le roman espagnol, le serviteur a plus de bon sens que le maître, et le juge Hudibras est écrasé sous les traits malins dont l'accable l'honnête Ralph non moins, que sous le ridicule des aventures bouffonnes où il jette son fanatisme extravagant. Mais Cervantes aimait son héros, et, s'il le montre ridicule, il ne le rend jamais méprisable : il n'en est pas ainsi du pauvre Hudibras, que Butler immole sans pitié à la raillerie et au mépris. Voici le portrait du personnage dans l'imitation libre et abrégée de Voltaire :

Sir Hudibras, cet homme rare,  
 Était, dit on, rempli d'honneur,  
 Avait de l'esprit et du cœur ;  
 Mais il en était fort avare.  
 D'ailleurs, par un talent nouveau,  
 Il était tout propre au barreau,

Ainsi qu'à la guerre cruelle ;  
 Grand sur les bancs , grand sur la selle,  
 Dans les camps et dans un bureau :  
 Semblable à ces rats amphibies  
 Qui, paraissant avoir deux vies,  
 Sont rats de campagne et rats d'eau.  
 Mais, malgré sa grande éloquence,  
 Et son mérite et sa prudence,  
 Il passa, chez quelques savants,  
 Pour être un de ces instruments  
 Dont les fripons avec adresse  
 Savent user sans dire un mot,  
 Et qu'ils tourment avec souplesse :  
 Cet instrument s'appelle un sot.  
 Ce n'est pas qu'en théologie,  
 En logique, en astrologie,  
 Il ne fût un docteur subtil :  
 En quatre il séparait un fil,  
 Disputant sans jamais se rendre,  
 Changeant de thèse tout à coup  
 Toujours prêt à parler beaucoup,  
 Quand il fallait ne point s'entendre.  
 Grimpé dessus sa haridelle  
 Pour venger la religion,  
 Avait à larçon de sa selle  
 Deux pistolets et du jambon ;  
 Mais il n'avait qu'un éperon.  
 C'était de tout temps sa manière ;  
 Sachant que, si la talonnière  
 Pique une moitié du cheval,  
 L'autre moitié de l'animal.  
 N'en resterait point en arrière.  
 Voilà donc Hudibras parti :  
 Que Dieu bénisse son voyage,  
 Ses arguments et son parti,  
 Sa barbe rousse et son courage !

Cette imitation, où l'esprit de Voltaire ne brille pas moins que celui de Butler, suffit pour donner une idée de ce poème, pour ainsi dire sans action et sans dénouement. Il se compose d'une série d'aventures entremêlées de conversations, comme dans le Don Quichotte. Mais le poème d'Hudibras a contre lui de peindre des travers et des ridicules, qui ne pouvaient être plaisants que pour l'époque et pour le pays qui en ont été moins. La plupart des traits piquants dont il est semé fin, même en Angleterre, d'être expliqués et commentés pour être compris. Le burlesque de cette composition est surtout dans le désaccord, dans le contraste entre

le style et les sentiments, entre la gravité des événements et la manière dont ils ont été racontés. On y remarque à chaque page et presque à chaque vers une dépense d'esprit qui va jusqu'à la prodigalité, jusqu'à l'abus. Cette abondance même finit par fatiguer. Butler supplée souvent à l'absence par un déploiement d'érudition, d'autant plus regrettable qu'il sait lire quand il veut au livre de la nature et que le cœur humain n'a point de secrets pour lui. Un grand nombre de ses vers sont empreints d'un tel caractère de vérité qu'ils sont restés proverbes. C'est encore un point de ressemblance d'Hudibras avec Don Quichotte : mais l'imitation est restée trop au-dessous du modèle pour qu'on puisse pousser plus loin la comparaison. L'œuvre de Cervantes est européenne, celle de Butler est tout anglaise, et il existe entre le poème anglais et le roman espagnol toute la distance qui sépare l'esprit du génie.

#### 10) FRIEDRICH BOUTERWEK.

Wenige Gedichte sind lauter gepriesen und in England beliebter geworden, als der Hudibras von Butler. Man hat dieses komische Gedicht als den Triumph des menschlichen Witzes bewundert. Man hat geglaubt, es über den Don Quixote stellen zu dürfen, ob es gleich zum Theil nur Nachahmung dieses spanischen Romans ist. Immer bleibt es, auch wenn die unbefangene Kritik in dieses ungemessene Lob nicht einstimmen kann, ein bewundernswürdiges Product des komischen Witzes. Aber wenn der komische Witz, auch von dem trefflichsten Verstande und vielen Kenntnissen unterstützt, nicht für poetisches Genie gelten soll, das noch etwas mehr als Witz voraussetzt, so darf Butler auf die Ehre, die dem Cervantes in der Geschichte der Poesie wiederfahren muss, keinen Anspruch machen. Der Erfindung im Hudibras fehlt nicht nur die höhere Originalität, da sie nur geistreiche Nachahmung des Don Quixote ist; sie hat auch weit weniger inneres Verdienst, als die Erfindung im Don Quixote. Butler hatte bei aller

Butler.

3

Originalität und Unerschöpflichkeit seines Witzes wenig poetisches Gefühl. Seine Phantasie war thätig, aber nur um dem Witze vorzuarbeiten, und überraschende Vergleichen und Combinationen herbeizuführen. Die Situationen, in die er seine komischen Helden versetzt, beweisen wenig Erfindungsgabe; sie sind gewöhnlich entweder gemein, oder nachgeahmt. Die Idee, von der das Gedicht ausgeht, war allerdings der Ausführung werth. Die Satyre in Butler's Hudibras ist mehr, als Parteisatyre. Sie trifft alle phantastischen Pedanten und Disputanten, die mit cynischer Geschmacklosigkeit den gesunden Verstand durch Subtilitäten ersticken und für alberne Lehrsätze, als ob es heilige Wahrheiten wären, mit kriegerischem Eifer zu Felde ziehen. Die Geschichte der philosophischen Systeme liefert genug Facta, auf die man die Satyre des Hudibras eben so gut anwenden kann, als auf den Sectenwahn der Presbyterianer zu Butler's Zeit. Aber auch da glänzt Butler's Witz in seinem hellsten Lichte, wo er die grüblerischen Disputationen der Secte, die er verspotten wollte, auf das burleskeste parodirt. Die Charactere seiner Helden, des bewaffneten Richters Hudibras und des Schreibers Ralph, der den Schildknappen vorstellt, vereinigen in sich alle Gemeinheit, die Cervantes sorgfältig dem Sancho Pansa auflud, um dadurch das Gemälde des Don Quixotte zu heben und der komischen Carricatur seiner ganzen Dichtung das Widrige zu entziehen. Ja sogar den gemeinen Sancho Pansa lässt Cervantes zuweilen mit vielem gesundem Verstande urtheilen. Ernsthafte und sogar rührende Episoden erhöhen in dem Don Quixote des Cervantes noch die poetische Würde, die sich auch in dem Style dieses komischen Romans nicht verleugnet. Aber in Butler's Hudibras ist Alles Carricatur. Die beiden Helden des Gedichts sind in jeder Hinsicht widrige Subjecte. Nicht ein einziger edler oder schöner Zug söhnt uns mit ihrer cynischen Albernheit und Gefühllosigkeit aus. Eben dadurch hat Butler auch gegen die Wahrheit seiner Charactergemälde gefehlt, weil doch ein falscher Eifer für etwas Gutes die Geistesverirrungen veranlasste, die er

anschaulich machen wollte. Butler hätte nicht vergessen müssen, dass sogar Männer wie Milton von dem presbyterianischen und puritanischen Träumereien hingerissen werden konnten. Aber sein Widerwille gegen die Secte, die er gewissermassen brandmarken wollte, liess ihn auch das Interesse der Poesie vergessen. Der Satyriker siegte in ihm über den Dichter. Ueber den Plan seines komischen Gedichts lässt sich im Ganzen nicht urtheilen, weil es unvollendet geblieben ist; aber selbst seine Bewunderer gestehen ein, dass es dem Gedichte an Handlung fehlt. Burleske Reden und Disputationen nehmen in dem Gesange den meisten Platz ein. Auf poetische Maschinerie hat Butler ganz Verzicht gethan. Die gelehrten Kenntnisse und Anspielungen, mit denen das Werk ausgestattet ist, tragen zu seinem poetischen Werthe wenig bei. Die komischen Beschreibungen, in denen sich Butler's Phantasie noch am meisten schöpferisch zeigt, sind gedehnt. Aber die strömende Fülle des originalen, energischen und furchtbaren Witzes, der nicht sowohl in der Erfindung als in der Ausführung dieses Gedichtes glänzt und durch absichtliche Vernachlässigung der Feinheit den Reiz der schneidenden Satyre erhöht, macht den Hudibras zu einem in seiner Art einzigen Werke. Ein treffender und überraschender Einfall jagt den andern, ein komisches Bild das andere. Die Sprache in sogenannten Knittelversen passt vortrefflich zu der ganzen Manier. Das Werk musste also dem englischen Publicum lieb bleiben auch seitdem die fanatische Thorheit, gegen die es unmittelbar gerichtet ist, sich selbst nicht mehr, wie zu Butler's Zeit, zur Vergleichung darbietet. Ohne historische Erläuterungen ist ein grosser Theil der Satyre, vermuthlich derjenige, der Butler's Zeitgenossen besonders interessirte, nicht mehr verständlich.

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# HUDIBRAS.

## PART I.

### CANTO I.

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#### THE ARGUMENT.

Sir Hudibras his passing worth;  
The manner how he sally'd forth.  
His arms and equipage are shown;  
His horse's virtues and his own.  
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle  
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

---

When civil dudgeon first grew high,  
And men fell out they knew not why?  
When hard words, jealousies and fears  
Set folks' together by the ears,  
And made them fight, like mad or drunk  
For dame Religion as for punk: 5  
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,  
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore;  
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded  
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded, 10  
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;  
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,  
And out he rode a colonelling.  
A wight he was whose very sight wou'd 15  
Intitle him, Mirror of Knighthood;  
That never bow'd his stubborn knee  
To any thing but chivalry:  
Nor put up blow, but that which laid  
Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade: 20

Chief of domestic Knights and errant,  
Either for chartel, or for warrant;  
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,  
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;  
Mighty he was at both of these, 25  
And styl'd of war as well as peace.  
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,  
Are either 'for the land or water.)  
But here our author makes a doubt,  
Whether he were more wise or stout. 30  
Some hold the one, and some the other;  
But howsoe'er, they make a pother,  
The difference was so small, his brain  
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;  
Which made some take him for a tool, 35  
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.  
For't has been held by many, that  
As *Montaigne*, playing with his cat,  
Complains she thought him but an ass,  
Much more she wou'd Sir *Hudibras*; 40  
(For that's the name our valiant Knight  
To all his challenges did write.)  
But they're mistaken very much;  
'Tis plain enough he was no such.  
We grant, altho' he had much wit, 45  
H' was very shy of using it;  
As being loth to wear it out,  
And therefore bore it not about;  
Unless on holy-days, or so,  
As men their best apparel do. 50  
Beside, 'tis known he could speak *Greek*  
As naturally as pigs squeek:  
That *Lutin* was no more difficle,  
Than to a black-bird 'tis to whistle.  
Being rich in both, he never scant'd 55  
His bounty unto such as wanted:  
But much of either wou'd afford  
To many that had not one word.  
For *Hebrew* roots, altho' they're found  
To flourish most in barren ground, 60

He had such plenty, as suffic'd To make some think him circumcis'd; And truly so, perhaps he was; 'Tis many a pious Christian's case.	
He was in <i>Logic</i> a great critick, Profoundly skill'd in analytick! He cou'd distinguish and divide A hair 'twixt south and south-west side; On either which he would dispute, Confute, change hands, and still confute.	65     70
He'd undertake to prove, by force Of argument, a man's no horse. He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl, And that a Lord may be an owl, A calf an Alderman, a goose a Justice, And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.	    75
He'd run in debt by disputation, And pay with ratiocination. All this by syllogism, true In mood and figure, he would do.	  80
For <i>Rhetoric</i> , he cou'd not ope His mouth, but out there flew a trope: And when he happen'd to break off I' th' middle of his speech, or cough, H' had hard words ready to shew why, And tell what rules he did it by:	   85
Else, when with greatest art he spoke, You'd think he talk'd like other folk. For all the rhetorician's rules Teach nothing but to name his tools.	  90
But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech, In loftiness of sound, was rich; A Babylonish dialect, Which learned pedants much affect.	  95
It was a party-colour'd dress Of patch'd and pye-ball'd languages: 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin, Like fustian heretofore on satin.	  100
It had an odd promiscuous tone, As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;	

Which made some think, when he did gabble,  
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;  
 Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce  
 A leash of languages at once.  
 This he as volubly would vent 105  
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent;  
 And truly to support that charge,  
 He had supplies as vast and large:  
 For he cou'd coin or counterfeit  
 New word's, with little or no wit; 110  
 Words, so debas'd and hard, no stone  
 Was hard enough to touch them on:  
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,  
 The ignorant for current took 'em;  
 That had the orator, who once 115  
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones  
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,  
 He would have us'd no other ways.  
 In *Mathematicks* he was greater  
 Than *Tycho Brahe* or *Erra Pater*: 120  
 For he, by geometrick scale,  
 Could take the size of pots of ale;  
 Resolve, by sines and tangents, straight,  
 If bread or butter wanted weight;  
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day 125  
 The clock does strike, by algebra.  
 Beside, he was a shrewd *Philosopher*,  
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over:  
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,  
 He understood b' implicit faith: 130  
 Whatever Sceptic cou'd enquire for,  
 For ev'ry why, he had a wherefore;  
 Knew more than forty of them do,  
 As far as words and terms cou'd go:  
 All which he understood by rote, 135  
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote:  
 No matter whether right or wrong,  
 They might be either said or sung.  
 His notions fitted things so well,  
 That which was which he could not tell; 140

But oftentimes mistook the one  
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.  
 He cou'd reduce all things to acts,  
 And knew their natures by abstracts;  
 Where entity and quiddity, 145  
 The ghost of defunct bodies, fly;  
 Where truth in person does appear,  
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.  
 He knew what's what, and that's as high  
 As metaphysic wit can fly. 150  
 In school-divinity as able  
 As he that hight, Irrefragable;  
 A second *Thomas*, or, at once  
 To name them all, another *Dunce*:  
 Profound in all the nominal 155  
 And real ways beyond them all;  
 For he a rope of sand cou'd twist  
 As though as learned *Sorbonist*;  
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull  
 That's empty when the moon is full; 160  
 Such as take lodgings in a head  
 That's to be let unfurnished.  
 He cou'd raise scruples dark and nice,  
 And after solve 'em in a trice;  
 As if divinity had catch'd 165  
 The itch on purpose to be scratch'd;  
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound  
 And stab herself with doubts profound,  
 Only to shew with how small pain  
 The sores of faith are cur'd again; 170  
 Altho' by woeful proof we find  
 They always leave a scar behind.  
 He knew the seat of paradise,  
 Cou'd tell in what degree it lies;  
 And, as he was dispos'd, cou'd prove it 175  
 Below the moon, or else above it:  
 What *Adam* dreamt of, when his bride  
 Came from her closet in his side:  
 Whether the devil tempted her  
 By a High-Dutch interpreter: 180

	If either of them had a navel: Who first made music malleable: Whether the serpent, at the fall, Had cloven feet or none at all.	
502	All this, without a gloss or comment, He cou'd unriddle in a moment, In proper terms, such as men smatter, When they throw out, and miss the matter.	185
503	For his <i>Religion</i> , it was fit To match his learning and his wit: 'Twas Presbyterian true blue; For he was of that stubborn crew Of errant Saints whom all men grant To be the true Church Militant; Such as do build their faith upon The holy text of pike and gun; Decide all controversies by Infallible artillery;	190
504	And prove their doctrine orthodox By apostolic blows and knocks: Call fire, and sword, and desolation, A godly thorough reformation, Which always must be carry'd on, And still be doing, never done:	195
505	As if Religion were intended For nothing else but to be mended. A sect whose chief devotion lies In odd perverse antipathies; In falling out with that or this, And finding somewhat still amiss:	200
506	More peevish, cross, and splenetick, Than dog distract, or monkey sick; That with more care keep holy-day The wrong, than others the right way: Compound for sins they are inclin'd to, By damping those they have no mind to:	205
507	Still so perverse and opposite, As if they worship'd God for spite. The self-same thing they will abhor One way, and long another for.	210
508		215
509		220

Free-will they one way disavow;  
 Another, nothing else allow.  
 All piety consists therein  
 In them, in other men all sin.  
 Rather than fail, they will decry 225  
 That which they love most tenderly;  
 Quarrel with mine'd-pies, and disparage  
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge:  
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,  
 And blaspheme custard thro' the nose. 230  
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,  
 Like *Mahomed's*, were ass and widgeon;  
 To whom our Knight, by fast instinct  
 Of wit and temper was so linkt,  
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense 235  
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.  
 Thus was he gifted and accouter'd;  
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward;  
 That next of all we shall discuss:  
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus: 240  
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace  
 Both of his wisdom and his face;  
 In cut and dye so like a tile,  
 A sudden view it would beguile:  
 The upper part thereof was whey; 245  
 The nether, orange mix'd with grey.  
 This hairy meteor did denounce  
 The fall of scepters and of crowns;  
 With grisly type did represent  
 Declining age of government; 250  
 And tell with hieroglyphick spade,  
 Its own grave and the state's were made.  
 Like *Sampson's* heart-breakers, it grew  
 In time to make a nation rue;  
 Tho' it contributed its own fall, 255  
 To wait upon the publick downfal,  
 It was monastic, and did grow  
 In holy orders by strict vow;  
 Of rule as sullen and severe  
 As that of rigid Cordeliere. 260

'Twas bound to suffer persecution  
 And martyrdom with resolution ;  
 T' oppose itself against the hate  
 And vengeance of th' incensed state ;  
 In whose defiance it was worn, 265  
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn ;  
 With red-hot irons to be tortur'd ;  
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.  
 Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast  
 As long as monarchy shon'd last ; 270  
 But when the state should hap to reel,  
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,  
 And fall, as it was consecrate,  
 A sacrifice to fall of state ;  
 Whose thread of life the fatal sisters 275  
 Did twist together with its whiskers,  
 And twine so close, that time should never,  
 In life or death, their fortunes sever ;  
 But with his rusty sickle mow  
 Both down together at a blow. 280  
 So learned *Taliacotius* from  
 The brawny part of porter's bum  
 Cut supplemental noses, which  
 Wou'd last as long as parent breech ;  
 But when the date of *Nock* was out, 285  
 Off drop'd the sympathetic snout.  
 His back, or rather burthen, show'd,  
 As if it stoop'd with its own load :  
 For as *Aeneas* bore his sire  
 Upon his shoulders thro' the fire, 290  
 Our Knight did bear no less a pack  
 Of his own buttocks on his back ;  
 Which now had almost got the upper-  
 Hand of his head, for want of crupper.  
 To poise this equally, he bore 295  
 A paunch of the same bulk before ;  
 Which still he had a special care  
 To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare ;  
 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,  
 Such as a country-house affords ; 300



With other vittle, which anon  
 We farther shall dilate upon,  
 When of his hose we come to treat,  
 The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,  
 And tho' not sword, yet cudgel-proof;  
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,  
 Who fear'd no blows, but such as bruise.

305

His breeches were of rugged woollen,  
 And had been at the siege of Bullen;  
 To old King *Harry* so well known,  
 Some writers held they were his own.

310

Thro' they were lin'd with many a piece  
 Of ammunition bread and cheese,  
 And fat black-puddings, proper food  
 For warriors that delight in blood.

315

For, as we said, he always chose  
 To carry vittle in his hose,  
 That often tempted rats and mice  
 The ammunition to surprise;

320

And when he put a hand but in  
 The one or t' other magazine,  
 They stoutly in defence on't stood,  
 And from the wounded foe drew blood;  
 And 'till th'were storm'd and beaten out,  
 Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.

325

And tho' Knights Errant, as some think,  
 Of old did neither eat nor drink,  
 Because, when thorough desarts vast,  
 And regions desolate, they past,

330

Where belly-timber above ground,  
 Or under, was not to be found,  
 Unless they graz'd, there's not one word  
 Of their provision on record;

335

Which made some confidently write,  
 They had no stomachs, but to fight.  
 'Tis false: for *Arthur* wore in hall  
 Round table like a farthingal,

On which with shirt pull'd out behind,  
 And eke before, his good Knights din'd.

340

Though 'twas no table, some suppose,  
 But a huge pair of round trunk hose;  
 In which he carry'd as much meat  
 As he and all the Knights cou'd eat,  
 When, laying by their swords and truncheons, 345  
 They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.

But let that pass at present, lest  
 Who should forget where we digrest,  
 As learned authors use, to whom  
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come. 350

His puissant sword unto his side,  
 Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd;  
 With basket-hilt, that wou'd hold broth,  
 And serve for fight and dinner both.

In it he melted lead for bullets, 355  
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,  
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch;  
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
 For want of fighting, was grown rusty; 360  
 And ate unto itself, for lack  
 Of somebody to hew and hack.

The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt  
 The rancour of its edge had felt;  
 For of the lower end two handful 365  
 It had devour'd, 'twas so manful;  
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,  
 As if it durst not shew its face.

In many desperate attempts,  
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts, 370  
 It had appear'd with courage bolder  
 Than Serjeant *Bum* invading shoulder.  
 Oft had it ta'en possession,  
 And pris'ners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had t' his page 375  
 That was but little for his age;  
 And therefore waited on him so,  
 As dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.  
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,  
 Either for fighting or for drudging. 380

- When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,  
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;  
Toast cheese or bacon; tho' it were  
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.  
'Twould make clean shoes; and in the earth 385  
Set leeks and onions, and so forth.  
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,  
Where this and more it did endure;  
But left the trade, as many more  
Have lately done on the same score. 390  
In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,  
Two aged pistols he did stow,  
Among the surplus of such meat  
As in his hose he cou'd not get.  
These wou'd inveigle rats with th' scent, 395  
To forage when the cocks were bent;  
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap  
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.  
They were upon hard duty still,  
And ev'ry night stood centinel, 400  
To guard the magazine i' th' hose  
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.  
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight  
From peaceful home set forth to fight.  
But first with nimble, active force 405  
He got on th' outside of his horse;  
For having but one stirrup ty'd  
T' his saddle, on the further side,  
It was so short, h' had much ado  
To reach it with his desp'rate toe: 410  
But, after many strains and heaves,  
He got up to the saddle-eaves,  
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,  
With so much vigour, strength and heat,  
That he had almost tumbled over 415  
With his own weight, but did recover,  
By laying hold on tail and main,  
Which oft he us'd instead of rein.  
But now we talk of mounting steed,  
Before we further do proceed, 420

It doth behove us to say something  
Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.  
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,  
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall.  
I wou'd say eye; for h' had but one, 425  
As most agree; tho' some say none.  
He was well stay'd; and in his gait  
Preserv'd a grave, majestick state.  
At spur or switch no more he skipt,  
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt; 430  
And yet so fiery, he wou'd bound  
As if he griev'd to touch the ground:  
That *Caesar's* horse, who, as fame goes,  
Had corns upon his feet and toes,  
Was not by half so tender hooft, 435  
Nor trod upon the ground so soft.  
And as that beast would kneel and stoep  
(Some write) to take his rider up,  
So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known)  
Wou'd often do to set him down. 440  
We shall not need to say what lack  
Of leather was upon his back  
For that was hidden under pad,  
And breech of Knight, gall'd full as bad.  
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd 445  
Like furrows he himself had plow'd;  
For underneath the skirt of pannel,  
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.  
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,  
Which on his rider he wou'd flurt, 450  
Still as his tender side he prick'd,  
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd kick'd:  
For *Hudibras* wore but one spur;  
As wisely knowing, cou'd he stir  
To active trot one side of's horse, 455  
The other wou'd not hang an arse.  
A squire he had, whose name was *Ralph*,  
That in th' adventure went his half:  
Though writers, for more stately tone,  
Do call him *Ralpho*; 'tis all one; 460

And when we can with metre safe,  
 We'll call him so; if not, plain *Ralph*;  
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
 With which like ships they steer their courses.)  
 An equal stock of wit and valour 465  
 He had laid in; by birth a taylor.  
 The mighty Tyrian Queen, that gain'd  
 With subtle shreds a tract of land,  
 Did leave it with a castle fair  
 To his great ancestor, her heir. 470  
 From him descended cross-legg'd Knights,  
 Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights  
 Against the bloody cannibal,  
 Whom they destroy'd both great and small.  
 This sturdy Squire, he had, as well 475  
 As the bold Trojan Knight, seen Hell;  
 Not with a counterfeited pass  
 Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.  
 His knowledge was not far behind  
 The Knight's, but of another kind, 480  
 And he another way came by't:  
 Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New-Light*;  
 A liberal art, that costs no pains  
 Of study, industry, or brains.  
 His wit was sent him for a token, 485  
 But in the carriage crack'd and broken.  
 Like commendation nine-pence crook'd;  
 With — To and from my love — it look'd.  
 He ne'er consider'd it, as loth  
 To look a gift-horse in the mouth; 490  
 And very wisely wou'd lay forth  
 No more upon it than 'twas worth.  
 But as he got it freely, so  
 He spent it frank and freely too.  
 For Saints themselves will sometimes be 495  
 Of gifts, that cost them nothing, free.  
 By means of this, with hem and cough,  
 Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,  
 He cou'd deep mysteries unriddle  
 As easily as thread a needle. 500

For as of vagabonds we say,  
 That they are ne'er beside their way;  
 Whate'er men speak by this New Light,  
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right.  
 'Tis a dark-lanthorn of the Spirit, 505  
 Which none see by but those that bear it;  
 A light that falls down from on high,  
 For spiritual trades to cozen by:  
 An Ignis Fatuus, that bewitches 510  
 And leads men into pools and ditches,  
 To make them dip themselves, and sound  
 For Christendom in dirty pond;  
 To dive like wild-fowl for salvation,  
 And fish to catch regeneration.  
 This light inspires and plays upon 515  
 The nose of Saint like bag-pipe drone,  
 And speaks through hollow empty soul,  
 As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,  
 Such language as no mortal ear  
 But spirit'al eaves-droppers can hear: 520  
 So *Phoebus*, or some friendly muse,  
 Into small-poets song infuse,  
 Which they at second-hand rehearse,  
 Thro' reed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.  
 Thus *Ralph* became infallible 525  
 As three or four-legg'd oracle,  
 The ancient cup, or modern chair;  
 Spoke truth point-blank, tho' unaware.  
 For *Mystick-Learning*, wond'rous able 530  
 In magick Talisman and Cabal,  
 Whose primitive tradition reaches  
 As far as *Adam's* first green breeches:  
 Deep-sighted in intelligences,  
 Ideas, atoms, influences; 535  
 And much of Terra Incognita,  
 Th' intelligible world, cou'd say:  
 A deep *occult Philosopher*,  
 As learn'd as the wild Irish are,  
 Or Sir *Agrippa*; for profound  
 And solid lying much renown'd. 540

He *Anthroposophus*, and *Floud*,  
 And *Jacob Behmen* understood:  
 Knew many an amulet and charm,  
 That wou'd do neither good nor harm:  
 In *Rosy-crucian* lore as learned, 545  
 As he that *Vere adeptus* earned.  
 He understood the speech of birds  
 As well as they themselves do words:  
 Cou'd tell what subtlest parrots mean,  
 That speak, and think contrary clean; 550  
 What Member 'tis of whom they talk,  
 When they cry, Rope, and walk, knave, walk.  
 He'd extract numbers out of matter,  
 And keep them in a glass, like water;  
 Of sov'reign pow'r to make men wise; 555  
 For drop'd in blear thick-sighted eyes,  
 They'd make them see in darkest night  
 Like owls, tho' purblind in the light,  
 By help of these (as he profess'd)  
 He had First Matter seen undress'd: 560  
 He took her naked all alone,  
 Before one rag of form was on.  
 The Chaos too he had descry'd,  
 And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd:  
 Not that of paste-board which men shew 565  
 For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;  
 But its great grandsire, first o' the name;  
 Whence that and *Reformation* came;  
 Both cousin-germans, and right able  
 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble. 570  
 But *Reformation* was, some say,  
 O' th' younger house to Puppet-play.  
 He cou'd foretel whats'ever was  
 By consequence to come to pass;  
 As death of great men, alterations, 575  
 Diseases, battles, inundations.  
 All this, without th' eclipse o' th' sun,  
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done,  
 By inward light; a way as good,  
 And easy to be understood; 580

But with more lucky hit than those  
That use to make the stars depose,  
Like Knights o' th' post, and falsely charge  
Upon themselves what others forge:  
As if they were consenting to 585  
All mischiefs in the world men do:  
Or, like the Devil, did tempt and sway 'em.  
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.  
They'll search a planet's house, to know  
Who broke and robb'd a house below: 590  
Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*,  
Who stole a thimble or a spoon;  
And tho' they nothing will confess,  
Yet by their very looks can guess,  
And tell what guilty aspect bodes, 595  
Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods.  
They'll question *Mars*, and, by his look,  
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke:  
Make *Mercury* confess, and 'peach  
Those thieves which he himself did teach. 600  
They'll find, i' th' physioguomies  
O' th' planets, all men's destinies;  
Like him that took the doctor's bill,  
And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill:  
Cast the nativity o' th' question, 605  
And from positions to be guess'd on,  
As sure as if they knew the moment  
Of natives birth, tell what will come on't.  
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,  
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs; - 610  
And tell what crises does divine  
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine:  
In men, what gives or cures the itch;  
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;  
What gains or loses, hangs or saves; 615  
What makes men great, what fools or knaves,  
But not what wise; for only of those  
The stars (they say) cannot dispose,  
No more than can the Astrologians.  
There they say right, and like true Trojans. 620



This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took  
The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was the accomplish'd Squire endu'd  
With gifts and knowledge, per'lous shrew'd.  
Never did trusty Squire with Knight, 625

Or Knight with Squire, e'er jump more right,  
Their arms and equipage did fit,  
As well as virtues, parts, and wit.  
Their valours too were of a rate;  
And out they sally'd at the gate. 630

Few miles on horseback had they jogged,  
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged;  
For they a sad adventure met,  
Of which anon we mean to treat;

But ere we venture to unfold 635  
Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,  
We shou'd as learned poets use,  
Invoke th' assistance of some muse:  
However, criticks count it sillier  
Than jugglers talking to familiar. 640

We think 'tis no great matter which;  
They're all alike; yet we shall pitch  
On one that fits our purpose most,  
Whom therefore thus do we accost:

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors, 645  
Dids't inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickers*.  
And force them, tho' it was in spite  
Of nature and their stars, to write;

Who, as we find in sullen writs,  
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits, 650  
With vanity, opinion, wont,  
The wonder of the ignorant,

The praises of the author, penn'd  
B' himself, or wit-insuring friend;  
The itch of picture in the front, 655  
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't;

All that is left o' th' forked hill,  
To make men scribble without skill;  
Canst make a poet spite of fate,  
And teach all people to translate, 660

Tho' out of languages in which  
They understand no part of speech;  
Assist me but this once, I implore,  
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town, 665  
To those that dwell therein well known;  
Therefore there needs no more be said here,  
We unto them refer our reader;

For brevity is very good,  
When w' are, or are not, understood. 670

To this town people did repair,  
On days of market, or of fair,  
And, to crack'd fiddle, and hoarse tabor,  
In merriment did drudge and labor.  
But now a sport more formidable 675

Had rak'd together village rabble:  
'Twas an old way of recreating,  
Which learned butchers call bear-baiting:  
A bold advent'rous exercise,  
With ancient heroes in high prize: 680

For authors do affirm it came  
From Isthmian or Nemean game:  
Others derive it from the bear  
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,  
And round about the pole does make 685

A circle like a bear at stake,  
That at the chain's end wheels about,  
And overturns the rabble-rout.  
For after solemn proclamation,  
In the bear's name, (as is the fashion, 690

According to the law of arms,  
To keep men from inglorious harms,)  
That none presume to come so near  
As forty foot of stake of bear,  
If any yet be so fool-hardy, 695

T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,  
If they come wounded off, and lame,  
No honour's got by such a maim;  
Altho' the bear gain much, b'ing bound  
In honour to make good his ground, 700

When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,  
 If any press upon him, who 'tis;  
 But let's them know, at their own cost,  
 That he intends to keep his post.

705

This to prevent, and other harms,  
 Which always wait on feats of arms,  
 (For in the hurry of a fray  
 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way.)

Thither the Knight his course did steer,  
 To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear;  
 As he believ'd he was bound to do  
 In conscience, and commission too;  
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire.

710

We that are wisely mounted higher  
 Than constables in curule wit,  
 When on tribunal bench we sit,  
 Like speculators shou'd foresee,  
 From Pharos of authority,

715

Portended mischiefs farther than  
 Low Proletarian tything-men:  
 And therefore being inform'd by bruit,  
 That dog and bear are to dispute;  
 For so of late men fighting name,  
 Because they often prove the same;

720

(For where the first does hap to be,  
 The last does coincidere;)

725

*Quantum in nobis*, have thought good,  
 To save th' expense of Christian blood,

And try if we, by mediation  
 Of treaty and accommodation,  
 Can end the quarrel, and compose  
 The bloody duel without blows.

730

Are not our liberties, our lives,  
 The laws, religion, and our wives,  
 Enough at once to lie at stake  
 For Cov'nant and the Cause's sake?

735

But in that quarrel dogs and bears,  
 As well as we must venture theirs:

This feud, by Jesuits invented,  
 By evil counsel is fomented:

740

There is a *Machiavilian* plot,  
(Tho' ev'ry *Nare olfact* is not,)  
A deep design in't, to divide  
The well-affected that confide,  
By setting brother against brother, 745  
To claw and curry one another.  
Have we not enemies *plus satis*,  
That *Cane et Angue pejus* hate us?  
And shall we turn our fangs and claws  
Upon our own selves, without cause? 750  
That some occult design doth lie  
In bloody cynarctomachy,  
Is plain enough to him that knows  
How Saints lead brothers by the nose.  
I wish myself a pseudo-prophet, 755  
But sure some mischief will come of it;  
Unless by providential wit,  
Or force, we averruncate it.  
For what design, what interest,  
Can beast have to encounter beast? 760  
They fight for no espoused cause,  
Frail privilege, fundamental laws,  
Not for a thorough reformation,  
Nor covenant, nor protestation,  
Nor liberty of consciences, 765  
Nor Lords and Commons ordinances;  
Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,  
To get them in their own no hands;  
Nor evil counsellors to bring  
To justice that seduce the King; 770  
Nor for the worship of us men,  
Though we have done as much for them.  
Th' Aegyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for  
Their faith made internecine war.  
Others ador'd a rat, and some 775  
For that church suffer'd martyrdom.  
The Indians fought for the truth  
Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth,  
And many, to defend that faith,  
Fought it out *mordicus* to death. 780

- But no beast ever was so slight,  
 For man, as for his God, to fight.  
 They have more wit, alas! and know  
 Themselves and us better than so.  
 But we, who only do infuse 785  
 The rage in them like *Boute-feus*;  
 'Tis our example that instils  
 In them th' infection of our ills.  
 For, as some late philosophers  
 Have well observ'd, beasts, that converse 790  
 With man, take after him, as hogs  
 Get pigs all the year, and bitches dogs.  
 Just so, by our example, cattle  
 Learn to give one another battle.  
 We read, in *Nero's* time, the heathen, 795  
 When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,  
 Did sew them in the skins of bears,  
 And then set dogs about their ears:  
 From thence, no doubt, th' invention came  
 Of this lewd antichristian game. 800  
 To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily  
 The point seems very plain to me.  
 It is an antichristian game,  
 Unlawful both in thing and name.  
 First, for the name: the word, bear-baiting 805  
 Is carnal, and of man's creating:  
 For certainly there's no such word  
 In all the scripture on record;  
 Therefore unlawful, and a sin;  
 And so is (secondly) the thing. 810  
 A vile assembly 'tis, that can  
 No more be prov'd by scripture than  
 Provincial, classic, national;  
 More human-creature cobwebs all.  
 Thirdly, it is idolatrous; 815  
 For when men run a whoring thus  
 With their inventions, whatsoe'er  
 The thing be, whether dog or bear,  
 It is idolatrous and pagan,  
 No less than worshipping of *Dagon*. 820

Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a rat :  
*Ralpho*, thou dost prevaricate :  
 For though the thesis which thou lay'st  
 Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st ;  
 (For that bear-baiting should appear  
*Jure divino* lawfuller  
 Than synods are thou dost deny,  
*Totidem verbis* ; so do I ;)  
 Yet there's a fallacy in this ;  
 For if by sly *Homaeosis*,  
*Tussis pro crepitu*, an art  
 Under a cough to slur a f — t,  
 Thou wou'dst sophistically imply,  
 Both are unlawful, I deny.  
 And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt  
 But bear-baiting may be made out,  
 In gospel-times, as lawful as is  
 Provincial or parochial classis ;  
 And that both are so near of kin,  
 And like in all, as well as sin,  
 That put them in a bag, and shake 'em,  
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,  
 And not know which is which, unless  
 You measure by their wickedness :  
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether  
 O' th' two is worst ; tho' I name neither.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'st much,  
 But art not able to keep touch.  
*Mira de lente*, as 'tis i' th' adage,  
*Id est*, to make a leek a cabbage ;  
 Thou'lt be at best but such a bull,  
 Or shear-swine, all cry, and no wool ;  
 For what can synods have at all  
 With bear that's analogical ?  
 Or what relation has debating  
 Of church-affairs with bear-baiting ?  
 A just comparison still is  
 Of things *ejusdem generis* ;  
 And then what genus rightly doth  
 Include and comprehend them both ?

If animal both of us may  
As justly pass for bears as they;  
For we are animals no less,  
Altho' of different specieses.  
But, *Ralpho*, this is not fit place 865  
Nor time to argue out the case:  
For now the field is not far off,  
Where we must give the world a proof  
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit  
Another manner of dispute; 870  
A controversy that affords  
Actions for arguments, not words;  
Which we must manage at a rate  
Of prowess and conduct adequate  
To what our place and fame doth promise, 875  
And all the godly expect from us,  
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless  
We're slurr'd and outed by success;  
Success, the mark no mortal wit,  
Or surest hand can always hit: 880  
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,  
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,  
Which in success oft disinherits,  
For spurious causes, noblest merits.  
Great actions are not always true sons 885  
Of great and mighty resolutions;  
Nor do th' boldest attempts bring forth  
Events still equal to their worth;  
But sometimes fail, and, in their stead,  
Fortune and cowardice succeed. 890  
Yet we have no great cause to doubt;  
Our actions still have borne us out;  
Which, tho' they're known to be so ample,  
We need not copy from example.  
We're not the only persons durst 895  
Attempt this province, nor the first.  
In northern clime a val'rous Knight  
Did whilom kill his bear in fight,  
And wound a fiddler; we have both  
Of these the objects of our wroth, 900

And equal fame and glory from  
Th' attempt of victory to come.  
'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mameluke  
In foreign land, yclep'd —  
To whom we have been oft compar'd 905  
For person, parts, address, and beard;  
Both equally reputed stout,  
And in the same cause both have fought:  
He oft in such attempts as these  
Came off with glory and success; 910  
Nor will we fail in th' execution,  
For want of equal resolution.  
Honour is like a widow, won  
With brisk attempt and putting on;  
With ent'ring manfully, and urging; 915  
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.  
'Tis said, as yerst the Phrygian Knight,  
So ours with rusty steel did smite  
His Trojan horse, and just as much  
He mended pace upon the touch; 920  
But from his empty stomach groan'd  
Just as that hollow beast did sound,  
And angry answer'd from behind,  
With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.  
So have I seen, with armed heel, 925  
A wight bestride a Common-weal;  
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,  
The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.

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## CANTO II.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character  
 Of th' enemies best men of war;  
 Whom, in bold harangue, the Knight  
 Defies, and challenges to fight.  
 H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,  
 And takes the Fiddler prisoner,  
 Conveys him to enchanted castle;  
 There shuts him fast in wooden bastille.

There was an ancient sage philosopher,  
 That had read *Alexander Ross* over,  
 And swore the world, as he cou'd prove,  
 Was made of fighting and of love :  
 Just so romances are ; for what else 5  
 Is in them all, but love and battels ?  
 O' th' first of these we've no great matter  
 To treat of, but a world o' th' latter ;  
 In which to do the injur'd right  
 We mean, in what concerns just fight. 10  
 Certes our authors are to blame,  
 For to make some well-sounding name  
 A pattern fit for modern Knights  
 To copy out in frays and fights ;  
 Like those that a whole street do raze 15  
 To build a palace in the place.  
 They never care how many others  
 They kill, without regard of mothers,  
 Or wives, or children, so they can  
 Make up some fierce, dead-doing man, 20  
 Compos'd of many ingredient valors,  
 Just like the manhood of nine taylors.  
 So a Wild Tartar, when he spies  
 A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,  
 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit 25  
 His wit, his beauty, and his spirit ;  
 As if just so much he enjoy'd  
 As in another is destroy'd.  
 For when a giant's slain in fight,  
 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft down right, 30

It is a heavy case, no doubt,  
A man should have his brains beat out  
Because he's tall, and has large bones;  
As men kill beavers for their stones.  
But as for our part, we shall tell 35  
The naked truth of what befel;  
And as an equal friend to both  
The Knight and Bear, but more to troth,  
With neither faction shall take part,  
But give to each his due desert; 40  
And never coin a formal lie on't,  
To make the Knight o'ercome the giant.  
This b'ing profest, we've hopes enough,  
And now go on where we left off.  
They rode; but authors having not 45  
Determin'd whether pace or trot,  
(That is to say, whether tollutation,  
As they do term't, or succussation,)  
We leave it, and go on, as now  
Suppose they did, no matter how; 50  
Yet some from subtle hints have got  
Mysterious light, it was a trot:  
But let that pass: they now begun  
To spur their living engines on.  
For as whipp'd tops, and bandied balls, 55  
The learned hold, are animals;  
So horses they affirm to be  
Mere engines made by geometry;  
And were invented first from engines,  
As Indian Britons were from Penguins. 60  
So let them be; and, as I was saying,  
They their live engines ply'd, not staying  
Until they reach'd the fatal champain,  
Which th' enemy did then encamp on;  
The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle 65  
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle  
And fierce auxiliary men,  
That came to aid their brethren,  
Who now began to take the field.  
As Knight from ridge of steed beheld. 70

For as our modern wits behold,  
Mounted a pick-back on the old,  
Much further off, much further he,  
Rais'd on his aged beast cou'd see ;  
Yet not sufficient to descry 75  
All postures of the enemy ;  
Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,  
T' observe their numbers, and their order ;  
That when their motions he had known,  
He might know how to fit his own. 80  
Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,  
To fit himself for martial deed.  
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,  
Either to give blows, or to ward :  
Courage and steel, both of great force, 85  
Prepar'd for better, or for worse.  
His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,  
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle.  
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd  
To free's sword from retentive scabbard 90  
And, after many a painful pluck,  
From rusty durance he bail'd tuck.  
Then shook himself, to see that prowess  
In scabbard of his arms sat loose ;  
And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot, 95  
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,  
Portending blood, like blazing star,  
The beacon of approaching war.  
*Ralpho* rode on with no less speed  
Than *Hugo* in the forest did ; 100  
But far more in returning made ;  
For now the foe he had survey'd,  
Rang'd as to him they did appear,  
With van, main battle, wings, and rear.  
I' the head of all this warlike rabble, 105  
*Crowdero* march'd, expert and able.  
Instead of trumpet and of drum,  
That makes the warrior's stomach come,  
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer  
By thunder turn'd to vinegar, 110

For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,  
Who has not a month's mind to combat?)  
A squeaking engine he applied  
Unto his neck, on north-east side,  
Just where the hangman does dispose, 115  
To special friends, the knot of noose:  
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight  
Dispatch a friend, let others wait.  
His warped ear hung o'er the strings,  
Which was but souse to chitterlings: 120  
For guts, some write, e'er they are sodden,  
Are fit for music, or for pudden;  
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind  
Of minstrelsy by string or wind.  
His grisly beard was long and thick, 125  
With which he strung his fiddle-stick;  
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe,  
For what on his own chin did grow.  
Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both  
A beard and tail of his own growth; 130  
And yet by authors 'tis av'rd,  
He made use only of his beard.  
In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth  
Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth;  
Where bulls do chuse the boldest king; 135  
And ruler, o'er the men of string;  
(As once in Persia, 'tis said,  
Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd;)  
He bravely venturing at a crown,  
By chance of war was beaten down, 140  
And wounded sore. His leg then broke,  
Had got a deputy of oak:  
For when a shin in fight is cropp'd,  
The knee with one of timber's propp'd,  
Esteem'd more honourable than the other, 145  
And takes place, though the younger brother.  
Next march'd brave *Orsin*, famous for  
Wise conduct, and success in war:  
A skilful leader, stout, severe,  
Now marshal to the champion bear. 150


With truncheon, tipp'd with iron head,  
 The warrior to the lists he led;  
 With solemn march and stately pace,  
 But far more grave and solemn face :  
 Grave as the Emperor of Pegu 155  
 Or Spanish potentate Don Diego.  
 This leader was of knowledge great,  
 Either for charge or for retreat.  
 He knew when to fall on pell-mell;  
 To fall back and retreat as well. 160  
 So lawyers, lest the bear defendant,  
 And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,  
 Do stave and tail with writs of error,  
 Reserve of judgment, and demurrer,  
 To let them breathe a while, and then 165  
 Cry whoop, and set them on agen.  
 As *Romulus* a wolf did rear,  
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,  
 That fed him with the purchas'd prey  
 Of many a fierce and bloody fray; 170  
 Bred up, where discipline most rare is,  
 In military Garden Paris.  
 For soldiers heretofore did grow  
 In gardens, just as weeds do now,  
 Until some splay-foot politicians 175  
 T' *Apollo* offer'd up petitions  
 For licensing a new invention  
 They'd found out of an antique engine,  
 To root out all the weeds that grow  
 In public gardens at a blow, 180  
 And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,  
 My friends, that is not to be done.  
 Not done! quoth Statesmen; yes, an't please ye,  
 When it's once known, you'll say 'tis easy.  
 Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo. 185  
 We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.  
 A drum! (quoth *Phoebus*;) troth, that's true;  
 A pretty invention, quaint and new.  
 But though of voice and instrument  
 We are the undoubted president, 190

We such loud music don't profess:  
 The Devil's master of that office,  
 Where it must pass, if't be a drum;  
 He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.  
 To him apply yourselves, and he 195  
 Will soon dispatch you for his fee.  
 They did so; but it prov'd so ill,  
 Th' had better let 'em grow there still.  
 But to resume what we discoursing  
 Were on before, that is, stout *Orsin*: 200  
 That which so oft, by sundry writers,  
 Has been applied t' almost all fighters,  
 More justly may b' ascrib'd to this  
 Than any other warrior, (viz.)  
 None ever acted both parts bolder, 205  
 Both of a chieftain and a soldier.  
 He was of great descent and high  
 For splendour and antiquity;  
 And from celestial origine  
 Deriv'd himself in a right line, 210  
 Not as the ancient heroes did,  
 Who, that their base-births might he hid,  
 (Knowing they were of doubtful gender,  
 And that they came in at a windore,)  
 Made Jupiter himself, and others 215  
 O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,  
 To get on them a race of champions,  
 (Of which old Homer first made Lampoons.)  
*Arctophylax*, in northern sphere,  
 Was his undoubted ancestor; 220  
 From him his great forefathers came,  
 And in all ages bore his name.  
 Learned he was in med'c'nal lore;  
 For by his side a pouch he wore,  
 Replete with strange Hermetic powder, 225  
 That wounds nine miles point-blank wou'd solder;  
 By skilful chemist, with great cost,  
 Extracted from a rotten post;  
 But of a heav'nlier influence  
 Than that which mountebanks dispense; 230

- Tho' by Promethean fire made,  
 As they do quack that drive that trade.  
 For as when slovens do amiss  
 At others doors, by stool or piss,  
 The learned write, a red-hot spit 235  
 B'ing prudently applied to it,  
 Will convey mischief from the dung  
 Unto the part that did the wrong,  
 So this did healing; and as sure  
 As that did mischief, this would cure. 240
- Thus virtuous *Orsin* was endu'd  
 With learning, conduct, fortitude,  
 Incomparable: and as the prince  
 Of poets, *Homer*, sung long since,  
 As skilful leech is better far 245  
 Than half an hundred men of war,  
 So he appear'd; and by his skill,  
 No less than dint of sword, cou'd kill.  
 The gallant *Bruin* march'd next him,  
 With visage formidably grim, 250  
 And rugged as a Saracen,  
 Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin;  
 Clad in a mantle *della guerre*  
 Of rough impenetrable fur;  
 And in his nose, like Indian King, 255  
 He wore, for ornament, a ring;  
 About his neck a threefold gorget.  
 As rough as trebled leathern target,  
 Armed, as heralds cant, and langued;  
 Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged. 260  
 For as the teeth in beasts of prey  
 Are swords, with which they fight in fray;  
 So swords, in men of war, are teeth,  
 Which they do eat their vittle with.  
 He was by birth, some authors write, 265  
 A Russian; some, a Muscovite;  
 And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred;  
 Of whom we in diurnals read,  
 That serve to fill up pages here,  
 As with their bodies ditches there. 270

*Scrimansky* was his cousin-german,  
 With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin;  
 And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,  
 And quarter himself upon his paws.  
 And tho' his countrymen, the Huns, 275  
 Did stew their meat between their bums  
 And th' horses backs o'er which they straddle;  
 And ev'ry man eat up his saddle,  
 He was not half so nice as they,  
 But eat it raw when 't came in's way. 280  
 He had trac'd countries far and near,  
 More than *Le Blanc*, the traveller;  
 Who writes, he spous'd in India,  
 Of noble house, a lady gay,  
 And got on her a race of worthies, 285  
 As stout as any upon earth is.  
 Full many a fight for him between  
*Talgol* and *Orsin* oft had been;  
 Each striving to deserve the crown  
 Of a sav'd citizen; the one 290  
 To guard his bear; the other fought  
 To aid his dog; both made more stout  
 By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood,  
 Church-fellow-membership, and blood;  
 But *Talgol*, mortal foe to cows, 295  
 Never got aught of him but blows;  
 Blows, hard and heavy, such as he  
 Had lent, repaid with usury.  
 Yet *Talgol* was of courage stout,  
 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought: 300  
 Inur'd to labour, sweat and toil,  
 And like a champion shone with oil.  
 Right many a widow his keen blade,  
 And many fatherless had made.  
 He many a boar and huge dun-cow 305  
 Did, like another *Guy*, o'erthrow;  
 But *Guy* with him in fight compar'd,  
 Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd.  
 With greater troops of sheep h' had fought  
 Than *Ajax* or bold *Don Quixote*: 310



And many a serpent of fell kind,  
 With wings before and stings behind,  
 Subdu'd: as poets say, long ago  
 Bold Sir *George*, *St. George* did the dragon.  
 Nor engine, nor device polemic, 315  
 Disease, nor doctor epidemic,  
 Tho' stor'd with deletory med'cines,  
 (Which whosoever took is dead since,)  
 E'er sent so vast a colony  
 To both the underworlds as he: 320  
 For he was of that noble trade  
 That demi-gods and heroes made,  
 Slaughter and knocking on the head;  
 The trade to which they all were bred;  
 And is, like others, glorious when 325  
 'Tis great and large, but base if mean.  
 The former rides in triumph for it;   
 The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot.  
 For daring to profane a thing  
 So sacred with vile bungling. 330  
 Next these the brave *Magnano* came;  
*Magnano*, great in martial fame.  
 Yet when with *Orsin* he wag'd fight,  
 'Tis sung, he got but little by't.  
 Yet he was fierce as forest boar, 335  
 Whose spoils upon his back he wore,  
 As thick as *Ajax*' seven-fold shield,  
 Which o'er his brazen arms he held:  
 But brass was feeble to resist  
 The fury of his armed fist: 340  
 Nor cou'd the hardest ir'n hold out  
 Against his blows, but they wou'd through't.  
 In *Magic* he was deeply read  
 As he that made the brazen head;  
 Profoundly skill'd in the black art; 345  
 As *English Merlin* for his heart;  
 But far more skilful in the spheres  
 Than he was at the sieve and shears.  
 He cou'd transform himself in colour  
 As like the devil as a collier; 350

As like as hypocrites in show  
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.

Of *Warlike Engines* he was author,  
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:  
The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker, 355

He was th' inventor of, and maker:  
The trumpet, and the kettle-drum,  
Did both from his invention come.

He was the first that e'er did teach  
To make, and how to stop, a breach. 360

A lance he bore with iron pike;  
Th' one half wou'd thrust, the other strike;  
And when their forces he had join'd,  
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He *Trulla* lov'd; *Trulla*, more bright 365  
Than burnish'd armour of her Knight:

A bold virago, stout and tall,  
As *Joan of France*, or English *Mall*.

Thro' perils both of wind and limb,  
Thro' thick and thin, she follow'd him, 370

In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,  
And never him or it forsook.

At breach of wall, or hedge surprize,  
She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize:

At beating quarters up, or forage, 375  
Behav'd herself with matchless courage;

And laid about in fight more busily  
Than the Amazonian dame Penthesile.

And though some critics here cry shame, 380  
And say our authors are to blame,

That (spite of all philosophers,  
Who hold no females stout, but bears;

And heretofore did so abhor  
That women should pretend to war, 385

They wou'd not suffer the stoutest dame  
To swear by *Hercules's* name)

Make feeble ladies, in their works,  
To fight like termagants and Turks;

To lay their native arms aside,  
Their modesty, and ride astride; 390

And prov'd not only horse, but cows,  
 Nay, pigs, were of the elder house:  
 For beasts, when man was but a piece  
 Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.

These worthies were the chief that led

475

The combatants, each in the head  
 Of his command, with arms and rage,  
 Ready and longing to engage.

The numerous rabble was drawn out  
 Of sev'ral counties round about,

480

From villages remote, and shires,  
 Of east and western hemispheres:  
 From foreign parishes and regions,  
 Of different manners, speech, religions,  
 Came men and mastiffs; some to fight  
 For fame and honour, some for sight.

485

And now the field of death, the lists,  
 Were enter'd by antagonists,

And blood was ready to be broach'd,  
 When *Hudibras* in haste approach'd,  
 With Squire and weapons, to attack 'em:  
 But first thus from his horse bespake 'em;

490

What rage, O citizens! what fury  
 Doth you to these dire actions hurry?

What oestrum, what phrenetic mood,  
 Makes you thus lavish of your blood,  
 While the proud Vies your trophies boast  
 And unreveng'd walks — ghost?

495

What towns, what garrisons might you  
 With hazard of this blood subdue,

500

Which now y'are bent to throw away  
 In vain, untriumphable fray!

Shall *Saints* in civil bloodshed wallow  
 Of Saints, and let the *Cause* lie fallow?

The Cause for which we fought and swore  
 So boldly, shall we now give o'er?

505

Then, because quarrels still are seen  
 With oaths and swearings to begin,

The *Solemn League and Covenant*  
 Will seem a mere God-dam-me rant;

510

And we, that took it, and have feught,  
As lewd as drunkards that fall out.  
For as we make war *for the King*  
*Against himself* the self-same thing,  
Some will not stick to swear we do 515  
For God and for Religion too:  
For if bear-baiting we allow,  
What good can Reformation do?  
The blood and treasure that's laid out,  
Is thrown away, and goes for nought. 520  
Are these the fruits o' th' *Protestation*,  
The Prototype of Reformation,  
Which all the Saints, and some, since *Martyrs*,  
Wore in their hats like wedding garters,  
When 'twas resolv'd by either House 525  
Six Members quarrel to espouse?  
Did they for this draw down the rabble,  
With zeal and noises formidable,  
And make all cries about the town  
Join throats to cry the Bishops down? 530  
Who having round begirt the palace,  
(As once a month they do the gallows,)  
As members gave the sign about,  
Set up their throats with hideous shout.  
When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle 535  
Church discipline, for patching kettle:  
No sow-gelder did blow his horn  
To geld a cat, but cried, Reform.  
The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,  
And trudg'd away, to cry, No Bishop. 540  
The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,  
And 'gainst Ev'l Counsellors did cry.  
Botchers left old eloaths in the lurch,  
And fell to turn and patch the Church.  
Some cried the Covenant instead 545  
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread;  
And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,  
Bawl'd out to Purge the Commons House.  
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry,  
A Gospel-preaching Ministry; 550

And some, for old suits, coats, or cloak,  
No Surplices nor Service-Book.  
A strange harmonious inclination  
Of all degrees to Reformation.  
And is this all? Is this the end 555  
To which these carr'ings on did tend?  
Hath public faith, like a young heir,  
For this ta'en up all sorts of ware,  
And run int' every tradesman's book,  
'Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke? 560  
Did Saints for this bring in their plate,  
And crowd as if they came too late?  
For when they thought the Cause had need on't,  
Happy was he that could be rid on't.  
Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flaggons, 565  
Int' officers of horse and dragoons;  
And into pikes and musquetteers  
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?  
A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,  
Did start up living men as soon 570  
As in the furnace they were thrown,  
Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.  
Then was the Cause of gold and plate,  
The Brethren's off'rings, consecrate,  
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it 575  
The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it:  
So say the wicked — and will you  
Make that sarcasmus scandal true,  
By running after dogs and bears?  
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers. 580  
Have pow'rful Preachers plied their tongues,  
And laid themselves out and their lungs;  
Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,  
I' th' pow'r of Gospel-preaching Minister?  
Have they invented tones to win 585  
The women, and make them draw in  
The men, as Indians with a female  
Tame elephant inveigle the male?  
Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,  
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to? 590

Discover'd th' enemy's design,  
And which way best to countermine?  
Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,  
Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?  
Told it the news o' th' last express, 595  
And after good or bad success,  
Made prayers, not so like petitions,  
As overtures and propositions,  
(Such as the army did present  
To their creator, th' Parliament,) 600  
In which they freely will confess  
They will not, cannot acquiesce,  
Unless the work be carried on  
In the same way they have begun,  
By setting Church and Common-weal 605  
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,  
On which the Saints were all a-gog,  
And all this for a bear and dog?  
The parliament drew up petitions  
To' itself, and sent them, like commissions, 610  
To well-affected persons down,  
In ev'ry city and great town,  
With pow'r to levy horse and men,  
Only to bring them back agen:  
For this did many, many a mile, 615  
Ride manfully in rank and file,  
With papers in their hats, that show'd  
As if they to the pillory rode.  
Have all these courses, these efforts,  
Been try'd by people of all sorts, 620  
*Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,*  
And all t'advance the Cause's service?  
And shall all now be thrown away  
In petulant intestine fray?  
Shall we that in the Cov'nant swore, 625  
Each man of us to run before  
Another, still in Reformation,  
Give dogs and bears a dispensation?  
How will Dissenting Brethren relish it?  
What will malignants say? *videlicet,* 630

That each man swore to do his best,  
To damn and perjure all the rest!  
And bid the Devil take the hin'most,  
Which at this race is like to win most.  
They'll say our bus'ness, to reform 635  
The Church and State, is but a worm;  
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,  
To an unknown Church-discipline,  
What is it else, but before-hand  
T'engage, and after understand? 640  
For when we swore to carry on  
The present Reformation,  
According to the purest mode  
Of Churches best reform'd abroad,  
What did we else, but make a vow 645  
To do we know not what, nor how?  
For no three of us will agree,  
Where or what Churches these should be;  
And is indeed she self-same case  
With theirs that swore *et cæteras*; 650  
Or the French League, in which men vow'd  
To fight to the last drop of blood.  
These slanders will be thrown upon  
The Cause and Work we carry on,  
If we permit men to run headlong 655  
T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam  
Rather than Gospel-walking times,  
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.  
But we the matter so shall handle.  
As to remove that odious scandal. 660  
In name of King and parliament,  
I charge ye all, no more foment  
This feud, but keep the peace between  
Your brethren and your countrymen;  
And to those places straight repair 665  
Where your respective dwellings are.  
But to that purpose first surrender  
The *Fiddler*, as the prime offender,  
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief  
Author and engineer of mischief; 670

That makes division between friends,  
For profane and malignant ends.  
He, and that engine of vile noise,  
On which illegally he plays,  
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought 675  
To condign punishment, as they ought.  
This must be done; and I would fain see  
Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say:  
For then I'll take another course,  
And soon reduce you all by force. 680  
This said, he clapp'd his hand on sword,  
To shew he meant to keep his word.  
But *Talgol*, who had long suppress  
Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,  
Which now began to rage and burn as 685  
Implacably as flame in furnace,  
Thus answer'd him: — Thou vermin wretched  
As e'er in measled pork was hatched;  
Thou tail of worship, that dost grow  
On rump of justice as of cow; 690  
How dar'st thou, with that sullen luggage  
O' th' self, old ir'n, and other baggage,  
With which thy steed of bones and leather  
Has broke his wind in halting hither;  
How durst th', I say, adventure thus 695  
T' oppose thy lumber against us?  
Could thine impertinence find out  
No work t' employ itself about,  
Where thou, secure from wooden blow,  
Thy busy vanity might'st show? 700  
Was no dispute a-foot between  
The caterwauling Brethren?  
No subtle question rais'd among  
Those out-o-their wits, and those i' th' wrong;  
No prize between those combatants 705  
O' th' times, the Land and Water Saints;  
Where thou might'st stickle without hazard  
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard;  
And not for want of bus'ness come  
To us to be so troublesome, 710



- To interrupt our better sort  
 Of disputants, and spoil our sport?  
 Was there no felony, no bawd,  
 Cut-purse, no burglary abroad;  
 No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose, 715  
 To tie thee up from breaking loose?  
 No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,  
 For which thou statute might'st alledge,  
 To keep thee busy from foul evil,  
 And shame due to thee from the Devil? 720  
 Did no committee sit, where he  
 Might cut out journey-work for thee?  
 And set th' a task, with subornation,  
 To stitch up sale and sequestration;  
 To cheat, with holiness and zeal, 725  
 All parties, and the common-weal?  
 Much better had it been for thee,  
 H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;  
 Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,  
 So he had never brought thee hither. 730  
 But if th' hast brain enough in skull  
 To keep itself in lodging whole,  
 And not provoke the rage of stones  
 And cudgels to thy hide and bones:  
 Tremble, and vanish, while thou may'st, 735  
 Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.  
 At this the Knight grew high in wroth,  
 And lifting hands and eyes up both,  
 Three times he smote on stomach stout,  
 From whence at length these words broke out: 740  
 Was I for this entitled *Sir*,  
 And girt with trusty sword and spur,  
 For fame and honor to wage battle,  
 Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?  
 Not all that pride that makes thee swell 745  
 As big as thou dost blown-up veal;  
 Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,  
 And sell thy carrion for good meat;  
 Not all thy magic to repair  
 Decay'd old age in tough lean ware; 750

Make nat'ral appear thy work,  
And stop the gangrene in stale pork;  
Not all that force that makes thee proud,  
Because by bullock ne'er withstood;  
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives, 755  
And axes made to hew down lives,  
Shall save or help thee to evade  
The hand of Justice, or this blade,  
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,  
For civil deed and military. 760  
Nor shall those words of venom base,  
Which thou hast from their native place,  
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,  
Go unreveng'd, though I am free:  
Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em, 765  
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.  
Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight  
With gantlet blue, and bases white,  
And round blunt trancheon by his side,  
So great a man at arms defy'd 770  
With words far bitterer than wormwood,  
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.  
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal;  
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.  
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd 775  
His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd;  
And bending cock, he levell'd full  
Against th' outside of *Talgol's* skull;  
Vowing that he shou'd ne'er stir further,  
Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murder. 780  
But *Pallas* came in shape of rust,  
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust  
Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock  
Stand stiff, as t'were transform'd to stock.  
Meanwhile fierce *Talgol*, gath'ring might, 785  
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;  
But he with petronel upheav'd,  
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.  
The gun recoild, as well it might,  
Not us'd to such a kind of fight, 790

And shrunk from its great master's gripe,  
 Knock'd down and stunn'd by mortal stripe.  
 Then *Hudibras*, with furious haste,  
 Drew out his sword; yet not so fast,  
 But *Talgol* first, with hardy thwack, 795  
 Twice bruise'd his head, and twice his back.  
 But when his nut-brown sword was out,  
 With stomach huge he laid about,  
 Imprinting many a wound upon  
 His mortal foe, the truncheon. 800  
 The trusty cudgel did oppose  
 Itself against dead-doing blows,  
 To guard its leader from fell bane,  
 And then reveng'd itself again.  
 And though the sword (some understood) 805  
 In force had much the odds of wood,  
 'Twas nothing so; both sides were ballanc't  
 So equal, none knew which was valiant'st:  
 For wood with Honor b'ing engag'd  
 Is so implacably enrag'd, 810  
 Though iron hew and mangle sore,  
 Wood wounds and buises Honour more.  
 And now both Knights were out of breath,  
 Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death;  
 While all the rest amaz'd stood still, 815  
 Expecting which should take or kill.  
 This *Hudibras* observ'd; and fretting  
 Conquest should be so long a getting,  
 He drew up all his force into  
 One body, and that into one blow. 820  
 But *Talgol* wisely avoided it  
 By cunning sleight; for had it hit,  
 The upper part of him the blow  
 Had slit as sure as that below.  
 Meanwhile th' incomparable *Colon*, 825  
 To aid his friend, began to fall on.  
 Him *Ralph* encounter'd, and straight grew  
 A dismal combat 'twixt them two:  
 Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood;  
 This fit for bruise, and that for blood. 830

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,  
 Hard crab-tree and old iron rang;  
 While none that saw them cou'd divine  
 To which side conquest would incline,  
 Until *Magnano*, who did envy 835  
 That two should with so many men vie,  
 By subtle stratagem of brain,  
 Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;  
 For he, by foul hap, having found  
 Where thistles grew on barren ground, 840  
 In haste he drew his weapon out,  
 And having cropp'd them from the root,  
 He clapp'd them underneath the tail  
 Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.  
 The angry beast did straight resent 845  
 The wrong done to his fundament;  
 Began to kick, and fling, and wince,  
 As if h' had been beside his sense,  
 Striving to disengage from thistle  
 That gall'd him sorely under his tail: 850  
 Instead of which, he drew the pack  
 Of Squire and baggage from his back;  
 And blund ring still with smarting rump,  
 He gave the Knight's steed such a thump  
 As made him reel. The Knight did stoop, 855  
 And sat on further side aslope.  
 This *Talgol* viewing, who had now  
 By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,  
 He rallied, and again fell to;  
 For catching foe by nearer foot, 860  
 He lifted with such might and strength,  
 As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,  
 And dash'd his brains (if any) out:  
 But *Mars*, that still protects the stout  
 In pudding-time came to his aid, 865  
 And under him the Bear convey'd;  
 The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown  
 The Knight with all his weight fell down.  
 The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,  
 And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound: 870

Like feather-bed betwixt a wall  
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.  
As Sancho on a blanket fell,  
And had no hurt, our's far'd as well  
In body; though his mighty spirit, 875  
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.  
The Bear was in a greater fright,  
Beat down and worsted by the Knight.  
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,  
To shake off bandage from his snout. 880  
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from  
His jaws of death he threw the foam;  
Fury in stranger postures threw him,  
And more than herald ever drew him.  
He tore the earth which he had sav'd 885  
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,  
And vext the more because the harms  
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:  
For men he always took to be  
His friends, and dogs the enemy; 890  
Who never so much hurt had done him,  
As his own side did falling on him.  
It griev'd him to the guts that they  
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,  
And serv'd with loss of blood so long, 895  
Shou'd offer such inhuman wrong;  
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition;  
For which he flung down his commission;  
And laid about him, till his nose  
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose. 900  
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,  
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,  
And made way through th' amazed crew;  
Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,  
But took none; for by hasty flight 905  
He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight;  
From whom he fled with as much haste  
And dread as he the rabble chas'd.  
In haste he fled, and so did they;  
Each and his fear a several way. 910

*Crowdero* only kept the field;  
 Not stirring from the place he held;  
 Though beaten down and wounded sore,  
 I' th' fiddle, and a leg that bore  
 One side of him; not that of bone, 915  
 But much it's better, th' wooden one.  
 He spying *Hudibras* lie strow'd  
 Upon the ground, like log of wood,  
 With fright of fall, supposed wound,  
 And loss of urine, in a swoond, 920  
 In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb,  
 That hurt i' the ankle lay by him,  
 And fitting it for sudden fight,  
 Straight drew it up t' attack the Knight;  
 For getting up on stump and huckle, 925  
 He with the foe began to buckle;  
 Vowing to be reveng'd for breach  
 Of crowd and skin upon the wretch,  
 Sole author of all detriment  
 He and his fiddle underwent. 930  
 But *Ralpho* (who had now begun  
 T' adventure resurrection  
 From heavy squelch, and had got up  
 Upon his legs, with sprained crup)  
 Looking about, beheld pernicion 935  
 Approaching Knight from fell musician.  
 He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled  
 When he was falling off his steed,  
 (As rats do from a falling house,)  
 To hide itself from rage of blows; 940  
 And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew  
 To rescue Knight from black and blew;  
 Which, e'er he cou'd atchieve, his sconce  
 The leg encounter'd twice and once;  
 And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen, 945  
 When *Ralpho* thrust himself between.  
 He took the blow upon his arm,  
 To shield the Knight from further harm;  
 And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd  
 On th' wooden member such a load, 950

That down it fell, and with it bore  
*Crowdero*, whom it propp'd before.  
 To him the Squire right nimbly run,  
 And setting conquering foot upon  
 His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy 955  
 Made thee (thou whelp of Sin!) to fancy  
 Thyself, and all that coward rabble,  
 T' encounter us in battle able?  
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship  
 'Gainst arms, authority, and worship? 960  
 And *Hudibras* or me provoke,  
 Though all thy limbs, were heart of oke,  
 And th' other half of thee as good  
 To bear out blows, as that of wood?  
 Cou'd not the whipping-post prevail 965  
 With all its rhet'ric nor the jail,  
 To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,  
 And ankle free from iron gin?  
 Which now thou shalt — But first our care  
 Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare. 970  
 This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,  
 And set him on his bum upright.  
 To rouse him from lethargic dump,  
 He tweak'd his nose; with gentle thump  
 Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been 975  
 To raise the spirits lodg'd within.  
 They, waken'd with the noise, did fly  
 From inward room to window eye,  
 And gently op'ning lid, the casement,  
 Look'd out, but yet with some amazement. 980  
 This gladdened *Ralpho* much to see,  
 Who thus bespoke the Knight: quoth he,  
 Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,  
 A self-denying conqueror;  
 As high, victorious, and great, 985  
 As e'er fought for the Churches yet,  
 If you will give yourself but leave  
 To make out what y' already have;  
 That's victory. The foe, for dread  
 Of your nine-worthiness, is fled: 990

All, save *Crowdero*, for whose sake  
 You did th' espous'd Cause undertake;  
 And he lies pris'ner at your feet,  
 To be dispos'd as you think meet;  
 Either for life, or death, or sale, 995  
 The gallows, or perpetual jail;  
 For one wink of your powerful eye  
 Must sentence him to live or die.  
 His fiddle is your proper purchase,  
 Won in the service of the Churches; 1000  
 And by your doom must be allow'd  
 To be, or be no more, a crowd.  
 For though success did not confer  
 Just title on the conqueror;  
 Though dispensations were not strong 1005  
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong;  
 Although out-goings did confirm,  
 And owning were but a mere term;  
 Yet as the wicked have no right  
 To th' creature, though usurp'd by might, 1010  
 The property is in the Saint,  
 From whom th' injuriously detain 't;  
 Of him they hold their luxuries,  
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,  
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights, 1015  
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;  
 All which the Saints have title to,  
 And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.  
 What we take from them is no more  
 Than what was our's by right before; 1020  
 For we are their true landlords still,  
 And they our tenants but at will.  
 At this the Knight began to rouse,  
 And by degrees grow valorous.  
 He star'd about, and seeing none 1025  
 Of all his foes remain, but one,  
 He snatch'd his weapon, that lay near him,  
 And from the ground began to rear him;  
 Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay  
 For all the rest that ran away. 1020



But *Ralpho* now, in colder blood,  
His fury mildly thus withstood:  
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit  
Is rais'd too high: this slave does merit  
To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner  
Than from your hand to have the honor  
Of his destruction. I, that am  
A nothingness in deed and name,  
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,  
Or ill intreat his fiddle or case:  
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot  
In cold blood which you gain'd in hot?  
Will you employ our conqu'ring sword  
To break a fiddle and your word?  
For though I fought, and overcame,  
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.  
For great commanders only own  
What's prosperous by the soldier done,  
To save, where you have pow'r to kill,  
Argues your pow'r above your will;  
And that your will and pow'r have less  
Than both might have of selfishness.  
This pow'r which, now alive, with dread  
He trembles at, if he were dead,  
Wou'd no more keep the slave in awe,  
Than if you were a Knight of straw:  
For death would then be his conqueror,  
Not you, and free him from that terror.  
If danger from his life accrue,  
Or honor from his death, to you,  
'Twere policy, and honor too,  
To do as you resolv'd to do:  
But, Sir, 'twou'd wrong your valour much,  
To say it needs or fears a crutch.  
Great conquerors greater glory gain  
By foes in triumph led, than slain:  
The laurels that adorn their brows  
Are pull'd from living not dead boughs,  
And living foes: the greatest fame  
Of cripple slain can be but lame.

One half of him's already slain,  
The other is not worth your pain ;  
Th' honor can but on one side light,  
As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight.  
Wherefore I think it better far 1075  
To keep him prisoner of war ;  
And let him fast in bonds abide,  
At court of Justice to be tried ;  
Where, if he appear so bold and crafty,  
There may be danger in his safety. 1080  
If any member there dislike  
His face, or to his beard have pique ;  
Or if his death will save or yield,  
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd.  
Though he has quarter, ne'er the less 1085  
Y' have power to hang him when you please.  
This has been often done by some  
Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom ;  
And has by most of us been held  
Wise Justice, and to some reveal'd. 1090  
For words and promises, that yoke  
The conqueror, are quickly broke ;  
Like *Sampson's* cuffs, though by his own  
Direction and advice put on.  
For if we should fight for the *Cause* 1095  
By rules of military laws,  
And only do what they call just,  
The *Cause* would quickly fall to dust.  
This we among ourselves may speak ;  
But to the wicked, or the weak, 1100  
We must be cautious to declare  
Perfection truths, such as these are.  
This said, the high outrageous mettle  
Of Knight began to cool and settle.  
He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon 1105  
Resolv'd to see the business done ;  
And therefore charg'd him first to bind  
*Crowdero's* hands on rump behind,  
And to its former place and use,  
The wooden member to reduce ; 1110

But force it take an oath before,  
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

*Ralpho* dispatch'd with speedy haste,

And having tied *Crowdero* fast,

He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,

To lead the captive of his sword

In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,

And them to further service brought.

The Squire in state rode on before,

And on his nut-brown whinyard bore

The trophee-fiddle and the case,

Leaning on shoulder like a mace.

The Knight himself did after ride,

Leading *Crowdero* by his side;

And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,

Like boat against the tide and wind.

Thus grave and solemn they march'd on,

Until quite thro' the town th' had gone;

At further end of which there stands

An ancient castle, that commands

Th' adjacent parts: in all the fabrick

You shall not see one stone nor a brick;

But all of wood; by pow'rful spell

Of magic made impregnable.

There's neither iron-bar nor gate,

Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,

And yet men durance there abide,

In dungeon scarce three inches wide;

With roof so low, that under it

They never stand, but lie or sit;

And yet so foul, that whoso is in,

Is to the middle-leg in prison;

In circle magical confin'd,

With walls of subtile air and wind

Which none are able to break thorough,

Until they're freed by head of borough.

Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight

And bold Squire from their steeds alight

At th' outward wall, near which there stands

A bastile, built to imprison hands;

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By strange enchantment made to fetter  
The lesser parts, and free the greater;  
For though the body may creep through,  
The hands in grate are fast enough:  
And when a circle 'bout the wrist 1155  
Is made by beadle exorcist,  
The body feels the spur and switch,  
As if 'twere ridden post by witch,  
At twenty miles an hour pace,  
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place. 1160  
On top of this there is a spire,  
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire,  
The fiddle and its spoils, the case,  
In manner of a trophee place.  
That done, they ope the trap-door gate, 1165  
And let *Crowdero* down thereat;  
*Crowdero* making doleful face,  
Like hermit poor in pensive place.  
To dungeon they the wretch commit,  
And the survivor of his feet: 1170  
But th' other, that had broke the peace  
And head of Knighthood, they release;  
Though a delinquent false and forged,  
Yet be'ing a stranger, he's enlarged;  
While his comrade, that did no hurt, 1175  
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't.  
So Justice, while she winks at crimes,  
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

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## CANTO III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,  
 Surround the place; the Knight does sally,  
 And is made pris'ner: Then they sieze  
 Th' enchanted fort by storm; release  
 Crowdero, and put the Squire in's place;  
 I should have first said Hudibras.

Ah me! what perils do environ  
 The man that meddles with cold iron!  
 What plaguy mishiefs and mishaps  
 Do dog him still with after-claps!  
 For though dame Fortune seem to smile 5  
 And leer upon him for a while,  
 She'll after shew him, in the nick  
 Of all his glories, a dog-trick.  
 This any man may sing or say,  
 I' th' ditty call'd, What if a Day? 10  
 For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won  
 The field, as certain as a gun;  
 And having routed the whole troop,  
 With victory was cock a-hoop;  
 Thinking h' had done enough to purchase 15  
 Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,  
 Wherein his mettle, and brave worth,  
 Might be explain'd by Holder-forth,  
 And register'd, by fame eternal,  
 In deathless pages of diurnal; 20  
 Found in few minutes, to his cost,  
 He did but count without his host;  
 And that a turn-stile is more certain  
 Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.  
 For now the late faint-hearted rout, 25  
 O'erthrown, and scatter'd round about,  
 Chas'd by the horror of their fear  
 From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,  
 (All but the dogs, who, in pursuit  
 Of the Knight's victory, stood to't, 30

And most ignobly fought to get  
The honor or his blood and sweat,)  
Seeing the coast was free and clear  
O' th' conquer'd and the conqueror,  
Took heart again, and fac'd about, 35  
As if they meant to stand it out:  
For by this time the routed Bear,  
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,  
Finding their number grew too great  
For him to make a safe retreat, 40  
Like a bold chieftain, fac'd about;  
But wisely doubting to hold out,  
Gave way to Fortune, and with haste  
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd;  
Retiring still, until he found 45  
H' had got the advantage of the ground;  
And then as valiantly made head  
To check the foe, and forthwith fled;  
Leaving no art untried, nor trick  
Of warrior stout and politick, 50  
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,  
He gain'd a pass to hold dispute  
On better terms, and stop the course  
Of the proud foe. With all his force  
He bravely charg'd, and for a while 55  
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;  
But still their numbers so increas'd,  
He found himself at length oppress'd,  
And all evasions, so uncertain,  
To save himself for better fortune, 60  
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,  
To die with honor in the field,  
And sell his side and carcase at  
A price as high and desperate  
As e'er he could. This resolution 65  
He forthwith put in execution,  
And bravely threw himself among  
The enemy i' th' greatest throng.  
But what cou'd single valour do  
Against so numerous a foe? 70

Yet much he did indeed, too much To be believ'd, where th' odds were such. But one against a multitude Is more than mortal can make good. For while one party he oppos'd, His rear was suddenly inclos'd; And no room left him for retreat, Or fight against a foe so great. For now the mastives, charging home, To blows and handy gripes were come: While manfully himself he bore, And setting his right-foot before, He rais'd himself, to shew how tall His person was above them all. This equal shame and envy stirr'd In th' enemy, that one should beard So many warriors, and so stout, As he had done, and stav'd it out, Disdaining to lay down his arms, And yield on honorable terms. Enraged thus, some in the rear Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where, Till down he fell; yet falling fought, And, being down, still laid about; As <i>Widdrington</i> , in doleful dumps, Is said to fight upon his stumps.	75
But all, alas! had been in vain, And he inevitably slain, If <i>Trulla</i> and <i>Cerdon</i> , in the nick, To rescue him had not been quick; For <i>Trulla</i> , who was light of foot As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot, (But not so light as to be borne Upon the ears of standing corn, Or trip it o'er the water quicker Than witches, when their staves they liquor, As some report,) was got among The foremost of the martial throng: There pitying the vanquish'd Bear, She call'd to <i>Cerdon</i> , who stood near,	80  85  90  95
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	110

Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,  
Shall we (quoth she) stand still hum-drum,  
And see stout Bruin all alone,  
By numbers basely overthrown?  
Such feats already h' has atchiev'd, 115  
In story not to be believ'd;  
And 'twould to us be shame enough,  
Not to attempt to fetch him off,  
I would (quoth he) venture a limb  
To second thee, and rescue him: 120  
But then we must about it straight,  
Or else our aid will come too late.  
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,  
And therefore cannot long hold out.  
This said, they wav'd their weapons round 125  
About their heads, to clear the ground;  
And joining forces, laid about  
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout  
Turn'd tale again, and straight begun,  
As if the Devil drove, to run. 130  
Meanwhile th' approach'd th' place where Bruin  
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin.  
The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd;  
First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,  
Until their mastives loos'd their hold; 135  
And yet, alas! do what they could,  
The worsted Bear came off with store  
Of bloody wounds, but all before:  
For as *Achilles*, dipt in pond,  
Was *anabaptiz'd* free from wound, 140  
Made proof against dead-doing steel  
All over, but the Pagan heel;  
So did our champion's arms defend  
All of him, but the other end,  
His head and ears, which in the martial 145  
Encounter, lost a leathern parcel:  
For as an Austrian Archduke once  
Had one ear (which in ducatoons  
Is half the coin) in battle par'd  
Close to his head, so Bruin far'd; 150



- But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,  
 Like scriv'ner newly crucified;  
 Or like the late corrected leathern  
 Ears of the Circumcised Brethren.  
 But gentle *Trulla* into th' ring 155  
 He wore in's nose convey'd a string,  
 With which she march'd before, and led  
 The warrior to a grassy bed,  
 As authors write, in a cool shade,  
 Which eglantine and roses made; 160  
 Close by a softly murm'ring stream,  
 Where lovers us'd to loll and dream.  
 There leaving him to his repose,  
 Secured from pursuit of foes,  
 And wanting nothing but a song, 165  
 And a well-tun'd theorbo hung  
 Upon a bough, to ease the pain  
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain,  
 They both drew up, to march in quest  
 Of his great leader and the rest. 170
- For *Orsin* (who was more renown'd  
 For stout maintaining of his ground  
 In standing fight, than for pursuit,  
 As being not so quick of foot)  
 Was not long able to keep pace 175  
 With others that pursu'd the chace;  
 But found himself left far behind,  
 But out of heart and out of wind:  
 Griev'd to behold his Bear pursu'd  
 So basely by a multitude; 180  
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,  
 But numbers of his coward foes.  
 He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as  
 Stout *Hercules* for loss of *Hylas*;  
 Forcing the vallies to repeat 185  
 The accents of his sad regret.  
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair,  
 For loss of his dear Crony Bear;  
 That *Eccho*, from the hollow ground,  
 His doleful wailings did resound 190

More wistfully, by many times,  
Than in small poets splay-foot rhimes,  
That make her, in their rueful stories  
To answer to int'rogatories,  
And most unconscionably depose 195  
To things of which she nothing knows;  
And when she has said all she can say,  
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.  
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin!  
Art thou fled to my — Eccho, Ruin? 200  
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step  
For fear. (Quoth Eccho) Marry guep.  
Am not I here to take thy part?  
Then what has quelled thy stubborn heart?  
Have these bones rattled, and this head 205  
So often in thy quarrel bled?  
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,  
For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) Mum budget  
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish  
Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Eccho, Pish. 210  
To run from those th' hast overcome  
Thus cowardly? Quoth Eccho, Mum.  
But what a vengeance makes thee fly  
From me too, as thine enemy?  
Or if thou hast no thought of me, 215  
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,  
Yet shame and honor might prevail  
To keep thee thus from turning tail:  
For who would grudge to spend his blood in  
His honor's cause? Quoth she, A puddin. 220  
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,  
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;  
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place  
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.  
He vow'd the authors of his woe 225  
Should equal vengeance undergo;  
And with their bones and flesh pay dear  
For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.  
This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed  
And rage he hasted to proceed 230

To action straight, and giving o'er  
 To search for Bruin any more,  
 He went in quest of *Hudibras*,  
 To find him out where-e'er he was;  
 And, if he were above ground, vow'd  
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd. 235  
 But scarce had he a furlong on  
 This resolute adventure gone,  
 When he encounter'd with that crew  
 Whom *Hudibras* did late subdue, 240  
 Honor, revenge, contempt, and shame,  
 Did equally their breasts inflame.  
 'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,  
 And *Talgol*, foe to *Hudibras*;  
*Cerdon* and *Colon*, warriors stout, 245  
 As resolute, as ever fought;  
 Whom furious *Orsin* thus bespoke:  
 Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook  
 The vile affront that paltry ass,  
 And feeble scoundrel, *Hudibras*, 250  
 With that more paltry ragamuffin,  
*Ralpho*, with vapouring and huffing,  
 Have put upon us like tame cattle,  
 As if th' had routed us in battle?  
 For my part, it shall ne'er be said, 255  
 I for the washing gave my head:  
 Nor did I turn my back for fear  
 O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,  
 Which now I'm like to undergo;  
 For whether those fell wounds, or no, 260  
 He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,  
 Is more than all my skill can foretell;  
 Nor do I know what is become  
 Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.  
 But if I can but find them out 265  
 That caus'd it (as I shall, no doubt,  
 Where-e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)  
 I'll make them rue their handy-work;  
 And wish that they had rather dar'd  
 To pull the Devil by the beard. 270

Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orsin*, th' hast  
 Great reason to do as thou say'st,  
 And so has ev'ry body here,  
 As well as thou hast, or thy Bear.  
 Others may do as they see good ; 275  
 But if this twig be made of wood  
 That will hold tack, I'll make the fur  
 Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur ;  
 And the other mungrel vermin, *Ralph*,  
 That brav'd us all in his behalf. 280  
 Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril,  
 Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill ;  
 Myself and *Trulla* made a shift  
 To help him out at a dead lift ;  
 And, having brought him bravely off, 285  
 Have left him where he's safe enough :  
 There let him rest ; for if we stay,  
 The slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join  
 Their forces in the same design ; 290  
 And forthwith put themselves in search  
 Of *Hudibras* upon their march.  
 Where leave we them awhile, to tell  
 What the victorious Knight befel :  
 For such, *Crowdero* being fast 295  
 In dungeon shut, we left him last,  
 Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow  
 No where so green as on his brow ;  
 Laden with which, as well as tir'd  
 With conquering toil, he now retir'd 300  
 Unto a neighb'ring castle by,  
 To rest his body, and apply  
 Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise  
 He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues,  
 To mollify th' uneasy pang 305  
 Of ev'ry honourable bang,  
 Which b'ing by skilful midwife drest,  
 He laid him down to take his rest.  
 But all in vain. H' had got a hurt  
 O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort, 310

By *Cupid* made, who took his stand  
 Upon a Widow's jointure land,  
 (For he, in all his am'rous battels,  
 No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels.)  
 Drew home his bow, and, aiming right, 315  
 Let fly an arrow at the Knight:  
 The shaft against a rib did glance,  
 And gall'd him in the purtenance.  
 But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,  
 After he found his suit in vain. 320  
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul  
 Was burnt in's belly like a coal,  
 (That belly which so oft did ake  
 And suffer griping for her sake,  
 Till purging comfits and ants-eggs 325  
 Had almost brought him off his legs,)  
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,  
 That old Pyg— (what d'y' call him) malion,  
 That cut his mistress out of stone,  
 Had not so hard a-hearted one. 330  
 She had a thousand jadish tricks,  
 Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;  
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd' freak she had,  
 As insolent as strange and mad;  
 She could love none, but only such 335  
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.  
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady:  
 Not love, if any lov'd her! Hey dey!  
 So cowards never use their might,  
 But against such as will not fight, 340  
 So some diseases have been found  
 Only to seize upon the sound.  
 He that gets her by heart, must say her  
 The back way, like a witch's prayer.  
 Mean while the Knight had no small task 345  
 To compass what he durst not ask.  
 He loves, but dares not make the motion;  
 Her ignorance is his devotion:  
 Like caitiff vile, that, for misdeed,  
 Rides with his face to rump of steed, 350

Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,  
Look one way, and another move;  
Or like a tumbler, that does play  
His game, and look another way,  
Until he seize upon the cony; 355  
Just so he does by matrimony:  
But all in vain; her subtle snout  
Did quickly wind his meaning out;  
Which she return'd with too much scorn  
To be by man of honour borne: 360  
Yet much he bore, until the distress  
He suffer'd from his spightful mistress  
Did stir his stomach; and the pain  
He had endur'd from her disdain,  
Turn'd to regret so resolute, 365  
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,  
And either to renounce her quite,  
Or for a while play least in sight.  
This resolution b'ing put on,  
He kept some months, and more had done; 370  
But being brought so nigh by Fate,  
The victory he atchiev'd so late  
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope  
A door to discontinu'd hope,  
That seem'd to promise he might win 375  
His dame too, now his hand was in;  
And that his valour, and the honour  
H' had newly gain'd, might work upon her.  
These reasons made his mouth to water  
With am'rous longings to be at her. 380  
Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows,  
But this brave conquest o'er my foes  
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,  
As I but now have forc'd the troop?  
If nothing can oppugn love, 385  
And virtue invious ways can prove,  
What may he not confide to do  
That brings both love and virtue too?  
But thou bring'st valour too and wit;  
Two things that seldom fail to hit. 390

Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,  
 Which women oft are taken in.  
 Then, *Hudibras*, why should'st thou fear  
 To be, that art a conqueror?  
 Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*, 395  
 But lets the timidous miscarry.  
 Then while the honour thou hast got  
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,  
 Strike her up bravely, thou hadst best,  
 And trust thy fortune with the rest. 400  
 Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,  
 More than his bangs or fleas, from sleep.  
 And as an owl, that in a barn  
 Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,  
 Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes, 405  
 As if he slept, until he spies  
 The little beast within his reach,  
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;  
 So from his couch the Knight did start  
 To seize upon the widow's heart; 410  
 Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,  
*Ralpho*, dispatch; To Horse, To Horse.  
 And 'twas but time; for now the rout,  
 We left engag'd to seek him out,  
 By speedy marches, were advanc'd 415  
 Up to the fort, where he ensconc'd;  
 And all th' avenues had possest  
 About the place, from east to west.  
 That done, a while they made a halt,  
 To view the ground, and where t' assault: 420  
 Then call'd a council, which was best,  
 By siege or onslaught, to invest  
 The enemy; and 'twas agreed,  
 By storm and onslaught to proceed.  
 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort 425  
 They now drew up t' attack the fort;  
 When *Hudibras*, about to enter  
 Upon another gates adventure,  
 To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,  
 Not dreaming of approaching storm. 430



Whether Dame Fortune, or the case  
 Of Angel bad or tutelar,  
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger  
 To which he was an utter stranger;  
 That foresight might, or might not, blot 435  
 The glory he had newly got;  
 Or to his shame it might be said,  
 They took him napping in his bed;  
 To them we leave it to expound,  
 That deal in sciences profound. 440  
 His courser scarce he had bestrid,  
 And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,  
 When setting ope the postern gate,  
 Which they thought best to sally at,  
 The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd, 445  
 Ready to charge them in the field.  
 This somewhat startled the bold Knight,  
 Surpriz'd with th' unexpected sight.  
 The bruises of his bones and flesh  
 He thought began to smart afresh; 450  
 Till recollecting wonted courage,  
 His fear was soon converted to rage,  
 And thus he spoke: The coward foe,  
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,  
 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears 455  
 As if they had out-run their fears.  
 The glory we did lately get,  
 The Fates command us to repeat;  
 And to their wills we must succumb,  
*Quocunque trahunt*, 'tis our doom. 460  
 This is the same numeric crew  
 Which we so lately did subdue;  
 The self-same individuals that  
 Did run as mice do from a cat,  
 When we courageously did wield 465  
 Our martial weapons in the field  
 To tug for victory; and when  
 We shall our shining blades agen  
 Brandish in terror o'er our heads,  
 They'll straight resume their wonted ~~dread~~. 470



Fear is an ague, that forsakes  
 And haunts by fits those whom it takes :  
 And they'll opine they feel the pain  
 And blows they felt to-day again.  
 Then let us boldly charge them home,  
 And make no doubt to overcome. 475

This said, his courage to inflame,  
 He call'd upon his mistress' name.  
 His pistol next he cock'd a-new,  
 And out his nut-brown whinyard drew ;  
 And, placing *Ralpho* in the front,  
 Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,  
 As expert warriors use : then ply'd  
 With iron heel his courser's side,  
 Conveying sympathetic speed 485  
 From heel of Knight to heel of Steed.

Mean while the foe, with equal rage  
 And speed, advancing to engage,  
 Both parties now were drawn so close,  
 Almost to come to handy-blows ;  
 When *Orsin* first let fly a stone  
 At *Ralpho* : not so huge a one  
 As that which *Diomed* did maul  
*Aeneas* on the bum withal ;

Yet big enough if rightly hurl'd,  
 T' have sent him to another world,  
 Whether above-ground, or below,  
 Which Saints Twice Dipt are destin'd to.

The danger startled the bold Squire,  
 And made him some few steps retire.  
 But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's aid,  
 And rous'd his spirits, half dismay'd.

He wisely doubting lest the shot  
 Of th' enemy, now growing hot,  
 Might at a distance gall, press'd close,  
 To come pell-mell to handy-blows,  
 And, that he might their aim decline,  
 Advanc'd still in an oblique line ;

But prudently forbore to fire,  
 Till breast to breast he had got nigher, 510

As expert warriors use to do  
When hand to hand they charge their foe.  
This order the advent'rous Knight,  
Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,  
When fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle, 515  
And for the foe began to stickle.  
The more shame for her Goody-ship,  
To give so near a friend the slip.  
For *Colon*, choosing out a stone,  
Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon 520  
His manly paunch with such a force,  
As almost beat him off his horse.  
He lost his whinyard, and the rein;  
But, laying fast hold of the mane,  
Preserv'd his seat; and as a goose 525  
In death contracts his talons close,  
So did the Knight, and with one claw  
The trigger of his pistol draw.  
The gun went off: and as it was  
Still fatal to stout *Hudibras*, 530  
In all his feats of arms, when least  
He dreamt of it, to prosper best,  
So now he far'd: the shot, let fly  
At random 'mong the enemy,  
Pierc'd *Talgol's* gaberdine, and gracing 535  
Upon his shoulder, in the passing,  
Lodg'd in *Magnano's* brass habergeon,  
Who straight, A Surgeon, cried, A Surgeon.  
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,  
Did Murther, Murther, Murther, yell. 540  
This startled their whole body so,  
That if the Knight had not let go  
His arms, but been in warlike plight,  
H' had won (the second time) the fight;  
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 545  
He had inevitably done:  
But he, diverted with the care  
Of *Hudibras* his hurt, forbare  
To press th' advantage of his fortune  
While danger did the rest dishearten: 550

For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd  
In close encounter, they both wag'd  
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say  
Which side was like to get the day,  
And now the busy work of death 555  
Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,  
Preparing to renew the fight,  
When the disaster of the Knight,  
And th' other party, did divert  
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part. 560  
*Ralpho* press'd up to *Hudibras*,  
And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was;  
Each striving to confirm his party  
With stout encouragements, and hearty.  
Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir, 565  
And let revenge and honor stir  
Your spirits up: once more fall on,  
The shatter'd foe begins to run;  
For if but half so well you knew  
To use your victory as subdue, 570  
They durst not, after such a blow  
As you have given them, face us now;  
But from so formidable a soldier  
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.  
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft 575  
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft.  
But if you let them recollect  
Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,  
You'll have a harder game to play  
Than yet y' have had to get the day. 580  
Thus spoke the stout Squire; but was heard  
By *Hudibras* with small regard.  
His thoughts were fuller of the bang  
He lately took than *Ralph's* harangue;  
To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate 585  
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.  
The knotted blood within my hose,  
That from my wounded body flows,  
With mortal crisis doth portend  
My days to appropinque an end. 590

I am for action now unfit,  
Either of fortitude or wit:  
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,  
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.  
I am not apt, upon a wound, 595  
Or trivial basting, to despond:  
Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail:  
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,  
Or that we'd time enough as yet,  
To make an hon'rab'le retreat, 600  
'Twere the best course: but if they find  
We fly, and leave our arms behind  
For them to seize on, the dishonor,  
And danger too, is such, I'll sooner  
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter, 605  
To let them see I am no starter.  
In all the trade of war, no feat  
Is nobler than a brave retreat:  
For those that run away, and fly,  
Take place at least of th' enemy. 610  
This said, the Squire, with active speed  
Dismounted from his bonny steed,  
To seize the arms, which, by mischance,  
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance.  
These being found out, and restor'd 615  
To *Hudibras* their natural lord,  
As a man may say, with might and main,  
He hasted to get up again.  
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft,  
But, by his weighty bum, as loft 620  
He was pull'd back, till having found  
Th' advantage of the rising ground,  
Thither he led his warlike steed,  
And having plac'd him right, with speed  
Prepar'd again to scale the beast, 625  
When *Orsin*, who had newly drest  
The bloody scar upon the shoulder  
Of *Talgol* with Promethean powder,  
And now was searching for the shot  
That laid *Magnano* on the spot, 630

Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid  
Preparing to climb up his horse side,  
He left his cure, and laying hold  
Upon his arms, with courage bold,  
Cried out, 'Tis now no time to dally, 635  
The enemy begin to rally:  
Let us, that are unhurt and whole,  
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.  
This said, like to a thunderbolt,  
He flew with fury to th' assault, 640  
Striving the enemy to attack  
Before he reach'd his horse's back.  
*Ralpho* was mounted now, and gotten  
O'erthwart his beast with active vau'ting,  
Wrigling his body to recover 645  
His seat, and cast his right leg over,  
When *Orsin*, rushing in, bestow'd  
On horse and man so heavy a load,  
The beast was startled, and begun  
To kick and fling like mad, and run, 650  
Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,  
Or stout king *Richard*, on his back,  
'Till stumbling, he threw him down,  
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.  
Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse 655  
The sparkles of his wonted prowess.  
He thrust his hand into his hose,  
And found, both by his eyes and nose,  
'Twas only choler, and not blood,  
That from his wounded body flow'd. 660  
This, with the hazard of the Squire,  
Inflam'd him with despitful ire.  
Courageously he fac'd about,  
And drew his other pistol out,  
And now had half way bent the cock, 665  
When *Cerdon* gave so fierce a shock,  
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,  
That down it fell, and did no harm:  
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,  
Assay'd to pull him off his steed. 670

The Knight his sword had only left,  
With which he *Cerdon's* head had cleft,  
Or at the least cropt off a limb,  
But *Orsin* came, and rescu'd him.  
He, with his lance, attack'd the Knight 675  
Upon his quarters opposite,  
But as a barque, that in foul weather,  
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,  
Is bruis'd, and beaten to and fro,  
And knows not which to turn him to ; 680  
So far'd the Knight between two foes,  
And knew not which of them t'oppose ;  
Till *Orsin*, charging with his lance  
At *Hudibras*, by spiteful chance,  
Hit *Cerdon* such a bang, as stunn'd 685  
And laid him flat upon the ground.  
At this the Knight began to chear up,  
And, raising up himself on stirrup,  
Cried out, *Victoria!* Lie thou there,  
And I shall straight dispatch another, 690  
To bear thee company in death :  
But first I'll halt a while, and breath :  
As well he might ; for *Orsin*, griev'd  
At th' wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,  
Ran to relieve him with his lore, 695  
And cure the hurt he gave before.  
Mean while the Knight had wheel'd about,  
To breathe himself, and next find out  
Th' advantage of the ground, where best  
He might the ruffled foe infest. 700  
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,  
To run at *Orsin* with full speed,  
While he was busy in the care  
Of *Cerdon's* wound, and unware :  
But he was quick, and had already 705  
Unto the part applied remedy :  
And, seeing th' enemy prepar'd  
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.  
Then, like a warrior right expert  
And skilful in the martial art, 710

The subtle Knight straight made a halt,  
 And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,  
 Until he had reliev'd the Squire,  
 And then in order to retire;

715

Or, as occasion should invite,  
 With forces join'd renew the fight.

*Ralpho*, by this time disentranc'd,

Upon his bum himself-advanc'd,

Though sorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er

720

With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore.

Right fain he would have got upon

His feet again, to get him gone:

When *Hudibras* to aid him came:

Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name,)

725

Courage! the day at length is ours;

And we once more, as conquerors,

Have both the field and honor won:

The foe is profligate, and run.

I mean all such as can; for some

730

This hand hath sent to their long home;

And some lie sprawling on the ground,

With many a gash and bloody wound,

*Caesar* himself could never say

He got two victories in a day,

735

As I have done, that can say, Twice I

In one day, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*.

The foe's so numerous, that we

Cannot so often *vincere*

As they *perire*, and yet enow

740

Be left to strike an after-blow;

Then, lest they rally, and once more

Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,

Get up, and mount thy steed: Dispatch,

And let us both their motions watch.

745

Quoth *Ralph*, I should not, if I were

In case for action, now be here:

Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd

An arse, for fear of being bang'd.

It was for you I got these harms.

750

Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.

The blows and drubs I have receiv'd  
 Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd  
 My limbs of strength. Unless you stoop,  
 And reach your hand to pull me up,  
 I shall lie here, and be a prey  
 To those who now are run away. 755

That thou shalt not, (quoth *Hudibras*;)   
 We read, the ancients held it was  
 More honorable far, *servare*  
*Civem*, than slay an adversary; 760  
 The one we oft to-day have done,  
 The other shall dispatch anon:  
 And though th' art of a diff'rent Church  
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.

This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,  
 And steer'd him gently toward the Squire;  
 Then bowing down his body, stretch'd  
 His hand out, and at *Ralpho* reach'd;  
 When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,  
 Charg'd him like lightening behind. 770

She had been long in search about  
*Magnano's* wound, to find it out;  
 But could find none, nor where the shot,  
 That had so startled him, was got.  
 But having found the worst was past,  
 She fell to her own work at last, 775

The pillage of the prisoners,  
 Which in all feats of arms was hers;  
 And now to plunder *Ralph* she flew,  
 When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew 780  
 To succour him; for, as he bow'd  
 To help him up, she laid a load  
 Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,  
 On t'other side, that down he fell.

Yield, scoundrel base, (quoth she,) or die:  
 Thy life is mine and liberty: 785

But if thou thinkst I took thee tardy,  
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy,  
 To try thy fortune o'er a-fresh,  
 I'll wave my title to thy flesh, 790



Thy arms and baggage, now my right;  
 And if thou hast the heart to try't,  
 I'll lend thee back thyself a while,  
 And once more, for that carcass vile,  
 Fight upon tick: — Quoth *Hudibras*, 795  
 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,  
 And I shall take thee at thy word.  
 First let me rise and take my sword,  
 That sword which has so oft this day  
 Through squadrons of my foes made way, 800  
 And some to other worlds dispatch'd,  
 Now with a feeble spinster match'd,  
 Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd,  
 By which no honor's to be gain'd.  
 But if thou'lt take m' advice in this, 805  
 Consider whilst thou may'st, what 'tis  
 To interrupt a victor's course,  
 B' opposing such a trivial force:  
 For if with conquest I come off,  
 (And that I shall do sure enough,) 810  
 Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,  
 By law of arms, in such a case;  
 Both which I now do offer freely.  
 I scorn (quoth she) thou coxcomb silly,  
 (Clapping her hand upon her breech, 815  
 To shew how much she priz'd his speech,)  
 Quarter or counsel from a foe:  
 If thou can'st force me to it, do.  
 But lest it should again be said,  
 When I have once more won thy head, 820  
 I took the napping, unprepar'd,  
 Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.  
 This said, she to her tackle fell,  
 And on the Knight let fall a peal  
 Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home, 825  
 That he retir'd, and follow'd's bum.  
 Stand to't (quoth she) or yield to mercy:  
 It is not fighting arsie-versie  
 Shall serve thy turn. — This stirr'd his spleen  
 More than the danger he was in, 830

The blows he felt, or was to feel,  
Although th' already made him reel.  
Honor, despight, revenge and shame,  
At once into his stomach came,  
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm 835  
Above his head, and rain'd a storm  
Of blows so terrible and thick,  
As if he meant to hash her quick.  
But she upon her truncheon took them,  
And by oblique diversion broke them, 840  
Waiting an opportunity  
To pay all back with usury:  
Which long she fail'd not of; for now  
The Knight with one dead-doing blow  
Resolving to decide the fight, 845  
And she, with quick and cunning slight,  
Avoiding it, the force and weight  
He charg'd upon it was so great,  
As almost sway'd him to the ground.  
No sooner she th' advantage found, 850  
But in she flew; and seconding  
With home-made thrust the heavy swing,  
She laid him flat upon his side;  
And mounting on his trunk a-stride,  
Quoth she, I told thee what would come 855  
Of all thy vapouring, base scum.  
Say, will the law of arms allow  
I may have grace and quarter now?  
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,  
And stain thine honor than thy sword? 860  
A man of war to damn his soul,  
In basely breaking his parole!  
And when, before the fight, th' had'st vow'd  
To give no quarter in cold blood:  
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar, 865  
To make me 'gainst my will take quarter;  
Why dost not put me to the sword,  
But cowardly fly from thy word?  
Quoth *Hudibras*, The day's thine own:  
Thou and thy Stars have cast me down: 870

- My laurels are transplanted now,  
 And flourish on thy conqu'ring brew:  
 My loss of honor's great enough,  
 Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff:  
 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,  
 But cannot blur my lost renown. 875
- I am not now in Fortune's power;  
 He that is down can fall no lower.  
 The ancient heroes were illustrious  
 For being benign, and not blustrous, 880  
 Against a vanquish'd foe: their swords  
 Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;  
 And did in fight but cut work out  
 To employ their courtesies about.
- Quoth she, Although thou hast deserv'd 885  
 Base slubberdegullion, to be serv'd  
 As thou did'st vow to deal with me,  
 If thou had'st got the victory;  
 Yet I shall rather act a part  
 That suits my fame than thy desert. 890  
 Thy arms, thy liberty, beside  
 All that's on th' outside of thy hide,  
 Are mine by military law,  
 Of which I will not bate one straw:  
 The rest, thy life and limbs, once more, 895  
 Though doubly forfeit, I restore.
- Quoth *Hudibras*, It is too late  
 For me to treat or stipulate:  
 What thou command'st, I must obey;  
 Yet those whom I expugn'd to-day 900  
 Of thine own party, I let go,  
 And gave them life and freedom too:  
 Both dogs and bear, upon their parole,  
 Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.
- Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they 905  
 Let one another run away,  
 Concerns not me; but was't not thou  
 That gave *Crowdero* quarter too?  
*Crowdero*, whom, in irons bound,  
 Thou basely threw'st into *Lob's* Pound, 910

Where still he lies, and with regret  
 Hit gen'rous bowels rage and fret.  
 But now thy carcass shall redeem,  
 And serve to be exchang'd for him.

This said, the Knight did straight submit, 915  
 And laid his weapons at her feet.

Next he disrob'd his gaberdine,  
 And with it did himself resign.

She took it, and forthwith divesting  
 The mantle that she wore, said jesting, 920

Take that, and wear it for my sake;  
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy back,

And as the *French*, we conquer'd once,  
 Now give us laws for pantaloons,

The length of breeches, and the gathers, 925  
 Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers;

Just so the proud insulting lass  
 Array'd and dight'd *Hudibras*.

Mean while the other champions, yerst  
 In hurry of the fight disperst, 930

Arriv'd, when *Trulla* won the day,  
 To share in th' honour and the prey,

And out of *Hudibras* his hide  
 With vengeance to be satisfy'd;

Which now they were about to pour 935  
 Upon him in a wooden show'r;

But *Trulla* thrust herself between,  
 And striding o'er his back agen,

She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,  
 And vow'd they should not break her word: 940

Sh' had giv'n him quarter, and her blood,  
 Or theirs should make that quarter good;

For she was bound by law of arms  
 To see him safe from further harms.

In dungeon deep *Crowdero*, cast 945  
 By *Hudibras*, as yet lay fast;

Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,  
 His great heart made perpetual moans:

Him she resolv'd that *Hudibras*  
 Should ransom, and supply his place. 950

This stopt their fury, and the basting  
 Which toward *Hudibras* was hasting.  
 They thought it was but just and right,  
 That what she had atchiev'd in fight,  
 She should dispose of how she pleas'd. 955  
*Crowdero* ought to be releas'd ;  
 Nor could that any way be done  
 So well as this she pitch'd upon :  
 For who a better could imagine ?  
 This therefore they resolv'd t'engage in. 960  
 The Knight and Squire first they made  
 Rise from the ground, where they were laid :  
 Then mounted both upon their horses,  
 But with their faces to the arses,  
*Orsin* led *Hudibras*'s beast, 965  
 And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* prest,  
 Whom stout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*,  
 And *Colon*, waited as a guard on ;  
 All ush'ring *Trulla* in the rear,  
 With th' arms of either prisoner. 970  
 In this proud order and array  
 They put themselves upon their way,  
 Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,  
 Where stout *Crowdero* in durance lay still.  
 Thither with greater speed than shows 975  
 And triumph over conquer'd foes  
 Do use t' allow, or than the bears  
 Or pageants borne before Lord-Mayors  
 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd  
 In order, soldier-like contriv'd ; 980  
 Still marching in a warlike posture,  
 As fit for battle as for muster.  
 The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,  
 And bending 'gainst the fort their force,  
 They all advanc'd, and round about 985  
 Begirt the magical redoubt.  
*Magnan* led up in this adventure,  
 And made way for the rest to enter ;  
 For he was skilful in black art.  
 No less than he that built the fort ; 990

And with an iron mace laid flat  
 A breach, which straight all enter'd at,  
 And in the wooden dungeon found  
*Crowdero* laid upon the ground.  
 Him they release from durance base, 995  
 Restor'd t' his fiddle and his case,  
 And liberty, his thirsty rage  
 With luscious vengeance to assuage :  
 For he no sooner was at large,  
 But *Trulla* straight brought on the charge, 1000  
 And in the self-same limbo put  
 The Knight and Squire where he was shut;  
 Where leaving them in Hockley i' th' Hole,  
 Their bangs and durance to condole,  
 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow 1005  
 Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,  
 In the same order and array  
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.  
 But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop  
 To Fortune, or be said to droop, 1010  
 Chear'd up himself with ends of verse,  
 And sayings of philosophers.  
 Quoth he, Th' one half of man his mind,  
 Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd,  
 And cannot be laid by the heels, 1015  
 Whate'er the other moiety feels.  
 'Tis not restraint or liberty  
 That makes men prisoners or free ;  
 But perturbations that possess  
 The mind, or aequanimities. 1020  
 The whole world was not half so wide  
 To *Alexander*, when he cry'd,  
 Because he had but one to subdue,  
 As was a paltry narrow tub to  
*Diogenes*; who is not said 1025  
 (For aught that ever I could read)  
 To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,  
 Because h' had ne'er another tub.  
 The ancients make two sev'ral kinds  
 Of prowess in heroic minds; 1030

- The active, and the passive valiant;  
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant:  
 For both to give blows, and to carry,  
 In fights are *equi* necessary:  
 But in defeats, the passive stout 1035  
 Are always found to stand it out  
 Most desp'rately, and to out-do  
 The active 'gainst the conqu'ring foe.  
 Tho' we with blacks and blues are suggill'd,  
 Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd; 1040  
 He that is valiant, and dares fight,  
 Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.  
 Honour's a lease for lives to come,  
 And cannot be extended from  
 The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel 1045  
 Not to be forfeited in battel.  
 If he that in the field is slain,  
 Be in the bed of Honour lain,  
 He that is beaten, may be said  
 To lie in Honour's truckle-bed. 1050  
 For as we see th' eclipsed sun  
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon,  
 Than when, adorn'd with all his light,  
 He shines in serene sky most bright:  
 So valour, in a low estate, 1055  
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.  
 Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know  
 We may by being beaten grow;  
 But none, that see how here we sit,  
 Will judge us overgrown with wit. 1060  
 As gifted brethren, preaching by  
 A carnal hour-glass, do imply,  
 Illumination can convey  
 Into them what they have to say,  
 But not how much; so well enough 1065  
 Know you to charge, but not draw off:  
 For who, without a cap and bauble,  
 Having subdu'd a bear and rabble,  
 And might with honour have come off,  
 Would put it to a second proof? 1070

A politic exploit, right fit  
For Presbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That cuckow's tone,  
*Ralpho*, thou always harp'st upon.

When thou at any thing would'st rail, 1075  
Thou mak'st Presbytery the scale  
To take the height on't, and explain  
To what degree it is prophane:

Whats'ever will not with (thy what d'ye call)  
Thy light jump right, thou callst synodical; 1080  
As if Presbytery were the standard  
To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.

Dost not remember how this day,  
Thou to my beard wast bold to say,  
That thou could'st prove bear-baiting equal 1085  
With synods orthodox and legal?  
Do if thou can'st; for I deny't,  
And dare thee to 't with all thy light.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no  
Hard matter for a man to do, 1090  
That has but any guts in 's brains,  
And cou'd believe it worth his pains;  
But since you dare and urge me to it,  
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical bear-gardens, 1095  
Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,  
And other members of the court,  
Manage the Babylonish sport;  
For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward,  
Do differ only in a mere word; 1100

Both are but sev'ral synagogues  
Of carnal men, and bears, and dogs:  
Both antichristian assemblies,  
To mischief bent far as in them lies:  
Both stave and tail with fierce contests; 1105  
The one with men, the other beasts.

The difference is, the one fights with  
The tongue, the other with the teeth;  
And that they bait but bears in this,  
In th' other, souls and consciences; 1110



Where Saints themselves are brought to stake  
 For gospel-light, and conscience sake;  
 Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,  
 Instead of mastive dogs and curs,  
 Than whom th' have less humanity;  
 For these at souls of men will fly. 1115  
 This to the prophet did appear,  
 Who in a vision saw a bear,  
 Prefiguring the beastly rage  
 Of Church-rule in this latter age; 1120  
 As is demonstrated at full  
 By him that baited the Pope's Bull.  
 Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,  
 That live by rapine; so do they.  
 What are their orders, constitutions, 1125  
 Church-censures, curses, absolutions,  
 But sev'ral mystic chains they make,  
 To tie poor Christians to the stake,  
 And then set heathen officers,  
 Instead of dogs, about their ears? 1130  
 For to prohibit and dispense;  
 To find out or to make offence;  
 Of Hell and Heaven to dispose;  
 To play with souls at fast and loose;  
 To set what characters they please, 1135  
 And mulcts on sin or godliness;  
 Reduce the Church to gospel-order,  
 By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;  
 To make Presbytery supreme,  
 And Kings themselves submit to them; 1140  
 And force all people, though against  
 Their consciences, to turn Saints;  
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,  
 When Saints monopolists are made;  
 When pious frauds, and holy shifts, 1145  
 Are dispensations and gifts,  
 Their godliness becomes mere ware,  
 And ev'ry Synod but a fair.  
 Synods are whelps of th' Inquisition,  
 A mungrel breed of like pernicion, 1150

And growing up, became the sires  
Of scribes, commissioners, and triers;  
Whose bus'ness is, by cunning slight,  
To cast a figure for mens' light;  
To find, in lines of beard and face, 1155  
The physiognomy of grace;  
And by the sound and twang of nose,  
If all be sound within disclose,  
Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,  
As men try pipkins by the ringing; 1160  
By black caps underlaid with white,  
Give certain guess at inward light,  
Which serjeants at the gospel wear,  
To make the spiritual calling clear;  
The handkerchief about the neck 1165  
(Canonical cravat of *Smeck*,  
From whom the institution came,  
When Church and State they set on flame,  
And worn by them as badges then  
Of spiritual warfaring men) 1170  
Judge rightly if regeneration  
Be of the newest cut in fashion.  
Sure' tis an orthodox opinion,  
That grace is founded in dominion.  
Great piety consists in pride; 1175  
To rule is to be sanctified:  
To domineer, and to controul,  
Both o'er the body and the soul,  
Is the most perfect discipline  
Of church-rule, and by right-divine. 1180  
Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were  
More moderate than these by far:  
For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,  
To get their wives and children meat;  
But these will not be fobb'd off so; 1185  
They must have wealth and power too,  
Or else with blood and desolation  
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.  
Sure these themselves from primitive  
And Heathen Priesthood do derive, 1190

When butchers were the only Clerks,  
 Elders and Presbyters of Kirks;  
 Whose directory was to kill;  
 And some believe it is so still.  
 The only difference is, that then 1195  
 They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.  
 For then to sacrifice a bullock,  
 Or now and then a child to Moloch,  
 They count a vile abomination,  
 But not to slaughter a whole nation. 1200  
 Presbytery does but translate  
 The Papacy to a free state;  
 A commonwealth of Popery,  
 Where ev'ry village is a See  
 As well as Rome, and must maintain 1205  
 A Tithe-pig Metropolitan;  
 Where ev'ry Presbyter and Deacon  
 Commands the keys for cheese and bacon;  
 And ev'ry hamlet's governed  
 By's Holiness, the Church's Head; 1210  
 More haughty and severe in's place,  
 Than *Gregory* or *Boniface*.  
 Such Church must (surely) be a monster  
 With many heads: for if we conster  
 What in th' Apocalypse we find, 1215  
 According to th' Apostle's mind,  
 'Tis that the Whore of Babylon  
 With many heads did ride upon;  
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe  
 Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-Elder, Scribe 1220  
 Lay-Elder, *Simeon* to *Levi*,  
 Whose little finger is as heavy  
 As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,  
 And bishop-secular. This zealot  
 Is of a mungrel, diverse kind; 1225  
 Cleric before, and lay behind;  
 A lawless linsie-wolsie brother,  
 Half of one order, half another;  
 A creature of amphibious nature;  
 On land a beast, a fish in water; 1230

- That always preys on grace or sin;  
A sheep without, a wolf within.  
This fierce inquisitor has chief  
Dominion over men's belief  
And manners: can pronounce a Saint 1235  
Idolatrous or ignorant,  
When superciliously he sifts  
Through coarsest boulder others' gifts;  
For all men live and judge amiss,  
Whose talents jump not just with his. 1240  
He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place  
On dullest noddle Light and Grace,  
The manufacture of the Kirk.  
Those pastors are but th' handy-work  
Of his mechanic paws, instilling 1245  
Divinity in them by feeling;  
From whence they start up Chosen Vessels,  
Made by contact, as men get meazles.  
So Cardinals, they say, do grope  
At th' other end the new-made Pope. 1250  
Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*; soft fire,  
They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,  
*Festina lente*, not too fast;  
For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.  
The quirks and cavils thou dost make 1255  
Are false, and built upon mistake:  
And I shall bring you, with your pack  
Of fallacies, t' *elenchi* back;  
And put your arguments in mood  
And figure to be understood. 1260  
I'll force you, by right ratiocination,  
To leave your vitiligation,  
And make you keep to th' question close,  
And argue dialecticos.  
The question then, to state it first, 1265  
Is, Which is better, or which worst,  
Synods or Bears? Bears I avow  
To be the worst, and Synods thou.  
But, to make good th' assertion,  
Thou say'st th' are really all one. 1270

- If so, not worst; for if th' are *idem*  
 Why then, *tantundem dat tantidem*.  
 For if they are the same, by course,  
 Neither is better, neither worse.  
 But I deny they are the same, 1275  
 More than a maggot and I am,  
 That both are *animalia*  
 I grant, but not *rationalia*:  
 For though they do agree in kind,  
 Specific difference we find; 1280  
 And can no more make bears of these,  
 Than prove my horse is *Socrates*.  
 That Synods are bear-gardens too,  
 Thou dost affirm; but I say no:  
 And thus I prove it in a word; 1285  
 Whats'ever assembly's not impow'r'd  
 To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,  
 Can be no Synod: but bear-garden  
 Has no such pow'r; ergo, 'tis none:  
 And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown. 1290  
 But yet we are beside the question  
 Which thou didst raise the first contest on;  
 For that was, Whether Bears are better  
 Than Synod-men? I say, *Negatur*.  
 That bears are beasts, and synods men, 1295  
 Is held by all: they're better then:  
 For bears and dogs on four legs go,  
 As beasts, but Synod-men on two.  
 'Tis true, they all have teeth and nails;  
 But prove that Synod-men have tails; 1300  
 Or that a rugged, shaggy fur  
 Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter;  
 Or that his snout and spacious ears  
 Do hold proportion with a bear's.  
 A bear's a savage beast, of all 1305  
 Most ugly and unnatural;  
 Whelp'd without form, until the dam  
 Has lick'd it into shape and frame;  
 But all thy light can ne'er evict,  
 That ever Synod-man was lick'd; 1310

Or brought to any other fashion,  
Than his own will and inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this  
Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,  
Thou would'st have Presbyters to go 1315  
For bears and dogs, and bear-wards too;

A strange chimera of beasts and men,  
Made up of pieces heterogene;  
Such as in nature never met  
In *eodem subjecto* yet. 1320

Thy other arguments are all  
Supposures, hypothetical,  
That do but beg, and we may chuse  
Either to grant them, or refuse.

Much thou hast said, which I know when 1325  
And where thou stol'st from other men,  
Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts  
Are all but plagiary shifts;

And is the same that Ranter said,  
Who, arguing with me, broke my head, 1330  
And tore a handful of my beard:

The self-same cavils then I heard,  
When, b'ing in hot dispute about  
This controversy, we fell out;  
And what thou know'st I answer'd then, 1335  
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuse  
Of human learning you produce;  
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,  
Profane, erroneous, and vain; 1340

A trade of knowledge, as replete  
As others are with fraud and cheat;  
An art t' incumber gifts and wit,  
And render both for nothing fit;

Makes Light unactive, dull, and troubled, 1345  
Like little *David* in *Saul's* doublet;  
A cheat that scholars put upon  
Other mens' reason and their own;

A fort of error, to ensconce  
Absurdity and ignorance, 1350

- That renders all the avenues  
To truth impervious and abstruse,  
By making plain things, in debate,  
By art, perplex'd, and intricate :  
For nothing goes for sense or light 1355  
That will not with old rules jump right :  
As if rules were not in the schools  
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.  
This pagan, heathenish invention  
Is good for nothing but contention. 1360  
For as, in sword-and-buckler fight,  
All blows do on the target light ;  
So when men argue, the great'st part  
O' th' contests falls on terms of art,  
Until the fustian stuff be spent ; 1365  
And then they fall to th' argument.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou hast  
Out-run the constable at last :  
For thou art fallen on a new  
Dispute, as senseless as untrue, 1370  
But to the former opposite  
And contrary as black to white ;  
Mere *disperata* ; that concerning  
Presbytery ; this, human learning ;  
Two things s'averse, they never yet 1375  
But in thy rambling fancy met.  
But I shall take a fit occasion  
T' evince thee by ratiocination,  
Some other time, in place more proper  
Than this we're in ; therefore let's stop here, 1380  
And rest our weary'd bones a-while,  
Already tir'd with other toil.
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PART II.  
C A N T O I.

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THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight by damnable Magician,  
Being cast illegally in Prison,  
Love brings his Action on the Case,  
And lays it upon Hudibras.  
How he receives the Lady's Visit,  
And cunningly solicits his Suite,  
Which she defers; yet on Parole  
Redeems him from th' enchanted Hole.

---

But now, t'observe romantic method,  
Let bloody steel a while be sheathed,  
And all those harsh and rugged sounds  
Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,  
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle stile 5  
To let our reader breathe a while;  
In which, that we may be as brief as  
Is possible, by way of preface,  
Is't not enough to make one strange,  
That some men's fancies should ne'er change, 10  
But make all people do and say  
The same things still the self-same way?  
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,  
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:  
Others make all their knights in fits 15  
Of jealousy, to lose their wits;  
Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,  
Th' are forthwith cur'd of their caprices.  
Some always thrive in their amours,  
By pulling plaisters off their sores; 20



- As cripples do to get an alms,  
 Just so do they, and win their dames.  
 Some force whole regions, in despite  
 O' geography, to change their site;  
 Make former times shake hands with latter, 25  
 And that which was before, come after.  
 But those that write in rhyme, still make  
 The one verse for the other's sake;  
 For, one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
 I think's sufficient at one time. 30
- But we forget in what sad plight  
 We whilom left the captiv'd Knight  
 And pensive Squire, both bruised in body,  
 And conjur'd into safe custody.  
 Tir'd with dispute and speaking Latin, 35  
 As well as basting, and bear-baiting,  
 And desperate of any course,  
 To free himself by wit or force,  
 His only solace was, that now  
 His dog-bolt fortune was so low, 40  
 That either it must quickly end,  
 Or turn about again, and mend;  
 In which he found th' event, no less  
 Than other times, beside his guess. 45
- There is a tall long-sided dame,  
 (But wondrous light,) ycleped Fame,  
 That, like a thin camelion, boards  
 Herself on air, and eats her words;  
 Upon her shoulders wings she wears  
 Like hanging-sleeves, lin'd through with ears, 50  
 And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,  
 Made good by deep mythologist.  
 With these she through the welkin flies,  
 And sometimes carries truth, oft lies;  
 With letters hung like eastern pigeons, 55  
 And Mercuries of furthest regions;  
 Diurnals writ for regulation  
 Of lying, to inform the nation;  
 And by their public use to bring down  
 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom. 60

About her neck a packet-male,  
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,  
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,  
And cows of monsters brought to bed;  
Of hail-stones big as pullets eggs,  
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;  
A blazing star seen in the west,  
By six or seven men at least.  
Two trumpets she does sound at once,  
But both of clean contrary tones;  
But whether both with the same wind,  
Or one before, and one behind,  
We know not; only this can tell,  
The one sounds vilely, th' other well;  
And therefore vulgar authors name  
Th' one Good, the other Evil, Fame.  
This tattling gossip knew too well  
What mischief *Hudibras* befell,  
And straight the spiteful tidings bears  
Of all to th' unkind widow's ears.  
*Democritus* ne'er laugh'd so loud  
To see bawds carted through the crowd,  
Or funerals with stately pomp  
March slowly on in solemn dump,  
As she laugh'd out, until her back  
As well as sides, was like to crack.  
She vow'd she would go see the sight,  
And visit the distressed Knight;  
To do the office of a neighbour,  
And be a gossip at his labour,  
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,  
To set at large his fetter-locks;  
And, by exchange, parole, or ransom,  
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.  
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood  
And usher, implements abroad  
Which ladies wear, beside a slender  
Young waiting damsel to attend her;  
All which appearing, on she went,  
To find the Knight in limbo pent.

And 'twas not long before she found  
Him, and the stout Squire, in the pound;  
Both coupled in enchanted tether,  
By further leg behind together :  
For as he sat upon his rump, 105  
His head like one in doleful dump.  
Between his knees, his hands apply'd  
Unto his ears on either side ;  
And by him, in another hole,  
Afflicted *Ralpho*, cheek by jowl : 110  
She came upon him in his wooden  
Magician's circle on the sudden,  
As spirits do t' a conjurer,  
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.  
No sooner did the Knight perceive her, 115  
But straight he fell into a fever,  
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,  
To be seen by her in such a place ;  
Which made him hang his head, and scowl,  
And wink, and goggle like an owl. 120  
He felt his brains begin to swim,  
When thus the dame accosted him :  
This place (quoth she) they say's enchanted,  
And with delinquent spirits haunted,  
That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd, 125  
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd.  
Look, there are two of them appear,  
Like persons I have seen somewhere.  
Some have mistaken blocks and posts  
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts, 130  
With saucer eyes, and horns; and some  
Have heard the Devil beat a drum :  
But if our eyes are not false glasses,  
That give a wrong account of faces,  
That beard and I should be acquainted, 135  
Before 'twas conjur'd or enchanted ;  
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,  
As if 't had lately been in combat,  
It did belong to a worthy Knight,  
Howe'er this goblin has come by't. 140

When *Hudibras* the Lady heard  
 Discoursing thus upon his beard,  
 And speak with such respect and honour,  
 Both of the beard and the beard's owner,  
 He thought it best to set as good 145

A face upon it as he cou'd,  
 And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright  
 And radiant eyes are in the right:  
 The beard 's th' identic beard you knew,  
 The same numerically true: 150  
 Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,  
 But its proprietor himself.

O, heavens! quoth she, can that be true?  
 I do begin to fear 'tis you:  
 Not by your individual whiskers, 155

But by your dialect and discourse,  
 That never spoke to man or beast  
 In notions vulgarly exprest.  
 But what malignant star, alas!  
 Has brought you both to this sad pass? 160

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,  
 Which I am less afflicted for,  
 Than to be seen with beard and face,  
 By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd 165  
 For being honorably maim'd,

If he that is in battle conquer'd,  
 Have any title to his own beard;  
 Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,  
 It does your visage more adorn 170  
 Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,  
 And cut square by the Russian standard.

A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,  
 That's bravest which there are most rents in.  
 That petticoat about your shoulders 175  
 Does not so well become a soldier's;

And I'm afraid they are worse handled,  
 Although i' th' rear; your beard the van led;  
 And those uneasy bruises make  
 My heart for company to ake, 180

To see so worshipful a friend  
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This thing call'd pain  
Is (as the learned Stoicks maintain)

Not bad simpliciter, nor good, 185  
But merely as 'tis understood.

Sense is deceitful, and may feign,  
As well in counterfeiting pain

As other gross phenomenas, 190  
In which it oft mistakes the case.

But since the immortal intellect  
(That's free from error and defect,  
Whose objects still persist the same)  
Is free from outward bruise and maim,

Which nought external can expose 195  
To gross material bangs or blows,

It follows, we can ne'er be sure,  
Whether we pain or not endure;  
And just so far are sore and griev'd,  
As by the fancy is believ'd. 200

Some have been wounded with conceit,  
And dy'd of mere opinion straight;  
Others, tho' wounded sore in reason,  
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.

A Saxon Duke did grow so fat, 205  
That mice (as histories relate)

Eat grots and labyrinths to dwell in  
His postick parts without his feeling:  
Then how is't possible a kick

Should e'er reach that way to the quick? 210  
Quoth she, I grant it is in vain

For one that's basted to feel pain,  
Because the pangs his bones endure  
Contribute nothing to the cure:

Yet honor hurt, is wont to rage 215  
With pain no med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish  
That takes a basting for a blemish;  
For what's more hon'able than scars,  
Or skin to tatters rent in wars? 220

Some have been beaten till they know  
 What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow;  
 Some kick'd until they can feel whether  
 A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather;  
 And yet have met, after long running, 225  
 With some whom they have taught that cunning.  
 The furthest way about t' o'ercome,  
 In the end does prove the nearest home.  
 By laws of learned duellists,  
 They that are bruised with wood or fists, 230  
 And think one beating may for once  
 Suffice, are cowards and pultroons:  
 But if they dare engage t' a second,  
 They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.  
 Th' old Romans freedom did bestow, 235  
 Our princes worship, with a blow.  
 King *Pirrhus* cur'd his splenetic  
 And testy courtiers with a kick.  
 The *Negus*, when some mighty lord  
 Or potentate's to be restor'd 240  
 And pardon'd for some great offence,  
 With which he's willing to dispense,  
 First has him laid upon his belly,  
 Then beaten back and side to a jelly;  
 That done, he rises, humbly bows, 245  
 And gives thanks for the princely blows;  
 Departs no meanly proud, and boasting  
 Of this magnificent rib-roasting.  
 The beaten soldier proves most manful,  
 That, like his sword, endures the anvil, 250  
 And justly's held more formidable,  
 The more his valours malleable:  
 But he that fears a bastinado  
 Will run away from his own shadow:  
 And though I'm now in durance fast, 255  
 By our own party basely cast,  
 Ransom, exchange, parole refus'd,  
 And worse than by the enemy us'd;  
 In close catasta shut, past hope  
 Of wit or valour to elepe; 260

- As beards the nearer that they tend  
To th' earth still grow more reverend ;  
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,  
The lower we let down their breeches ;  
I'll make this low dejected fate 265  
Advance me to a greater height.  
Quoth she, Y' have almost made me in love  
With that which did my pity move.  
Great wits and valours, like great states,  
Do sometimes sink with their own weights : 270  
Th' extremes of glory and of shame,  
Like East and West, become the same :  
No Indian Prince has to his palace  
More foll'wers than a thief to th' gallows,  
But if a beating seem so brave, 275  
What glories must a whipping have !  
Such great atchievements cannot fail  
To cast salt on a woman's tail :  
For if I thought your nat'ral talent  
Of passive courage were so gallant, 280  
As you strain hard to have it thought,  
I could grow amorous, and dote.
- When *Hudibras* this language heard,  
He prick'd up's ears and strok'd his beard ;  
Thought he, this is the lucky hour : 285  
Wines work when vines are in the flow'r ;  
This crisis then I'll set my rest on,  
And put her boldly to the question.
- Madam, what you wou'd seem to doubt,  
Shall be to all the world made out, 290  
How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit  
And magnanimity I bear it ;  
And if you doubt it to be true,  
I'll stake myself down against you :  
And if I fail in love or troth, 295  
Be you the winner, and take both.
- Quoth she. I've heard old cunning stagers  
Say, fools for arguments use wagers ;  
And though I prais'd your valour, yet  
I did not mean to baulk our wit ; 300

Which, if you have, you must needs know  
What I have told you before now,  
And you b' experiment have prov'd,  
I cannot love where I'm below'd.

Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis a caprich 305

Beyond th' infliction of a witch;  
So cheats to play with those still aim  
That do not understand the game.

Love in your heart as idly burns  
As fire in antique Roman urns, 310

To warm the dead, and vainly light  
Those only that see nothing by't.

Have you not power to entertain,  
And render love for love again;  
As no man can draw in his breath 315

At once, and force out air beneath?

Or do you love yourself so much,

To bear all rivals else a grutch?

What fate can lay a greater curse  
Than you upon yourself would force? 320

For wedlock without love, some say,

Is but a lock without a key.

It is a kind of rape to marry

One that neglects, or cares not for ye:

For what does make it ravishment, 325

But b'ing against the mind's consent?

A rape that is the more inhuman

For being acted by a woman.

Why are you fair but to entice us

To love you, that you may despise us? 330

But though you cannot love, you say,

Out of your own fanatic way,

Why should you not at least allow

Those that love you to do so too?

For, as you fly me, and pursue 335

Love more averse, so I do you;

And am by our own doctrine taught

To practise what you call a fau't.

Quoth she, If what you say is true,

You must fly me as I do you; 340



But 'tis not what we do, but say,  
In love and preaching, that must sway.

Quoth he, To bid me not to love,  
Is to forbid my pulse to move,  
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,  
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup :  
Command me to piss out the moon,  
And 'twill as easily be done.

345

Love's power's too great to be withstood  
By feeble human flesh and blood.

350

T'was he that brought upon his knees

The hec't'ring kill-cow *Hercules* ;

Transform'd his leager-lion's skin

T' a petticoat, and made him spin ;

Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle

355

T' a feeble distaff, and a spindle.

'Twas he that made emperors gallants

To their own sisters and their aunts ;

Set popes and cardinals agog ,

To play with pages at leap-frog.

360

T'was he that gave our Senate purges,

And flux'd the House of many a burgess ;

Made those that represent the nation

Submit, and suffer amputation ;

And all the Grandees o' the Cabal

365

Adjourn to tubs at Spring and Fall.

He mounted Synod-Men, and rode 'em

To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom ;

Made 'em curvet like Spanish jenets,

And take the ring at Madam —

370

'Twas he that made Saint *Francis* do

More than the Devil could tempt him to,

In cold and frosty weather, grow

Enamour'd of a wife of snow ;

And though she were of rigid temper,

375

With melting flames accost and tempt her ;

Which after in enjoyment quenching ,

He hung a garland on his engine.

Quoth she, If Love have these effects,

Why is it not forbid our sex ?

380

Why is't not damn'd and interdicted,  
For diabolical and wicked?  
And sung, as out of tune, against,  
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?  
I find I've greater reason for it,  
Than I believ'd before t' abhor it. 385

Quoth *Hudibras*, These sad effects  
Spring from your Heathenish neglects  
Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns  
Upon yourselves with equal scorns;  
And those who worthy lovers slight,  
Plagues with prepost'rous appetite.  
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete  
To take a town-bull for her sweet,  
And from her greatness stoop so low, 390  
To be the rival of a cow:

Others to prostitute their great hearts,  
To be baboons' and monkeys' sweet-hearts;  
Some with the Dev'l himself in league grow,  
By's representative a Negro. 400  
'Twas this made vestal-maids love-sick,  
And venture to be bury'd quick:  
Some by their fathers, and their brothers,  
To be made mistresses and mothers.  
'Tis this that proudest dames enamours 405  
On lacquies and valets des chambres;  
Their haughty stomachs overcomes,  
And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms;  
To slight the world, and to disparage  
Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage. 410

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,  
Yet such as I should rather bear,  
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove  
Their faith and secresy in love.

Says he, There is a weighty reason 415  
For secresy in love as treason.  
Love is a burglarer, a felon,  
That at the windore-eyes does steal in  
To rub the heart, and with his prey  
Steals out again a closer way, 420

Which whosoever can discover,  
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.  
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles  
In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,  
Which sooty chymists stop in holes 425  
When out of wood they extract coals :  
So lovers should their passions choak,  
That, tho' they burn, they may not smoak.  
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole  
And dragg'd beasts backwards into's hole : 430  
So Love does lovers, and us men  
Draws by the tails into his den,  
That no impression may discover,  
And trace t' his cave, the wary lover.  
But if you doubt I should reveal 435  
What you entrust me under seal,  
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous  
As your own secretary *Albertus*.  
Quoth she, I grant you may be close  
In hiding what your aims propose. 440  
Love-passions are like parables,  
By which men still mean something else.  
Though love be all the world's pretence,  
Money's the mythologic sense;  
The real substance of the shadow, 445  
Which all address and courtship's made to.  
Thought he, I understand your play,  
And how to quit you your own way :  
He that will win his dame, must do  
As Love does when he bends his bow ; 450  
With one hand thrust the lady from,  
And with the other pull her home.  
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great  
Provocative to am'rous heat.  
It is all philters, and high diet, 455  
That makes love rampant, and to fly out :  
'Tis beauty always in the flower,  
That buds and blossoms at fourscore :  
'Tis that by which the sun and moon  
And their own weapons are out-done : 460

That makes Knights-Errant fall in trances,  
And lay about 'em in romances ;  
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all  
That men divine and sacred call :  
For what is worth in any thing, 465  
But so much money as 'twill bring ?  
Or what, but riches is there known,  
Which man can solely call his own ;  
In which no creature goes his half,  
Unless it be to squint and laugh ? 470  
I do confess, with goods and land,  
I'd have a wife at second-hand ;  
And such you are. Nor is 't your person  
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on ;  
But 'tis (your better part) your riches, 475  
That my enamour'd heart bewitches.  
Let me your fortune but possess,  
And settle your person how you please :  
Or make it o'er in trust to th' Devil ;  
You'll find me reasonable and civil. 480  
Quoth she, I like this plainness better  
Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,  
Or any feat of qualm or sowing,  
But hanging of yourself, or drowning.  
Your only way with me to break 485  
Your mind, is breaking of your neck ;  
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown  
Like nine-pins, they strike others down,  
So that would break my heart, which done,  
My tempting fortune is your own. 490  
These are but trifles : ev'ry lover  
Will damn himself over and over,  
And greater matters undertake  
For a less worthy mistress' sake :  
Yet th' are the only ways to prove 495  
Th' unfeign'd realities of love :  
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,  
The Devil's in him if he feigns.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, This way's too rough  
For mere experiment and proof : 500

It is no jesting, trivial matter,  
To swing i' th' air, or dounce in water,  
And, like a water-witch, try love;  
That's to destroy, and not to prove;  
As if a man should be dissected 505  
To find what part is disaffected.  
Your better way is to make over,  
In trust, your fortune to your lover.  
Trust is a trial; if it break,  
'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck, 510  
Beside, th' experiment's more certain;  
Men venture necks to gain a fortune;  
The soldier does it ev'ry day  
(Eight to the week) for six-pence pay:  
Your pettifoggers damn their souls, 515  
To share with knaves in cheating fools:  
And merchants, vent'ring through the main,  
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.  
This is the way I advise you to:  
Trust me, and see what I will do. 520  
Quoth she, I should be loth to run  
Myself all th' hazard, and you none;  
Which must be done, unless some deed  
Of your's aforesaid do precede.  
Give but yourself one gentle swing 525  
For trial, and I'll cut the string:  
Or give that rev'rend head a maul,  
Or two, or three, against a wall,  
To shew you are a man of mettle,  
And I'll engage myself to settle. 530  
Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,  
As Friar *Bacon's* noddle was;  
Nor (like the Indian's skull) so tough  
That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof,  
As yet on any new adventure, 535  
As it had need to be, to enter.  
You see what bangs it has endur'd,  
That would, before new feats, be cur'd.  
But if that's all you stand upon,  
Here strike me luck, it shall be done. 540

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone  
As you suppose: Two words t' a bargain:  
That may be done, and time enough,  
When you have given downright proof:  
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique 545  
I have to love, nor coy dislike:  
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion  
T' your conversation, mien, or person,  
But a just fear, lest you should prove  
False and perfidious in love: 550  
For if I thought you could be true,  
I could love twice as much as you.  
Quoth he, My faith as adamantine,  
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain:  
True as *Apollo* ever spoke, 555  
Or Oracle from heart of oak;  
And if you'll give my flame but vent,  
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,  
And shine upon me but benignly,  
With that one, and that other pigsney, 560  
The sun and day shall sooner part,  
Than love or you shake off my heart;  
The sun, that shall no more dispense  
His own but pour bright influence.  
I'll carve your name on barks of trees, 565  
With true-loves-knots and flourishes,  
That shall infuse eternal spring,  
And everlasting flourishing:  
Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum,  
And make it brisk champaign become: 570  
Where-e'er you tread, your foot shall set  
The pimrose and the violet:  
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,  
Shall borrow from your breath their odours:  
Nature her charter shall renew, 575  
And take all lives of things from you;  
The world depend upon your eye,  
And when you frown upon it, die:  
Only our loves shall still survive,  
New worlds and natures to out-live: 580

And, like to heralds' moons, remain  
All crescents, without change or wane.

Hold, hold, quoth she; no more of this,

Sir Knight; you take your aim amiss:

For you will find it a hard chapter

585

To catch me with poetic rapture,

In which your mastery of art

Doth shew itself, and not your heart:

Nor will you raise in mine combustion

By dint of high heroic fustian.

590

She that with poetry is won,

Is but a desk to write upon;

And what men say of her, they mean

No more than on the thing they lean.

Some with Arabian spices strive

595

T' embalm her cruelly alive;

Or season her, as French cooks use

Their haut-gousts, bouillies, or ragousts:

Use her so barbarously ill,

To grind her lips upon a mill,

600

Until the facet doublet doth

Fit their rhimes rather than her mouth:

Her mouth compar'd to an oyster's, with

A row of pearl in't — stead of teeth.

Others make posies of her cheeks,

605

Where red and whitest colours mix;

In which the lily, and the rose,

For Indian lake and ceruse goes,

The sun and moon by her bright eyes

Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies,

610

Are but black patches, that she wears,

Cut into suns, and moons, and stars:

By which astrologers as well,

As those in Heav'n above, can tell

What strange events they do foreshow

615

Unto her under-world below.

Her voice, the music of the spheres,

So loud, it deafens mortals ears;

As wise philosophers have thought;

And that's the cause we hear it not.

620

This has been done by some, who those  
Th' ador'd in rhyme, would kick in prose :  
And in those ribbons would have hung  
On which melodiously they sung ;  
That have the hard fate to write best 625  
Of those still that deserve it least ;  
It matters not how false, or forc'd :  
So the best things be said o' th' worst :  
It goes for nothing when 'tis said ;  
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head, 630  
Whether it be a swan or goose  
They level at : So shepherds use  
To set the same mark on the hip  
Both of their sound and rotten sheep :  
For wits, that carry low or wide, 635  
Must be aim'd higher, or beside  
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,  
But when they take their aim awry.  
But I do wonder you should choose  
This way t' attack me with your Muse, 640  
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,  
With fulhams of poetic fiction :  
I rather hop'd I should no more  
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score :  
For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove 645  
The readiest remedies of love ;  
Next a dry-diet : but if those fail,  
Yet this uneasy loop-hol'd jail,  
In which ye are hamper'd by the fetlock,  
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock ; 650  
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,  
If that may serve you for a cooler,  
T' allay your mettle, all agog  
Upon a wife, the heav'i'r clog :  
Nor rather thank your gentler fate, 655  
That for a bruise'd or broken pate,  
Has freed you from those knobs that grow  
Much harder on the marry'd brow ;  
But if no dread can cool your courage,  
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage, 660



Yet give me quarter, and advance  
 To nobler aims your puissance:  
 Level at beauty and at wit;  
 The fairest mark is easiest hit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm beforehand 665  
 In that already, with your command;  
 For where does beauty and high wit  
 But in your constellation meet?

Quoth she, What does a match imply,  
 But likeness and equality? 670  
 I know you cannot think me fit

To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit;  
 Nor take one of so mean deserts,  
 To be the partner of your parts;  
 A grace, which, if I could believe, 675  
 I've not the conscience to receive.

That conscience, quoth *Hudibras*,  
 Is mis-inform'd: I'll state the case:  
 A man may be a legal donor,  
 Of any thing whereof he's owner, 680  
 And may confer it where he lists,  
 I' th' judgment of all casuists,  
 Then wit, and parts, and valour, may  
 Be ali'nated, and made away,  
 By those that are proprietors, 685  
 As I may give or sell my horse.

Quoth she, I grant the case is true  
 And proper 'twixt your horse and you;  
 But whether I may take as well  
 As you may give away or sell? 690  
 Buyers you know are bid beware;  
 And worse than thieves receivers are.

How shall I answer hue and cry,  
 For a roan-gelding, twelve hands high,  
 All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on's hoof, 695  
 A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof  
 Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,  
 And in the open market toll'd for?  
 Or should I take you for a stray,  
 You must be kept a year and day 700

(Ere I can own you) here i' the pound,  
Where, if y' are sought, you may be found :  
And in the mean time I must pay  
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon  
T' enervate this objection,  
And prove myself, by topic clear  
No gelding, as you would infer.  
Loss of virility's averr'd

To be the cause of loss of beard,  
That does (like embryo in the womb)  
Abortive on the chin become.

This first a woman did invent,  
In envy of man's ornament ;  
*Semiramis*, of Babylon,

Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,  
To mar their beards, and lay foundation  
Of sow-geldering operation.

Look on this beard, and tell me whether  
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either ?  
Next it appears I am no horse ;  
That I can argue and discourse ;  
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail ;  
For some philosophers of late here,  
Write, men have four legs by nature,  
And that 'tis custom makes them go  
Erron'ously upon but two ;

As 'twas in Germany made good  
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,  
And growing down to a man, was wont  
With wolves upon all four to hunt.

As for your reasons drawn from tails,  
We cannot say they're true or false,  
Till you explain yourself, and show,  
B' experiment, 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,  
I'll give you satisfactory account ;  
So you will promise, if you lose,  
To settle all, and be my spouse.

- That never shall be done (quoth she)  
To one that wants a tail, by me :  
For tails by nature sure were meant,  
As well as beards, for ornament:  
And though the vulgar count them homely, 745  
In men or beast they are so comely,  
So genteel, alamode, and handsome,  
I'll never marry man that wants one;  
And till you can demonstrate plain,  
You have one equal to your mane, 750  
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,  
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.  
The Prince of *Cambay's* daily food  
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad ;  
Which makes him have so strong a breath, 755  
Each night he stinks a queen to death ;  
Yet I shall rather lie in's arms  
Than yours, on any other terms.
- Quoth he, What nature can afford,  
I shall produce, upon my word ; 760  
And if she ever gave that boon  
To man, I'll prove that I have one :  
I mean by postulate illation,  
When you shall offer just occasion ;  
But since y' have yet deny'd to give 765  
My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,  
But made it sink down to my heel,  
Let that at least your pity feel ;  
And, for the sufferings of your martyr,  
Give its poor entertainer quarter ; 770  
And, by discharge or main-prize, grant  
Deliv'ry from this base restraint.
- Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg  
Stuck in a hole here like a peg ;  
And if I knew which way to do't 775  
(Your honour safe) I'd let you out.  
That Dames by jail-delivery  
Of Errant-Knights have been set free,  
When by enchantment they have been,  
And sometimes for it too, laid in, 780

Is that which Knights are bound to do  
 By order, oath, and honour too:  
 For what are they renown'd, and famous else,  
 But aiding of distressed damosels?  
 But for a Lady, no ways errant, 785  
 To free a Knight, we have no warrant  
 In any authenthical romance,  
 Or classic author, yet of France;  
 And I'd be loth to have you break  
 An ancient custom for a freak, 790  
 Or innovation introduce  
 In place of things of antique use;  
 To free your heels by any course,  
 That might b' unwholesome to your spurs;  
 Which, if I should consent unto, 795  
 It is not in my pow'r to do;  
 For 'tis a service must be done ye  
 With solemn previous ceremony,  
 Which alway has been us'd t' untie  
 The charms of those who here do lie: 800  
 For as the ancient heretofore  
 To Honour's Temple had no door,  
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay,  
 So from this dungeon there's no way  
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing 805  
 That other virtuous school of lashing,  
 Where Knights are kept in narrow lists,  
 With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists;  
 In which they for a while are tenants,  
 And for their Ladies suffer penance: 810  
 Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,  
 Tutress of arts and sciences;  
 That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,  
 And puts new life into dull matter;  
 That lays foundation for renown, 815  
 And all the honours of the gown.  
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,  
 And freed with hon'able discharge.  
 Then in their robes the penitentials  
 Are straight presented with credentials, 820

Butler.

10

And in their way attended on  
By magistrates of ev'ry town ;  
And, all respect and charges paid,  
They're to their ancient seats convey'd.  
Now if you'll venture, for my sake, 825  
To try the toughness of your back,  
And suffer (as the rest have done)  
The laying of a whipping on,  
(And may you prosper in your suit,  
As you with equal vigour do't,) 830  
I here engage myself to loose ye,  
And free your heels from Caperdewsie.  
But since our sex's modesty  
Will not allow I should be by,  
Bring me, on oath, a fair account, 835  
And honour too, when you have done't.  
And I'll admit you to the place  
You claim as due in my good grace.  
If matrimony and hanging go  
By dest'ny, why not whipping too? 840  
What med'cine else can cure the fits  
Of lovers when they lose their wits?  
Love is a boy by poets stil'd ;  
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.  
A Persian emp'ror whipp'd his grandam 845  
The sea, his mother *Venus* came on ;  
And hence some rev'rend men approve  
Of rosemary in making love.  
As skilful coopers hoop their tubs  
With Lydian and Phrygian dubs 850  
Why may not whipping have as good  
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,  
With comely movement, and by art,  
Raise passion in a lady's heart?  
It is an easier way to make 855  
Love by, than that which many take.  
Who would not rather suffer whipping,  
Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon?  
Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,  
And spell names over with beer-glasses 860

Be under vows to hang and die  
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?  
 With china-oranges, and tarts,  
 And whinnying plays, lay baits for hearts?  
 Bribe chamber-maids with love and money, 865  
 To break no roguish jests upon ye?  
 For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,  
 With painted perfumes, hazard noses?  
 Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,  
 Do penance in a paper lanthorn? 870  
 All this you may compound for now,  
 By suffering what I offer you;  
 Which is no more than has been done  
 By Knights for Ladies long agone.  
 Did not the great *La Mancha* do so 875  
 For the *Infanta del Toboso*?  
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make  
 Himself a slave for Misse's sake?  
 And with bull's pizzle, for her love,  
 Was taw'd as gentle as a glove? 880  
 Was not young *Florio* sent (to cool  
 His flame for *Biancafiore*) to school,  
 Where pedant made his pathic bum  
 For her sake suffer martyrdom?  
 Did not a certain lady whip 885  
 Of late her husband's own Lordship?  
 And though a grandee of the House,  
 Claw'd him with fundamental blows?  
 Ty'd him stark naked to a bed-post,  
 And fir'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post; 890  
 And after in the sessions-court,  
 Where whipping's judg'd, and honour for't?  
 This swear you will perform, and then  
 I'll set you from th' enchanted den,  
 And the magician's circle clear. 895  
 Quoth he, I do profess and swear,  
 And will perform what you enjoin,  
 Or may I never see you mine.  
 Amen, (quoth she;) then turn'd about,  
 And bid her Esquire let him out. 900

But ere an artist could be found  
T' undo the charms another bound,  
The sun grew low, and left the skies,  
Put down (some write) by ladies eyes,  
The moon pull'd off her veil of light, 905  
That hides her face by day from sight,  
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,  
That's both her lustre and her shade,)  
And in the lanthorn of the night  
With shining horns hung out her light; 910  
For darkness is the proper sphere,  
Where all false glories use t' appear.  
The twinkling stars began to muster,  
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,  
While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd, 915  
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.  
His whipping penance till the morn  
Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,  
And not to carry on a work  
Of such importance in the dark, 920  
With erring haste, but rather stay,  
And do't in th' open face of day;  
And in the mean time go in quest  
Of next retreat to take his rest.

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## CANTO II.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire, in hot dispute,  
 Within an ace of falling out,  
 Are parted with a sudden fright  
 Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;  
 With which adventuring to stickle,  
 They're sent away in nasty pickle.

'Tis strange how some mens' tempers suit  
 (Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,  
 That for their own opinion stand fast  
 Only to have them claw'd and canvast;  
 That keep their consciences in cases, 5  
 As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,  
 Ne'er to be us'd, but when they're bent  
 To play a fit for argument;  
 Make true and false, unjust and just,  
 Of no use but to be discust; 10  
 Dispute, and set a paradox  
 Like a straight boot upon the stocks,  
 And stretch it more unmercifully  
 Than *Helmont, Montaign, White, or Tully*.  
 So th' ancient Stoicks, in their porch, 15  
 With fierce dispute maintain'd their church;  
 Beat out their brains in fight and study,  
 To prove that Virtue is a Body;  
 That Bonum is an Animal,  
 Made good with stout polemic brawl; 20  
 In which some hundreds on the place  
 Where slain outright; and many a face  
 Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,  
 To maintain what their sect averr'd;  
 All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath, 25  
 Had like t' have suffered for their faith,  
 Each striving to make good his own,  
 As by the sequell shall be shown.  
 The Sun had long since, in the lap,  
 Of *Thetis*, taken out his nap, 30



And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn  
From black to red began to turn,  
When *Hudibras*, whom thoughts and aking,  
'Twixt sleeping kept all night and waking,  
35  
Began to rub his drowsy eyes,  
And from his couch prepar'd to rise,  
Resolving to dispatch the deed  
He vow'd to do with trusty speed.  
But first, with knocking loud, and bawling,  
He rouz'd the Squire, in truckle lolling;  
40  
And, after many circumstances,  
Which vulgar authors, in romances,  
Do use to spend their time and wits on,  
To make impertinent description,  
They got (with much ado) to horse,  
45  
And to the Castle bent their course,  
In which he to the Dame before  
To suffer whipping duly swore;  
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,  
To carry on the work in earnest,  
50  
He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,  
And with a serious forehead plodding,  
Sprung a new scruple in his head,  
Which first he scratch'd, and after said —  
55  
Whether it be direct infringing  
An oath, if I should wave this swingeing,  
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,  
And so b' equivocation swear,  
Or whether it be a lesser sin  
60  
To be forsworn than act the thing,  
Are deep and subtle points, which must,  
T' inform my conscience, be discust;  
In which to err a tittle may  
To errors infinite make way;  
And therefore I desire to know  
65  
Thy judgment e'er we further go.  
Quoth Ralpho, Since you do enjoin't,  
I shall enlarge upon the point;  
And, for my own part, do not doubt  
70  
Th' affirmative may be made out.

But first, to state the case aright,  
For best advantage of our light,  
And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a sin  
To claw and curry your own skin,  
Greater or less, than to forbear, 75  
And that you are forsworn forswear.  
But first, o' th' first: The inward man,  
And outward, like a clan and clan,  
Have always been at daggers-drawing,  
And one another clapper-clawing. 80  
Not that they really cuff, or fence,  
But in a Spiritual Mystick sense;  
Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble  
In literal fray's abominable.  
'Tis heathenish, in frequent use 85  
With Pagans and apostate Jews,  
To offer sacrifice of bridewells,  
Like modern Indians to their idols;  
And mungrel Christians of our times,  
That expiate less with greater crimes, 90  
And call the foul abomination,  
Contrition and mortification.  
Is 't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked  
With sinful members of the wicked,  
Our vessels, that are sanctify'd, 95  
Prophan'd and curry'd back and side,  
But we must claw ourselves with shameful  
And heathen stripes, by their example;  
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)  
Is impious because they did it; 100  
This, therefore, may be justly reckon'd  
A heinous sin. Now to the second:  
That Saints may claim a dispensation  
To swear and forswear on occasion,  
I doubt not but it will appear 105  
With pregnant light: the point is clear.  
Oaths are but words, and words but wind;  
Too feeble implements to bind;  
And hold with deeds proportions so  
As shadows to a substance do. 110

Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit  
 The weaker vessel should submit.  
 Although your Church be opposite  
 To ours as Black Friars are to White,  
 In rule and order, yet I grant, 115  
 You are a Reformado Saint;  
 And what the Saints do claim as due,  
 You may pretend a title to:  
 But Saints whom oaths and vows oblige,  
 Know little of their privilege; 120  
 Further (I mean) than carrying on  
 Some self-advantage of their own:  
 For if the Dev'l, to serve his turn,  
 Can tell truth, why the Saints should scorn,  
 When it serves theirs, to swear and lye; 125  
 I think there's little reason why:  
 Else h' has a greater pow'r than they,  
 Which 't were impiety to say,  
 W' are not commanded to forbear  
 Indefinitely at all to swear; 130  
 But to swear idly, and in vain,  
 Without self-interest or gain:  
 For breaking of an oath, and lying,  
 Is but a kind of self-denying,  
 A Saint-like virtue: and from hence 135  
 Some have broke oaths by Providence;  
 Some, to the glory of the Lord,  
 Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word;  
 And this the constant rule and practice  
 Of all our late Apostles acts is, 140  
 Was not the cause at first begun  
 With perjury, and carried on?  
 Was there an oath the Godly took,  
 But in due time and place they broke?  
 Did we not bring our oaths in first, 145  
 Before our plate, to have them burst,  
 And cast in fitter models for  
 The present use of Church and War?  
 Did not our Worthies of the House,  
 Before they broke the peace, break vows? 150

For having freed us first from both  
 Th' Allegiance and Supremacy' Oath,  
 Did they not next compel the Nation  
 To take and break the Protestation?  
 To swear, and after to recant 155  
 The solemn League and Covenant?  
 To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it,  
 Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?  
 Did they not swear, at first, to fight  
 For the *King's* Safety and his Right, 160  
 And after march'd to find him out,  
 And charg'd him home with horse and foot;  
 But yet still had the confidence  
 To swear it was in his defence?  
 Did they not swear to live and die 165  
 With *Essex*, and straight laid him by?  
 If that were all, for some have sworn  
 As false as they, if th' did no more,  
 Did they not swear to maintain Law,  
 In which that swearing made a flaw? 170  
 For Protestant Religion vow,  
 That did that vowing disallow?  
 For Privilege of Parliament,  
 In which that swearing made a rent?  
 And since, of all the three, not one 175  
 Is left in being, 'tis well known.  
 Did they not swear, in express words,  
 To prop and back the House of Lords,  
 And after turn'd out the whole House-full  
 Of Peers, as dang'rous and unusefull? 180  
 So *Cromwell*, with deep oaths and vows,  
 Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;  
 Vow'd that the red-coats would disband,  
 Ay, marry wou'd they, at their command;  
 And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore, 185  
 Till th' army turn'd them out of door.  
 This tells us plainly what they thought,  
 That oaths and swearing go for nought,  
 And that by them th' were only meant  
 To serve for an expedient. 190

What was the Public Faith found out for, But to slur men of what they fought for? The Public Faith, which ev'ry one Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none; And if that go for nothing, why	195
Should Private Faith have such a tye? Oaths were not purpos'd more than law, To keep the good and just in awe, But to confine the bad and sinful, Like moral cattle, in a pinfold.	200
A Saint's of th' Heav'nly Realm a Peer; And as no Peer is bound to swear; Aut on the Gospel of his Honour, Of which he may dispose as owner, It follows, though the thing be forgery, And false th' affirm, it is no perjury,	205
But a mere ceremony, and a breach Of nothing, but a form of speech; And goes for no more when 'tis took, Than mere saluting of the book.	210
Suppose the Scriptures are of force, They're but commissions of course, And Saints have freedom to digress, And vary from 'em, as they please; Or mis-interpret them, by private	215
Instructions, to all aims they drive at. Then why should we ourselves abridge And curtail our own privilege? Quakers (that, like to lanthorns, bear Their light within 'em) will not swear:	220
Their gospel is an accidence, By which they construe conscience, And hold no sin so deeply red, As that of breaking Priscian's head; (The head and founder of their order,)	225
That stirring Hat's held worse than murder, These thinking th' are oblig'd to troth In swearing, will not take on oath: Like mules, who, if th' have not their will To keep their own pace, stand stock-still:	230

But they are weak, and little know  
What free-born consciences may do.  
'Tis the temptation of the Devil  
That makes all human actions evil:  
For Saints may do the same things by 235  
The Spirit, in sincerity,  
Which other men are tempted to,  
And at the Devil's instance to,  
And yet the actions be contrary,  
Just as the Saints and Wicked vary, 240  
For as on land there is no beast,  
But in some fish at sea's exprest,  
So in the Wicked there's no vice,  
Of which the Saints have not a spice;  
And yet that thing that's pious in 245  
The one, in th' other is a sin.  
Is't not ridiculous, and nonsense,  
A Saint should be a slave to conscience,  
That ought to be above such fancies,  
As far as above ordinances? 250  
She's of the wicked, as I guess,  
B' her looks, her language, and her dress:  
And though, like constables, we search,  
For false wares, one another's Church,  
Yet all of us hold this for true, 255  
No Faith is to the wicked due;  
For truth is precious and divine;  
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true;  
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew, 260  
Those mysteries and revelations,  
And therefore topical evasions  
Of subtle turns and shifts of sense,  
Serve best with th' wicked for pretence,  
Such as the learned Jesuits use, 265  
And Presbyterians for excuse  
Against the Protestants, when th' happen  
To find their Churches taken napping.  
As thus: A breach of oath is duple,  
And either way admits a scruple, 270

And may be, *ex parte* of the maker  
 More criminal than th' injur'd taker;  
 For he that strains too far a vow,  
 Will break it, like an o'er- bent bow:  
 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it, 275  
 Not he that for convenience took it.  
 A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,  
 As sound t' all purposes of troth,  
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse;  
 Nay, till th' are broken have no force, 280  
 What's justice to a man, or laws,  
 That never comes within their claws?  
 They have no pow'r but to admonish:  
 Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,  
 Untill they're broken, and then touch 285  
 Those only that do make 'em such.  
 Beside, no engagement is allow'd  
 By men in prison made for good;  
 For when they're set at liberty,  
 They're from th' engagement too set free. 290  
 The rabbins write, when any Jew  
 Did make to God, or man, a vow,  
 Which afterward he found untoward,  
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,  
 Any three other Jews o' th' nation, 295  
 Might free him from the obligation:  
 And have not two saints pow'r to use  
 A greater privilege than three Jews?  
 The court of conscience, which in man  
 Should be supreme and sovereign, 300  
 Is't fit should be subordinate  
 To ev'ry petty court i' the state,  
 And have less power than the lesser,  
 To deal with perjury at pleasure?  
 Have its proceedings disallow'd or 305  
 Allow'd, at fancy of Pye-Powder?  
 Tell all it does, or does not know,  
 For swearing *ex officio*?  
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,  
 And pigs unring'd at Vis. Franc. Pledge? 310

Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,  
Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nuisance;  
Tell who did play at games unlawful,  
And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full;  
And have no pow'r at all, nor shift, 315  
To help itself at a dead lift?  
Why should not conscience have vacation  
As well as other courts o' th' nation;  
Have equal power to adjourn,  
Appoint appearance and return; 320  
And make as nice distinction serve  
To split a case, as those that carve,  
Invoking cuckold's names, hit joints;  
Why should not tricks as slight do points?  
Is not th' High-Court of Justice sworn 325  
To judge that law that serves their turn,  
Make their own jealousies high-treason,  
And fix 'm whomsoe'er they please on?  
Cannot the learned counsel there  
Make laws in any shape appear? 330  
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,  
When they make pictures to destroy?  
And vex 'em into any form  
That fits their purpose to do harm?  
Rack 'em until they do confess, 335  
Impeach of treason whom they please,  
And most perfidiously condemn  
Those that engag'd their lives for them?  
And yet do nothing in their own sense,  
But what they ought by oath and conscience? 340  
Can they not juggle, and, with slight  
Conveyance, play with wrong and right;  
And sell their blasts of wind as dear  
As Lapland witches bottled air?  
Will not fear, favour, bribe and grudge, 345  
The same case sev'ral ways adjudge?  
As seamen, with the self-same gale,  
Will sev'ral different courses sail?  
As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,  
And overflows the level grounds, 350



Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,  
Did keep it out, now keep it in;  
So when tyrannic usurpation  
Invades the freedom of a nation,  
The laws o' th' land, that were intended 355  
To keep it out, are made defend it.  
Does not in chanc'ry ev'ry man swear  
What makes best for in his answer?  
Is not the winding up witnesses  
And nicking more than half the bus'ness? 360  
For witnesses, like watches, go  
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;  
And where in conscience they're strait-lac'd,  
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.  
Do not your juries give their verdict 365  
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?  
And as they please, make matter of fact  
Run all on one side, as they're pack't?  
Nature has made man's breast no windores,  
To publish what he does within doors, 370  
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,  
Unless his own rash folly blab it.  
If oaths can do a man no good  
In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd  
In other matters do him hurt, 375  
I think there's little reason for't.  
He that imposes an oath, makes it,  
Not he that for convenience takes it:  
Then how can any man be said  
To break an oath he never made? 380  
These reasons may, perhaps, look oddly  
To th' Wicked, though th' evince the Godly;  
But if they will not serve to clear  
My honour, I am ne'er the near.  
Honour is like that glassy bubble 385  
That finds philosophers such trouble,  
Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,  
And wits are crack'd, to find out why.  
Quoth *Ralpho*, Honour's but a word  
To swear by only in a Lord: 390

In other men 'tis but a huff,  
To vapour with instead of proof;  
That like a wen, looks big and swells,  
Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth he) be what it will, 395  
It has the world's opinion still,  
But as men are not wise that run  
The slightest hazard they may shun,  
There may a medium be found out  
To clear to all the world the doubt; 400  
And that is, if a man may do't,  
By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear,  
(Quoth *Ralph*) it may hold up and clear.  
That sinners may supply the place 405  
Of suffering Saints is a plain case.  
Justice gives sentence many times  
On one man for another's crimes.

Our brethren of *New England* use  
Choice malefactors to excuse, 410  
And hang the guiltless in their stead,  
Of whom the Churches have less need;  
As lately t' happen'd: In a town?  
There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,  
That out of doctrine could cut use, 415  
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.  
This precious brother having slain,  
In time of peace, an Indian,  
(Not out of malice, but mere zeal,  
Because he was an Infidel,) 420

The mighty *Tottipotymoy*  
Sent to our elders an envoy,  
Complaining sorely of the breach  
Of league held forth by brother Patch  
Against the articles in force 425  
Between both Churches, his and ours;  
For which he crav'd the Saints to render  
Into his hands or hang th' offender:  
But they maturely having weigh'd,  
They had no more but him o' th' trade, 430

- (A man that serv'd them in a double  
Capacity, to teach and cobble,)  
Resolv'd to spare him; yet, to do  
The Indian Hoghgan Moghgan too  
Impartial justice, in his stead did 435  
Hang an old Weaver, that was bed-rid.  
Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,  
And in your room another whipp'd?  
For all Philosophers, but the Sceptick,  
Hold whipping may be sympathetick. 440
- It is enough, quoth *Hudibras*,  
Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;  
And canst, in conscience, not refuse  
From thy own doctrine to raise use.  
I know thou wilt not (for my sake) 445  
Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back.  
Then strip thee off thy carnal jerking,  
And give thy outward-fellow a ferking;  
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,  
All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd. 450
- Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the matter;  
For in all scruples of this nature,  
No man includes himself, nor turns  
The point upon his own concerns.  
As no man of his own self catches 455  
The itch, or amorous French aches;  
So no man does himself convince,  
By his own doctrine, of his sins:  
And though all cry down self, none means  
His ownself in a literal sense. 460  
Beside, it is not only foppish,  
But vile, idolatrous and Popish,  
For one man, out of his own skin,  
To ferk and whip another's sin;  
As pedants out of school-boys' breeches 465  
Do claw and curry their own itches.  
But in this case it is profane,  
And sinful too, because in vain:  
For we must take our oaths upon it,  
You did the deed, when I have done it, 470

Quoth *Hudibras*, That's answer'd soon:  
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may swear true,  
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you:  
For when with your consent 'tis done, 475  
The act is really your own.

Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain  
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;  
Or, like the stars, incline men to  
What they're averse themselves to do: 480

For when disputes are weary'd out,  
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt;  
But since no reason can confute ye,  
I'll try to force you to your duty;

For so it is, howe'er you mince it; 485

As ere we part, I shall evince it;  
And curry (if you stand out) whether  
You will or no, your stubborn leather.  
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part  
I' th' publick work, base as thou art? 490

To higgle thus for a few blows,  
To gain thy Knight an op'lent spouse;  
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,  
Merely for th' interest of the Churches;  
And when he has it in his claws, 495

Will not be hide-bound to the Cause?  
Nor shalt thou find him a Curmudgin,  
If thou dispatch it without grudging.  
If not, resolve, before we go,  
That you and I must pull a crow. 500

Y' had best (quoth *Ralpho*) as the ancients  
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,  
And look before you ere you leap;  
For as you sow, y' are like to reap:  
And were y' as good as George-a-Green, 505

I shall make bold to turn agen:  
Nor am I doubtful of the issue  
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.  
Is't fitting for a man of honour  
To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner? 510

A Knight t' usurp the beadle's office,  
 For which y' are like to raise brave trophies.  
 But I advise you (not for fear,  
 But for your own sake) to forbear;  
 And for the Churches, which may chance, 515  
 From hence, to spring a variance;  
 And raise among themselves new scruples,  
 Whom common danger hardly couples.  
 Remember how, in arms and politicks,  
 We still have worsted all your holy tricks; 520  
 Trepann'd your party with intrigue,  
 And took your grandees down a peg;  
 New modell'd th' army, and cashier'd  
 All that to legion SMEC adher'd;  
 Made a mere utensil o' your Church, 525  
 And after left it in the lurch;  
 A scaffold to build up our own,  
 And, when w' had done with't pull'd it down;  
 Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,  
 And snap'd their Canons with a why-not; 530  
 (Grave Synod Men, that were rever'd  
 For solid face and depth of beard;)  
 Their classic model prov'd a maggot,  
 Their direct'ry an Indian Pagod:  
 And drown'd their discipline like a kitten, 535  
 On which they'd been so long a sitting;  
 Decry'd it as a holy cheat,  
 Grown out of date, and obsolete;  
 And all the Saints of the first grass  
 As casting foals of Balaam's ass. 540  
 At this the Knight grew high in chafe,  
 And staring furiously on *Ralph*,  
 He trembled, and look'd pale with ire;  
 Like ashes first, then red as fire,  
 Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in sight, 545  
 And for so many moons lain by't,  
 And when all other means did fail,  
 Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?  
 Not but they thought me worth a ransome  
 Much more consid'able and handsome, 550

- But for their own sakes, and for fear  
They were not safe when I was there;  
Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,  
An upstart sect'ry, and a mungrel;  
Such as breed out of peccant humours,  
Of our own Church, like wens or tumours,  
And, like a maggot in a sore,  
Would that which gave it life devour;  
It never shall be done or said:  
With that he seiz'd upon his blade:  
And *Ralpho* too, as quick and bold,  
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,  
With equal readiness prepar'd  
To draw, and stand upon his guard;  
When both were parted on the sudden,  
With hideous clamour, and a loud ome,  
As if all sorts of noise had been  
Contracted into one loud din;  
Or that some member to be chosen,  
Had got the odds above a thousand,  
And, by the greatness of its noise,  
Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.  
This strange surprisal put the Knight  
And wrathful Squire into a fright;  
And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal  
Impetuous rancour to join battel,  
Both thought it was the wisest course  
To wave the fight and mount to horse,  
And to secure by swift retreating,  
Themselves from danger of worse beating.  
Yet neither of them would disparage,  
By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,  
Which made them stoutly keep their ground,  
With horror and disdain wind-bound,  
And now the cause of all their fear  
By slow degrees approach'd so near,  
They might distinguish different noise  
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,  
And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub  
Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
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But when the sight appear'd in view,  
They found it was an antique show;  
A triumph, that, for pomp and state,  
Did proudest Romans emulate:  
For as the aldermen of Rome 595  
Their foes at training overcome,  
And not enlarging territory,  
(As some mistaken write in story,)  
Being mounted, in their best array,  
Upon a carr, and who but they! 600  
And follow'd with a world of tall-lads,  
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,  
Did ride with many a good-morrow,  
Crying, Hey for our Town! through the Borough;  
So when this triumph drew so nigh 605  
They might particulars descry,  
They never saw two things so pat,  
In all respects, as this and that.  
First, he that led the cavalcade,  
Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate, 610  
On which he blew as strong a levet  
As well-fee'd lawyer on his breviate,  
When over one another's heads  
They charge (three ranks at once) like Swedes.  
Next pans and kettles of all keys, 615  
From trebles down to double base;  
And after them, upon a nag,  
That might pass for a forehand stag,  
A cornet rode, and on his staff  
A smock display'd did proudly wave. 620  
Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,  
With snuffing broken-winded tones,  
Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,  
Sound filthier than from the gut,  
And make a viler noise than swine 625  
In windy weather, when they whine.  
Next one upon a pair of panniers,  
Full fraught with that which for good manners  
Shall here be nameless, mixt with grains,  
Which he dispens'd among the swains, 630

And busily upon the crowd  
At random round about bestow'd.  
Then mounted on a horned horse,  
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,  
Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword 635  
He held reverst, the point turn'd downward.  
Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,  
The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,  
And bore aloft before the champion  
A petticoat display'd, and rampant; 640  
Near whom the Amazon triumphant  
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't  
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,  
The warrior whilom overcome;  
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff, 645  
Which as he rode, she made him twist off;  
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder  
Chastis'd the reformado soldier.  
Before the dame, and round about,  
March'd whiffers and staffers on foot, 650  
With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,  
In fit and proper equipages;  
Of whom some torches bore, some links,  
Before the proud virago minx,  
That was both Madam and a Don, 655  
Like *Nero's Sporus*, or *Pope Joan*;  
And at fit periods the whole rout  
Set up their throats with clamorous shout.  
The Knight, transported, and the Squire,  
Put up their weapons, and their ire; 660  
And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder  
On such sights with judicious wonder,  
Could hold no longer to impart  
His animadversions, for his heart.  
Quoth he, In all my life, till now, 665  
I ne'er saw so profane a show,  
It is a Paganish invention,  
Which heathen writers often mention:  
And he who made it had read *Godwin*,  
Or *Ross*, or *Caelius* or *Rhodogine*, 670



With all the Grecians, *Speeds* and *Stows*,  
 That best describe those ancient shows;  
 And has observ'd all fit decorums  
 We find describ'd by old historians:  
 For as the Roman conqueror, 675  
 That put an end to foreign war,  
 Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,  
 Bore a slave with him, in his chariot;  
 So this insulting female brave,  
 Carries behind her here a slave: 680  
 And as the ancients long ago,  
 When they in field defy'd the foe,  
 Hung out their mantles della guerre,  
 So her proud standard-bearer here  
 Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner, 685  
 A Tyrian-petticoat for banner:  
 Next links and torches, heretofore  
 Still borne before the emperor.  
 And as, in antique triumphs, eggs  
 Were borne for mystical intrigues, 960  
 There's one with truncheon, like a ladle,  
 That carries eggs too, fresh or addle;  
 And still at random, as he goes,  
 Among the rabble-rout bestows.  
 Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter; 695  
 For all th' antiquity you smatter;  
 Is but a riding, us'd of course  
 When the grey mare's the better horse;  
 When o'er the breeches greedy women  
 Fight to extend their vast dominion; 700  
 And in the cause impatient Grizel  
 Has drubb'd her Husband with bull's pizzle,  
 And brought him under Covert-Baron,  
 To turn her vassal with a murrain;  
 When wives their sexes shift, like hares, 705  
 And ride their husbands like night-mares,  
 And they in mortal battle vanquish'd,  
 Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,  
 And by the right of war, like gills,  
 Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels: 710

For when men by their wives are cow'd,  
Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth *Hudibras*, thou still giv'st sentence  
Impertinently, and against sense.

'Tis not the least disparagement 715

To be defeated by th' event,  
Nor to be beaten by main force ;

That does not make a man the worse,  
Although his shoulders with battoon

Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune. 720

A taylor's 'prentice has no hard  
Measure that's bang'd with a true yard :

But to turn tail, or run away,  
And without blows give up the day,

Or to surrender ere th' assault, 725

That's no man's fortune, but his fault,  
And renders men of honour less

Than all th' adversity of success ;

And only unto such this shew

Of horns and petticoats is due. 730

There is a lesser profanation ,

Like that the Romans call'd ovation :

For as ovation was allow'd

For conquest purchas'd without blood,

So men decree these lesser shows 735

For victory gotten without blows ;

By dint of sharp hard words, which some

Give battle with, and overcome.

These mounted in a chair-curule ,

Which moderns call a cucking-stool, 740

March proudly to the river's side,

And o'er the waves in triumph ride ;

Like Dukes of *Venice*, who are said

The Adriatick Sea to wed ;

And have a gentler wife than those 745

For whom the state decrees those shows.

But both are heathenish, and come

From th' whores of *Babylon* and *Rome* ;

And by the Saints should be withstood,

As Antichristian and lewd ; 750

And we, as such, should now contribute  
Our utmost struggling to prohibit.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rode

A dog-trot through the bawling crowd,

T' attack the leader, and still prest,

755

Till they approach'd him breast to breast:

Then *Hudibras*, with face and hand,

Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,

What means (quoth he) this Devil's procession

With men of orthodox profession?

760

'Tis ethnic and idolatrous,

From heathenism deriv'd to us.

Does not the Whore of Babylon ride

Upon her horned beast astride

Like this proud dame, who either is

765

A type of her, or she of this?

Are things of superstitious function

Fit to be us'd in Gospel Sun-shine?

It is an Antichristian opera,

Much us'd in midnight times of Popery,

770

Of running after self-inventions

Of wicked and profane intentions;

To scandalize that sex for scolding,

To whom the Saints are so beholden.

Women, who were our first Apostles

775

Without whose aid we had been lost else;

Women, that left no stone unturn'd

In which the Cause might be concern'd;

Brought in their childrens' spoons and whistles,

To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols;

780

Their husbands, cullies, and sweet-hearts,

To take the Saints and Churches' parts;

Drew several gifted Brethren in,

That for the Bishops would have been,

And fix'd 'em constant to the party,

785

With motives powerful and hearty;

Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts

T' administer unto their gifts

All they cou'd rap, and rend, and pilfer,

To scraps and ends of gold and silver;

790

Rubb'd down the Teachers, tir'd and spent  
With holding forth for Parliament,  
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal  
With marrow-puddings many a meal;  
Enabled them, with store of meat, 795  
On controverted points to eat;  
And cram'd 'em, till their guts did ake,  
With cawdle, custard, and plum-cake:  
What have they done, or what left undone,  
That might advance the Cause at London? 800  
March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,  
T' intrench the city for defence in?  
Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,  
To put the enemy to stands;  
From ladies down to oyster-wenches, 805  
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches;  
Fell to their pick-axes, and tools,  
And help'd the men to dig like moles?  
Have not the handmaids of the city  
Chose of their members a committee, 810  
For raising of a common purse  
Out of their wages to raise horse?  
And do they not as triers sit,  
To judge what officers are fit?  
Have they —? At that an egg let fly, 815  
Hit him directly o'er the eye,  
And running down his cheek, besmear'd,  
With orange tawny slime, his beard;  
But beard and slime being of one hue,  
The wound the less appear'd in view, 820  
Then he that on the panniers rode,  
Let fly on th' other side a load,  
And, quickly charg'd again, gave fully  
In *Ralpho's* face another volley.  
The Knight was startled with the smell, 825  
And for his sword began to feel;  
And *Ralpho*, smother'd with the stink,  
Grasp'd his; when one, that bore a link,  
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,  
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole; 830

And straight another, with his flambeaux,  
Gave *Ralpho's* o'er the eye a damn'd blow.  
The beasts began to kick and fling,  
And forc'd the rout to make a ring;  
Through which they quickly broke their way, 835  
And brought them off from further fray;  
And though disorder'd in retreat,  
Each of them stoutly kept his seat:  
For quitting both their swords and reins,  
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes, 840  
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,  
With spurring put their cattle to't;  
And till all four were out of wind,  
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.  
After th' had paus'd a while, supplying 845  
Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,  
And *Hudibras* recruited force  
Of lungs, for action or discourse,  
Quoth he, That man is sure to lose  
That fouls his hands with dirty foes: 850  
For where no honour's to be gain'd,  
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.  
'Twas ill for us we had to do  
With so dishonourable a foe:  
For though the law of arms doth bar 855  
The use of venom'd shot in war,  
Yet, by the nauseous smell, and noisom,  
Their case-shot savours strong of poison;  
And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth  
Of some that had a stinking breath; 860  
Else, when we put it to the push,  
They had not giv'n us such a brush.  
But as those pultrons, that fling dirt,  
Do but defile, but cannot hurt,  
So all the honour they have won, 865  
Or we have lost, is much as one.  
'Twas well we made so resolute  
And brave retreat without pursuit;  
For if we had not, we had sped  
Much worse, to be in triumph led; 870

Than which the ancients held no state  
 Of man's life more unfortunate.  
 But if this bold adventure e'er  
 Do chance to reach the widow's ear,  
 It may, b'ing destin'd to assert 875  
 Her sex's honour, reach her heart:  
 And as such homely treats (they say)  
 Portend good fortune, so this may.  
*Vespasian* being daub'd with dirt,  
 Was destin'd to the empire for't; 880  
 And from a Scavenger did come  
 To be a mighty Prince in Rome:  
 And why may not this foul address  
 Presage in love the same success?  
 Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds, 885  
 Advance in quest of nearest ponds;  
 And after (as we first design'd)  
 Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

## CANTO III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, with various Doubts possest,  
 To win the Lady goes in quest  
 Of Sidrophel, the Rosy-Crucian,  
 To know the Destinaes' Resolution;  
 With whom b'ing met, they both chop Logic  
 About the Science Astrologic,  
 Till falling from Dispute to Fight,  
 The Conjurer's worsted by the Knight.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
 Of being cheated as to cheat;  
 As lookers-on feel most delight,  
 That least perceive a juggler's slight;  
 And still the less they understand, 5  
 The more th' admire his slight of hand.

Some with a noise, and greasy light,  
 Are snap, as men catch larks by night;  
 Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the soul,  
 As nooses by their legs catch fowl. 10  
 Some with a med'cine, and receipt,  
 Are drawn to nibble at the bait;  
 And tho' it be a two-foot trout,  
 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t' an organ 15  
 So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,  
 Until with subtle cobweb-cheats  
 Th' are catch'd in knotted law, like nets;  
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,  
 The more they stir, the more they're tangled; 20  
 And while their purses can dispute,  
 There's no end of th' immortal suit.

Others still gape t' anticipate  
 The cabinet-designs of fate;  
 Apply to wizards, to foresee 25  
 What shall and what shall never be;  
 And, as those vultures do forebode,  
 Believe events prove bad or good:  
 A flam more senseless than the roguery  
 Of old aruspicy and aug'ry. 30

That out of garbages of cattle  
 Presag'd th' events of truce or battle;  
 From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,  
 Success of great'st attempts would reckon:  
 Though cheats, yet more intelligible 35  
 Than those that with the stars do fribble.

This *Hudibras* by proof found true,  
 As in due time and place we'll shew:  
 For he, with beard and face made clean,  
 B'ing mounted on his steed agen, 40  
 (And *Ralpho* got a cuck-horse too  
 Upon his beast, with much ado)  
 Advanc'd on for the Widow's house,  
 To acquit himself, and pay his vows;  
 When various thoughts began to bustle, 45  
 And with his inward man to justle.

He thought what danger might accrue  
If she should find he swore untrue ;  
Or if his squire or he should fail,  
And not be punctual in their tale: 50  
It might at once the ruin prove  
Both of his honour, faith, and love.  
But if he should forbear to go,  
She might conclude h' had broke his vow ;  
And that he durst not now for shame 55  
Appear in court to try his claim.  
This was the pen'worth of his thought,  
To pass time and uneasy trot.  
Quoth he, In all my past adventures  
I ne'er was set so on the tenters ; 60  
Or taken tardy with dilemma,  
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me,  
And with inextricable doubt  
Besets my puzzled wits about :  
For tho' the dame has been my bail, 65  
To free me from enchanted jail,  
Yet as a dog, committed close  
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,  
And quits his clog, but all in vain,  
He still draws after him his chain ; 70  
So, though my ankle she has quitted,  
My heart continues still committed ;  
And like a bail'd and main-priz'd lover,  
Altho' at large, I am bound over ;  
And when I shall appear in court, 75  
To plead my cause, and answer for't,  
Unless the judge do partial prove,  
What will become of me and love ?  
For if in our account we vary,  
Or but in circumstance miscarry ; 80  
Or if she put me to strict proof,  
And make me pull my doublet off,  
To shew, by evident record  
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word ;  
How can I e'er expect to have her, 85  
Having demurr'd unto her favour ?



- But faith, and love, and honour lost,  
 Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post.  
 Beside, that stripping may prevent  
 What I'm to prove by argument, 90  
 And justify I have a tail;  
 And that way, too, my proof may fail.  
 Oh! that I cou'd enucleate,  
 And solve the problems of my fate;  
 Or find, by necromantic art, 95  
 How far the dest'nies take my part!  
 For if I were not more than certain  
 To win and wear her, and her fortune,  
 I'd go no farther in this courtship,  
 To hazard soul, estate, and worship: 100  
 For though an oath obliges not  
 Where any thing is to be got,  
 (As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis profane,  
 And sinful, when men swear in vain.  
 Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth dwell 105  
 A cunning man, hight *Sidrophel*,  
 That deals in destiny's dark counsels,  
 And sage opinions of the Moon sells;  
 To whom all people far and near,  
 On deep importances repair: 110  
 When brass and pewter hap to stray,  
 And linen slinks out of the way;  
 When geese and pullen are seduc'd,  
 And sows of sucking-pigs are chows'd;  
 When cattle feel indisposition, 115  
 And need th' opinion of physician;  
 When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,  
 And chickens languish of the pip;  
 When yeast and outward means do fail,  
 And have no pow'r to work on ale; 120  
 When butter does refuse to come,  
 And love proves cross and humoursome:  
 To him with questions, and with urine,  
 They for discov'ry flock, or curing.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel* 125  
 I've heard of, and should like it well,

If thou canst prove the Saints have freedom  
To go to Sorc'ers when they need 'em.

Says *Ralpho*, There's no doubt of that:

Those principles I quoted late, 130

Prove that the Godly may alledge

For any thing their privilege;

And to the Dev'l himself may go,

If they have motives thereunto.

For, as there is a war between 135

The Dev'l and them, it is no sin,

If they by subtle stratagem

Make use of him, as he does them.

Has not this present Parliament

A Ledger to the Devil sent, 140

Fully impow'rd to treat about

Finding revolted witches out?

And has not he, within a year,

Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire?

Some only for not being drown'd, 145

And some for sitting above ground,

Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,

And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches.

And some for putting knavish tricks

Upon green geese and turky-chicks, 150

Or pigs, that suddenly deceast

Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;

Who after prov'd himself a witch,

And made a rod for his own breech.

Did not the Devil appear to *Martin* 155

*Luther* in Germany for certain;

And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,

But *Martin* was too politick?

Did he not help the Dutch to purge

At *Antwerp* their Cathedral Church? 160

Sing catches to the Saints at *Mascon*,

And tell them all they came to ask him?

Appear'd in divers shapes to *Kelly*,

And speak i' th' Nun of *Loudon's* belly?

Meet with the Parliament's Committee 165

At *Woodstock* on a pers'nal treaty?

- At *Sarum* take a cavalier  
 I' th' Cause's service prisoner?  
 As *Withers*, in immortal rhyme,  
 Has register'd to after-time! 170  
 Do not our great Reformers use  
 This *Sidrophel* to forebode news?  
 To write of victories next year,  
 And castles taken yet i' th' air?  
 Of battles fought at sea, and ships 175  
 Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?  
 A total overthrow giv'n the King  
 In Cornwall, horse and foot, next Spring!  
 And has not the point-blank foretold  
 Whats'e'er the Close Committee would? 180  
 Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause?  
 The moon for Fundamental Laws?  
 The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare  
 Against the book of Common-Pray'r?  
 The Scorpion take the Protestation 185  
 And Bear engage for Reformation?  
 Made all the Royal Stars recant,  
 Compound and take the Covenant?  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, The case is clear,  
 The Saints may 'mploy a Conjuror, 190  
 As thou hast prov'd it by their practice;  
 No argument like matter of fact is;  
 And we are best of all led to  
 Men's principles by what they do.  
 Then let us straight advance in quest 195  
 Of this profound Gymnosophist:  
 And as the Fates and he advise,  
 Pursue or wave this enterprise.  
 This said, he turn'd about his steed,  
 And eftsoons on th' adventure rid; 200  
 Where leave we him and *Ralph* a while,  
 And to the Conjuror turn our stile,  
 To let our reader understand  
 What's useful of him before-hand.  
 He had been long t'wards mathematics, 205  
 Optics, philosophy, and statics,

Magic, horoscopy, astrology,  
 And was old dog at physiology:  
 But as a dog that turns the spit  
 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet, 210  
 To climb the wheel, but all in vain,  
 His own weight brings him down again,  
 And still he's in the self-same place  
 Where at his setting out he was;  
 So in the circle of the arts 215  
 Did he advance his nat'ral parts,  
 Till falling back still, for retreat,  
 He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:  
 For as those fowls that live in water  
 Are never wet, he did but smatter: 220  
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,  
 His understanding still was clear:  
 Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,  
 Since old *Hodg-Bacon* and *Bob Grosted*.  
 Th' Intelligible World he knew, 225  
 And all men dream on't to be true;  
 That in this world there's not a wart  
 That has not there a counterpart;  
 Nor can there on the face of ground  
 An individual beard be found, 230  
 That has not, in that foreign nation;  
 A fellow of the self-same fashion;  
 So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,  
 As those are in th' Inferior World.  
 H' had read *Dee's* Prefaces before, 235  
 The *Dev'l*, and *Euclid*, o'er and o'er;  
 And all the intrigues 'twixt him and *Kelly*,  
*Lescus* and th' *Emperor*, wou'd tell ye;  
 But with the Moon was more familiar  
 Than e'er was almanack well-willer; 240  
 Her secrets understood so clear,  
 That some believ'd he had been there;  
 Knew when she was in the fittest mood  
 For cutting corns, or letting blood;  
 When for anointing scabs or itches, 245

Or to the bum applying leeches ;  
 When sows and bitches may be spay'd,  
 And in what sign best cyder's made :  
 Whether the wane be, or increase,  
 Best to set garlick, or sow pease : 250  
 Who first found out the Man i' th' Moon,  
 That to the ancients was unknown ;  
 How many dukes, and earls, and peers,  
 Are in the planetary spheres ;  
 Their airy empire and command, 255  
 Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land ;  
 What factions th' have, and what they drive at  
 In public vogue, or what in private ;  
 With what designs and interests  
 Each party manages contests. 260  
 He made an instrument to know  
 If the Moon shine at full or no ;  
 That wou'd, as soon as e'er she shone, straight  
 Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate ;  
 Tell what her d'meter t'an inch is, 265  
 And prove that she's not made of green cheese.  
 It wou'd demonstrate, that the Man in  
 The Moon's a Sea Mediterranean ;  
 And that it is no dog nor bitch,  
 That stands behind him at his breech, 270  
 But a huge Caspian Sea, or lake,  
 With arms, which men for legs mistake ;  
 How large a gulph his tail composes,  
 And what a goodly bay his nose is ;  
 How many German leagues by th' scale 275  
 Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.  
 He made a planetary gin,  
 Which rats would run their own heads in,  
 And came on purpose to be taken,  
 Without th' expence of cheese or bacon. 280  
 With lute-strings he would counterfeit  
 Maggots that crawl on dish of meat :  
 Quote moles and spots on any place  
 O' th' body, by the index face :  
 Detect lost maiden-heads by sneezing, 285

Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing;  
 Cure warts and corns with application  
 Of med'cines to th' imagination;  
 Fright agues into dogs, and scare  
 With rhimes the tooth-ach and catarrh; 290  
 Chace evil spirits away by dint  
 Of cickle, horse-shoe, hollow-flint;  
 Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,  
 Which made the Roman slaves rebel;  
 And fire a mine in China here 295  
 With sympathetic gunpowder.  
 He knew what's ever's to be known,  
 But much more than he knew would own;  
 What med'cine 'twas that *Paracelsus*  
 Could make a man with, as he tells us; 300  
 What figur'd slates are best to make  
 On watry surface duck or drake;  
 What bowling-stones, in running race  
 Upon a board, have swiftest pace;  
 Whether a pulse beat in the black 305  
 List of a dappled louse's back;  
 If systole or diastole move  
 Quickest when he's in wrath or love;  
 When two of them do run a race,  
 Whether they gallop, trot, or pace: 310  
 How many scores a flea will jump,  
 Of his own length, from head to rump;  
 Which *Socrates* and *Chaerephon*,  
 In vain, assay'd so long agon;  
 Whether his snout a perfect nose is, 315  
 And not an elephant's proboscis;  
 How many diff'rent specieses  
 Of maggots breed in rotten cheese;  
 And which are next of kin to those  
 Engender'd in a chandler's nose; 320  
 Or those not seen, but understood,  
 That live in vinegar and wood.  
 A paultry wretch he had, half-starv'd,  
 That him in place of Zany serv'd.  
 Hight *Whacbum*, bred to dash and draw, 325

Not wine, but more unwholesome law;  
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,  
Wide as meridians in maps;  
To squander paper, and spare ink,  
Or cheat men of their words, some think. 330  
From this, by merited degrees,  
He'd to more high advancement rise;  
To be an under-conjurer,  
Or journeyman astrologer.  
His business was to pump and wheedle, 335  
And men with their own keys unriddle;  
To make them to themselves give answers,  
For which they pay the necromancers;  
To fetch and carry intelligence,  
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence, 340  
And all discoveries disperse  
Among th' whole pack of conjurers:  
What cut-purses have left with them  
For the right owners to redeem;  
And what they dare not vent find out, 345  
To gain themselves and th' art repute;  
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,  
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,  
Of thieves ascendant in the cart;  
And find out all by rules of art; 350  
Which way a serving-man, that's run  
With cloaths or money away, is gone:  
Who pick'd a fob at holding forth;  
And where a watch, for half the worth,  
May be redeem'd; or stolen plate 355  
Restor'd at conscionable rate.  
Beside all this, he serv'd his master  
In quality of poetaster;  
And rhimes appropriate could make  
To ev'ry month i' th' almanac: 360  
What terms begin and end could tell,  
With their returns, in doggerel:  
When the exchequer opes and shuts,  
And sowgelder with safety cuts;  
When men may eat and drink their fill, 365

And when be temp'rate, if they will ;  
When use and when abstain from vice,  
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice,  
And as in prison mean rogues beat  
Hemp for the service of the great, 370  
So *Whachum* beats his dirty brains,  
T' advance his master's fame and gains,  
And, like the Devil's oracles,  
Put into dogg'rel rhimes his spells,  
Which, over ev'ry month's blank page 375  
I' th' almanac, strange bilks presage.  
He would an elegy compose  
On maggots squeez'd out of his nose ;  
In lyric numbers write an ode on  
His mistress, eating a black-pudden : 380  
And when imprison'd air escap'd her,  
It puffed him with poetic rapture.  
His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,  
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,  
That 'circl'd with his long-ear'd guests, 385  
Like *Orpheus* look'd among the beasts.  
A carman's horse could not pass by,  
But stood ty'd up to poetry :  
No porter's burthen pass'd along,  
But serv'd for burthen to his song : 390  
Each window like a pill'ry appears,  
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears :  
All trades run in as to the sight  
Of monsters, or their dear delight  
The gallow tree, when cutting purse 395  
Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse,  
Which none does hear, but would have hung  
T' have been the theme of such a song.  
Those two together long had liv'd,  
In mansion prudently contriv'd ; 400  
Where neither tree nor house could bar  
The free detection of a star ;  
And nigh an ancient obelisk  
Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*,  
On which was written, not in words, 405



But hieroglyphic mute of birds,  
Many rare pithy saws concerning  
The worth of astrologic learning.  
From top of this there hung a rope,  
To which he fasten'd telescope; 410  
The spectacles with which the stars  
He reads in smallest characters.  
It happen'd as a boy, one night,  
Did fly his tarsel of a kite,  
The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies, 415  
That, like a bird of Paradise,  
Or herald martlet, has no legs,  
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;  
His train was six yards long, milk-white,  
At th' end of which there hung a light, 420  
Inclos'd in lanthorn, made of paper,  
That far off like a star did appear.  
This *Sidrophel* by chance espy'd,  
And with amazement staring wide,  
Bless us! quoth he, what dreadful wonder 425  
Is that appears in Heaven yonder?  
A comet, and without a beard!  
Or star that ne'er before appear'd!  
I'm certain 'tis not in the scrowl  
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl, 430  
With which, like Indian plantations,  
The learned stock the constellations;  
Nor those that draw for signs have bin  
To th' houses where the planets inn.  
It must be supernatural, 435  
Unless it be that cannon-ball  
That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,  
Was borne to that prodigious height,  
That learn'd philosophers maintain,  
It ne'er came backwards down again: 440  
But in the airy region yet  
Hangs like the body of *Mahomet*:  
For if it be above the shade  
That by the earth's round bulk is made,  
'Tis probable it may from far 445

Appear no bullet, but a star.

This said, he to his engine flew,  
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,  
And rais'd it 'till it levell'd right  
Against the glow-worm tail of kite,  
Then peeping thro', Bless us! (quoth he)  
It is a planet, now I see:

450

And, if I err not, by his proper  
Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,  
It should be Saturn. Yes, 'tis clear  
'Tis Saturn; but what makes him there?

455

He's got between the Dragon's Tail  
And farther Leg behind o' th' Whale.  
Pray heav'n divert the fatal omen,  
For t'is a prodigy not common;  
And can no less than the world's end,  
Or Nature's funeral portend.

460

With that he fell again to pry  
Thro' perspective more wistfully,  
When by mischance the fatal string,  
That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,  
Breaking, down fell the star. Well shot,  
Quoth *Whachum*, who right wisely thought  
H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it:

465

But *Sidrophel*, more subtle-witted,  
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful  
Pertent is this, to see a star fall?

470

It threatens nature, and the doom  
Will not be long before it come!  
When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,  
The day of judgment's not far off;  
As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,  
And some of us find out by magic.

475

Then since the time we have to live  
In this world's shorten'd, let us strive  
To make our best advantage of it,  
And pay our losses with our profit.

480

This feat fell out not long before  
The Knight, upon the forenam'd score,  
In quest of *Sidrophel* advancing,

485

Was now in prospect of the mansion :  
Whom he discov'ring, turn'd his glass,  
And found far off, 'twas *Hudibras*.

*Whachum*, (quoth he), look yonder, some  
To try or use our art are come :

490

The one's the learned Knight: seek out,  
And pump 'em what they come about.  
*Whachum* advanc'd, with all submissness,  
T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness.

He held a stirrup, while the Knight  
From leathern bare-bones did alight ;  
And taking from his hand the bridle,  
Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle.

495

He gave him first the time o' th' day,  
And welcom'd him, as he might say:  
He ask'd him whence he came, and whither  
Their bus'ness lay? Quoth *Ralpho*, Hither.

500

Did you not lose? Quoth *Ralpho*, Nay,  
Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your way!  
Your Knight — Quoth *Ralpho*, Is a lover,  
And pains intolerable doth suffer:

505

For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,  
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.  
What time, (quoth *Ralpho*), Sir? — Too long;  
Three years it off and on has hung. —

510

Quoth he, I meant what time o'the day 'tis. —  
Quoth *Ralpho*, Between seven and eight 'tis.

Why then, (quoth *Whachum*), my small art  
Tells me, the dame has a hard heart,  
Or great estate. — Quoth *Ralph*, A jointer,  
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.

515

Mean while the Knight was making water,  
Before he fell upon the matter ;

Which having done, the Wizard steps in,  
To give him suitable reception ;

520

But kept his bus'ness at a bay  
Till *Whachum* put him in the way ;

Who having now, by *Ralpho*'s light,  
Expounded th' errand of the Knight,

And what he came to know, drew near,

525

To whisper in the Conj'rer's ear,  
Which he prevented thus: What was't,  
Quoth he, that I was saying last,  
Before these gentlemen arriv'd?  
Quoth *Whachum*, Venus you retriev'd, 530  
In opposition with Mars,  
And no benigne friendly stars  
T' allay the effect. — Quoth Wizard, So!  
In Virgo? Ha! — Quoth *Whachum*, No,  
Has Saturn nothing to do in it? 535  
One tenth of's circle to a minute.  
'Tis well, quoth he. — Sir, you'll excuse  
This rudeness I am forc'd to use:  
It is a scheme and face of Heaven,  
As the aspects are dispos'd this even, 540  
I was contemplating upon  
When you arriv'd; but now I've done.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, If I appear  
Unseasonable in coming here  
At such a time, to interrupt 545  
Your speculations, which I hop'd  
Assistance from, and come to use,  
'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.  
By no means, Sir, quoth *Sidrophel*;  
The stars your coming did foretel: 550  
I did expect you here, and knew,  
Before you spake, your bus'ness too.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,  
And I shall credit whatsoe'er  
You tell me after on your word, 555  
Howe'er unlikely, or absurd.  
You are in love, Sir, with a widow,  
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,  
And for three years has rid your wit  
And passion without drawing bit; 560  
And now your bus'ness is to know,  
If you shall carry her or no.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, You're in the right;  
But how the Devil you came by't  
I can't imagine; for the Stars, 565

- I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse ;  
 Nor can their aspects (though you pore  
 Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more  
 Than th' oracle of sieve and sheers,  
 That turns as certain as the spheres: 570  
 But if the Devil's of your counsel,  
 Much may be done my noble Donzel ;  
 And 'tis on his account I come,  
 To know from you my fatal doom.
- Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you suppose, 575  
 Sir Knight, that I am one of those,  
 I might suspect, and take the alarm,  
 Your bus'ness is but to inform ;  
 But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near ;  
 You have a wrong sow by the ear ; 580  
 For I assure you, for my part,  
 I only deal by rules of art,  
 Such as are lawful, and judge by  
 Conclusions of Astrology :  
 But for the Dev'l, know nothing by him ; 585  
 But only this, that I defy him.
- Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,  
 I understand your metonymy :  
 Your words of second-hand intention,  
 When things by wrongful names you mention ; 590  
 The mystic sense of all your terms,  
 That are, indeed, but magic charms  
 To raise the Devil, and mean one thing,  
 And that is down-right conjuring ;  
 And in itself more warrantable, 595  
 Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,  
 Or putting tricks upon the Moon,  
 Which by confed'racy are done.  
 Your ancient conjurers were wont  
 To make her from her sphere dismount, 600  
 And to their incantations stoop :  
 They scorn'd to pore thro' telescope,  
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,  
 To find out cloudy or fair weather,  
 Which ev'ry almanack can tell, 605

Perhaps, as learnedly and well,  
 As you yourself — Then, friend, I doubt  
 You go the furthest way about.  
 Your modern Indian magician  
 Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in, 610  
 And straight resolves all questions by't,  
 And seldom fails to be i' th' right.  
 The Rosy-Crucian way's more sure  
 To bring the Devil to the lure;  
 Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin 615  
 To catch intelligences in.  
 Some by the nose with fumes trepan 'em,  
 As *Dunstan* did the Devil's grannum;  
 Others, with characters and words,  
 Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds; 620  
 And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,  
 Engrav'd with planetary nicks,  
 With their own influences will fetch 'em  
 Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;  
 Make 'em depose and answer to 625  
 All questions e're they let them go.  
*Bumbastus* kept a Devil's bird  
 Shut in the puminel of his sword,  
 That taught him all the cunning pranks  
 Of past and future mountebanks. 630  
*Kelly* did all his feats upon  
 The Devil's looking-glass, a stone;  
 Where play'ng with him at bo-peep,  
 He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep,  
*Agrippa* kept a Stygian pug, 635  
 I' th' garb and habit of a dog,  
 That was his tutor, and the cur  
 Read to th' occult philosopher,  
 And taught him subt'ly to maintain  
 All other sciences are vain. 640  
 To this, quoth *Sidrophello*, Sir,  
*Agrippa* was no conjurer,  
 Nor *Paracelsus*, no, nor *Behmen*;  
 Nor was the dog a *Cacodaemon*,  
 But a true dog, that would shew tricks 645

- For th' emperor, and leap o'er sticks;  
 Would fetch and carry; was more civil  
 Than other dogs, but yet no Devil;  
 And whatsoe'er he's said to do,  
 He went the self-same way we go. 650
- As for the Rosy-Cross Philosophers,  
 Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,  
 What they pretend to is no more,  
 Than *Trismegistus* did before,  
*Pythagoras*, old *Zoroaster*, 655  
 And *Apollonius* their master;  
 To whom they do confess they owe  
 All that they do, and all they know.
- Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas! what is't us,  
 Whether 'twas said by *Trismegistus*, 660  
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,  
 Or not intelligible, or sophistic?  
 'Tis not antiquity, nor author,  
 That makes Truth Truth, altho' Time's daughter;  
 'Twas he that put her in the pit 665  
 Before he pull'd her out of it;  
 And as he eats his sons, just so  
 He feeds upon his daughters too.  
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a herauld,  
 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old, 670  
 To be descended of a race  
 Of ancient kings in a small space,  
 That we should all opinions hold  
 Authentic that we can make old.
- Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part 675  
 Of prudence to cry down an art,  
 And what it may perform deny,  
 Because you understand not why;  
 (As *Averhois* play'd but a mean trick  
 To damn our whole art for eccentric:) 680  
 For who knows all that knowledge contains?  
 Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,  
 But on their sides, or rising's seat;  
 So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.  
 Do not the hist'ries of all ages 685

Relate miraculous presages,  
Of strange turns in the world's affairs,  
Foreseen b' Astrologers, Soothsayers,  
Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacks,  
And some that have writ almanacs ? 690  
The *Median* emp'ror dreamt his daughter  
Had pist all *Asia* under water.  
And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,  
O'erspread his empire with its branches :  
And did not soothsayers expound it. 695  
As after by th' event he found it ?  
When *Caesar* in the senate fell,  
Did not the sun eclips'd foretel,  
And, in resentment of his slaughter,  
Look'd pale for almost a year after ? 700  
*Augustus* having, b' oersight,  
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,  
Had like to have been slain that day  
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.  
Are there not myriads of this sort, 705  
Which stories of all times report ?  
Is it not ominous in all countries  
When crows and ravens croak upon trees ?  
The Roman senate, when within  
The city walls an owl was seen, 710  
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,  
(Our Synod calls humiliations),  
The round-fac'd prodigy t'avert  
From doing town our country hurt :  
And if an owl have so much pow'r, 715  
Why should not planets have much more,  
That in a region far above  
Inferior fowls of the air move,  
And should see further, and foreknow  
More than their augury below ? 720  
Though that once serv'd the polity  
Of mighty states to govern by ?  
And this is what we take in hand  
By pow'rful art to understand ;  
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages 725



Can speak th' events of our presages  
Have we not lately, in the Moon,  
Found a New World, to the Old unknown?  
Discover'd sea and land *Columbus*  
And *Magellan* could never compass? 730  
Made mountains with our tubes appear,  
And cattle grazing on 'em there?  
Quoth *Hudibras*, You lie so ope,  
That I, without a telescope,  
Can find our tricks out, and descry 735  
Where you tell truth, and where you lye:  
For *Anaxagoras*, long agon,  
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' Moon;  
And held the Sun was but a piece  
Of red-hot ir'n, as big as Greece; 740  
Believ'd the Heav'ns were made of stone,  
Because the Sun had voided one;  
And, rather than he would recant  
Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.  
But what, alas! is it to us, 745  
Whether i' th' Moon men thus or thus  
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,  
Or whether they have tails or horns?  
What trade from thence can you advance,  
But what we nearer have from France? 750  
What can our travellers bring home,  
That is not to be learnt at Rome?  
What politics, or strange opinions,  
That are not in our own dominions?  
What science can be brought from thence, 755  
In which we do not here commence?  
What revelations, or religions,  
That are not in our native regions?  
Are sweating lanthorns, or screen-fans,  
Made better there than th' are in France? 760  
Or do they teach to sing and play  
O' th' gittar there a newer way?  
Can they make plays there, that shall fit  
The public humour, with less wit?  
Write wittier dances, quainter shows, 765

Or fight with more ingenious blows ?  
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,  
And wear a huger perriwig,  
Shew in his gait or face more tricks,  
Than our own native lunaticks ? 770  
And if w' out-do him here at home,  
What good of your design can come ?  
As wind i' th' hypocondries pent,  
Is but a blast if downward sent,  
But if it upward chance to fly, 775  
Becomes new Light and Prophecy;  
So when your speculations tend  
Above their just and useful end,  
Although they promise strange and great  
Discoveries of things far set, 780  
They are but idle dreams and fancies,  
And savour strongly of the ganzas.  
Tell me but what's the natural cause,  
Why on a sign no painter draws  
The full moon ever, but the half; 785  
Resolve that with your *Jacob's* staff;  
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,  
And dogs howl when she shines in water;  
And I shall freely give my vote,  
You may know something more remote. 790  
At this deep *Sidrophel* look'd wise,  
And staring round with owl-like eyes,  
He put his face into a posture  
Of sapience, and began to bluster;  
For having three times shook his head 795  
To stir his wit up, thus he said:  
Art has no mortal enemies,  
Next ignorance, but owls and geese;  
Those consecrated geese in orders,  
That to the Capitol were warders; 800  
And being then upon patrol,  
With noise alone beat off the Gaul:  
Or those Athenian Sceptic owls,  
That will not credit their own souls;  
Or any science understand, 805



Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?  
 And therefore, as they came from hence,  
 With us may hold intelligence.  
*Plato* deny'd the world can be  
 Govern'd without geometree, 850  
 (For money b'ing the common scale  
 Of things by measure, weight and tale,  
 In all th' affairs of Church and State,  
 'Tis both the balance and the weight;)

Then much less can it be without 855  
 Divine Astrology made out;  
 That puts the other down in worth,  
 As far as Heav'n's above the earth.

These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant  
 Are something more significant 860  
 Than any that the learned use  
 Upon this subject to produce;  
 And yet th' are far from satisfactory,  
 T' establish and keep up your factory.

Th Egyptians say, the Sun has twice 865  
 Shifted his setting and his rise;  
 Twice has he risen in the west,  
 As many times set in the east,  
 But whether that be true or no,  
 The Dev'l any of you know. 870  
 Some hold the heavens like a top,  
 And kept by circulation up;  
 And were't not for their wheeling round,  
 They'd instantly fall to the ground:

As sage *Empedocles* of old, 875  
 And from him modern authors hold.  
*Plato* believ'd the Sun and Moon  
 Below all other Planets run.  
 Some *Mercury*, some *Venus*, seat  
 Above the Sun himself in height, 880  
 The learned *Scaliger* complain'd,  
 'Gainst what *Copernicus* maintain'd,  
 That, in twelve hundred years and odd,  
 The Sun had left its ancient road,  
 And nearer to the earth is come 885

'Bove fifty thousand miles from home :  
 Swore 'twas a most notorious flam ;  
 And he that had so little shame  
 To vent such fopperies abroad ,  
 Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd ; 890  
 Which Monsieur *Bodin* hearing, swore  
 That he deserv'd the rod much more ,  
 That durst upon a truth give doom ,  
 He knew less than the Pope of Rome .  
*Cardan* believ'd great states depend 895  
 Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail's end ;  
 That, as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun ,  
 Strow'd mighty empires up and down :  
 Which other say must needs be false ,  
 Because your true bears have no tails. 900  
 Some say the Zodiack Constellations  
 Have long since chang'd their antique stations  
 Above a sign, and prove the same  
 In Taurus now once in the Ram :  
 Affirm the trigons chop'd and chang'd , 905  
 The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd ;  
 Then how can their effects still hold  
 To be the same they were of old ?  
 This, though the art were true, would make  
 Our modern soothsayers mistake : 910  
 And in one cause they tell more lies ,  
 In figures and nativities ,  
 Than th' old Chaldean conjurers  
 In so many hundred thousand years ;  
 Beside their nonsense in translating, 915  
 For want of accidence and Latin ,  
 Like Idus, and Calendae, Englisht  
 The quarter-days by skilful linguist ;  
 And yet with canting, sleight and cheat ,  
 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat ; 920  
 Make fools believe in their foreseeing  
 Of things before they are in being ;  
 To swallow gudgeons ere th' are catch'd ;  
 And count their chickens ere th' are hatch'd ;  
 Make them the constellations prompt, 925

And give 'em back their own accompt;  
But still the best to him that gives  
The best price for't, or best believes.  
Some towns and cities, some, for brevity,  
Have cast the 'versal world's nativity, 930  
And made the infant-stars confess,  
Like fools or children, what they please.  
Some calculate the hidden fates  
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats:  
Some running-nags and fighting cocks, 935  
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox;  
Some take a measure of the lives  
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives;  
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,  
Tell who is barren, and who fertile; 940  
As if the planet's first aspect  
The tender infant did infect  
In soul and body, and instill  
All future good, and future ill;  
Which, in their dark fatalities lurking, 945  
At destin'd periods fall a working;  
And break out, like the hidden seeds  
Of long diseases, into deeds,  
In friendships, enmities, and strife,  
And all the emergencies of life. 950  
No sooner does he peep into  
The world, but he has done his do;  
Catch'd all diseases, took all physic  
That cures or kills a man that is sick;  
Marry'd his punctual dose of wives; 955  
Is cuckolded, and breaks or thrives.  
There's but the twinkling of a star  
Between a man of peace and war;  
A thief and justice, fool and knave,  
A huffing officer and a slave; 960  
A crafty lawyer and a pick-pocket,  
A great philosopher and a blockhead;  
A formal preacher and a player,  
A learn'd physician and manslayer.  
As if men from the stars did suck 965

- Old age, diseases, and ill luck,  
 Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,  
 Trade travel, women, claps, and dice;  
 And draw, with the first air they breathe,  
 Battle and murder, sudden death. 970  
 Are not these fine commodities  
 To be imported from the skies,  
 And vended here amongst the rabble,  
 For staple goods and warrantable?  
 Like money by the Druids borrow'd, 975  
 In th' other world to be restor'd?  
 Quoth *Sidrophel*, To let you know  
 You wrong the art, and artists too,  
 Since arguments are lost on those  
 That do our principles oppose, 980  
 I will (although I've done't before)  
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,  
 And draw a figure, that shall tell you  
 What you, perhaps, forget befel you,  
 By way of horary inspection, 985  
 Which some account our worst erection.  
 With that he circles draws, and squares,  
 With cyphers, astral characters;  
 Then looks 'em o'er, to understand 'em,  
 Although set down hab-nab, at random. 990  
 Quoth he, This scheme of th' heavens set,  
 Discovers how in fight you met  
 At Kingston with a may-pole idol,  
 And that y' were bang'd both back and side well;  
 And though you overcame the bear, 995  
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair;  
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,  
 And handled you like a fop-doodle.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive  
 You are no conj'rer, by your leave: 1000  
 That paultry story is untrue,  
 And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.  
 Not true? quoth he; howe'er you vapour,  
 I can what I affirm make appear.  
*Whachum* shall justify't t' your face, 1005

And prove he was upon the place.  
He play'd the Saltinbancho's part,  
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art:  
He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,  
Chows'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead: 1010  
And what you lost I can produce,  
If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe  
That argument's demonstrative.  
*Ralpho*, bear witness; and go fetch us 1015  
A constable to seize the wretches:

For though th' are both false knaves and cheats,  
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,  
I'll make them serve for perpendiculars  
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers. 1020

They're guilty, by their own confessions,  
Of felony, and at the sessions,  
Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,  
That the vibration of this pendulum  
Shall make all taylors yards of one 1025  
Unanimous opinion,

A thing he long has vapour'd of,  
But now shall make it out of proof.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt  
To find friends that will bear me out. 1030  
Nor have I hazarded my art,  
And neck, so long on the state's part,  
To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer  
By such a braggadocio huffer.

Huffer! quoth *Hudibras*: this sword 1035  
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.

*Ralpho*, make haste, and call an officer,  
To apprehend this Stygian sophister,  
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,  
Lest he and *Whachum* run away. 1040

But *Sidrophel*, who, from the aspect  
Of *Hudibras*, did now erect  
A figure worse portenting far  
Than that of a malignant star,  
Believ'd it now the fittest moment 1045



To shun the danger that might come on't,  
 While *Hudibras* was all alone,  
 And he and *Whachum*, two to one.  
 This being resolv'd, he spy'd, by chance,  
 Behind the door, an iron lance, 1050  
 That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,  
 And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd:  
 He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,  
 To make his way through *Hudibras*.  
*Whachum* had got a fire-fork, 1055  
 With which he vow'd to do his work.  
 But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,  
 And stoutly stood upon his guard:  
 He put by *Sidrophello's* thrust,  
 And in right manfully he rusht; 1060  
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung,  
 And laid him on the earth along.  
*Whachum* his sea-coal prong threw by,  
 And basely turn'd his back to fly:  
 But *Hudibras* gave him a twitch 1065  
 As quick as light'ning in the breech,  
 Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,  
 As wise philosophers have judg'd;  
 Because a kick in that place more  
 Hurts honour than deep wounds before. 1070  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, The stars determine  
 You are my prisoners, 'base vermine!  
 Could they not tell you so as well  
 As what I came to know foretell?  
 By this what cheats you are we find, 1075  
 That in your own concerns are blind.  
 Your lives are now at my dispose,  
 To be redeem'd by fine or blows:  
 But who his honour wou'd defile,  
 To take or sell two lives so vile? 1080  
 I'll give you quarter; but your pillage  
 The conq'ring warrior's crop and tillage,  
 Which with his sword he reaps and plows,  
 That's mine, the law of arms allows.  
 This said, in haste, in haste he fell 1085

To rummaging of *Sidrophel*.

First, he expounded both his pockets,  
And found a watch, with rings and locketts,  
Which had been left with him t' erect

A figure for, and so detect;

1090

A copper-plate, with almanacks

Engrav'd upon't; with other knacks,  
Of *Booker's Lilly's*, *Sarah Jimmers'*,  
And blank-schemes to discover nimmers;

A moon-dial, with Napier's bones,  
And sev'ral constellation stones,

1095

Engrav'd in planetary hours,  
That over mortals had strange powers

To make 'em thrive in law or trade,  
And stab or poison to evade;

1100

In wit or wisdom to improve,

And be victorious in love,

*Whachum* had neither cross nor pile;

His plunder was not worth the while;

All which the conqu'ror did discompt,  
To pay for curing of his rump.

1105

But *Sidrophel*, as full of tricks

As Rota-men of politics,

Straight cast about to over-reach

Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch,

1110

And make him glad (at least) to quit

His victory, and fly the pit,

Before the Secular Prince of Darkness

Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass?

And as a fox, with hot pursuit

1115

Chac'd thro' a warren, casts about

To save his credit, and among

Dead vermin on a gallows hung,

And while the dogs run underneath,

Escap'd (by counterfeiting death)

1120

Not out of cunning, but a train

Of atoms justling in his brain,

As learn'd philosophers give out,

So *Sidrophello* cast about,

And fell to's wonted trade again,

1125

To feign himself in earnest slain:  
 First stretch'd out one leg, than another,  
 And seeming in his breath to smother  
 A broken sigh; quoth he, Where am I,  
 Alive or dead? or which way came I, 1130  
 Through so immense a space so soon?  
 But now I thought myself in th' Moon;  
 And that a monster with huge whiskers,  
 More formidable than a Switzer's,  
 My body through and through had drill'd, 1135  
 And *Whachum* by my side had kill'd :-  
 Had cross-examin'd both our hose,  
 And plunder'd all we had to lose.  
 Look, there he is; I see him now,  
 And feel the place I am run through: 1140  
 And there lies *Whachum* by my side  
 Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.  
 Oh! Oh! with that he fetch'd a groan,  
 And fell again into a swoon;  
 Shut both his eyes, and stopp'd his breath, 1145  
 And to the life out-acted death;  
 That *Hudibras*, to all appearing.  
 Believ'd him to be dead as herring.  
 He held it now no longer safe  
 To tarry the return of *Ralph*, 1150  
 But rather leave him in the lurch:  
 Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,  
 Refus'd to give himself one fir  
 To carry on the public work;  
 Despis'd our Synod-Men like dirt, 1155  
 And made their discipline his sport;  
 Divulg'd the secrets of their classes,  
 And their conventions prov'd high places;  
 Disparag'd their tythe-pigs as Pagan,  
 And set at naught their cheese and bacon, 1160  
 Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd  
 Their rev'rend parsons, to my beard:  
 For all which scandals, to be quit  
 At once, this juncture falls out fit,  
 I'll make him henceforth to beware, 1165

And tempt my fury, if he dare.  
He must at least hold up his hand,  
By twelve freeholders to be scann'd:  
Who, by their skill in palmistry,  
Will quickly read his destiny; 1170  
And make him glad to read his lesson;  
Or take a turn for it at the session;  
Unless his Light and Gifts prove truer  
Then ever yet they did, I'm sure;  
For if he 'scape with whipping now, - 1175  
'Tis more than he can hope to do;  
And that will disengage my conscience  
Of th' obligation in his own sense.  
Ill make him now by force abide  
What he by gentle means deny'd, 1180  
To give my honour satisfaction,  
And right the 'Brethren in the action.  
This being resolv'd, with equal speed  
And conduct he approach'd his steed,  
And with activity unwont, 1185  
Assay'd the lofty beast to mount;  
Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his palfrey,  
To get from th' enemy, and *Ralph*, free:  
Left dangers, fears and foes behind,  
And beat, at last three lengths, the wind. 1190



AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF  
HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

---

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

---

Well! *Sidrophel*, though 'tis in vain  
To tamper with your crazy brain, '  
Without trepanning of your skull  
As often as the moon's at full;  
'Tis not amiss, e're y'are giv'n o'er, 5  
To try one desp'rate med'cine more:  
For where your case can be no worse,  
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.  
Is't possible that you, whose ears  
Are of the tribe of Issachar's, 10  
And might (with equal reason) either,  
For merit, or extent of leather,  
With *William Pryn's*, before they were  
Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,  
Shou'd yet be deaf against a noise 15  
So roaring as the public voice?  
That speaks your virtues free, and loud,  
And openly, in ev'ry crowd,  
As loud as one that sings his part  
T' a wheel-barrow or turnip-cart, 20  
Or your new nick-nam'd old invention  
To cry green-hastings with an engine;  
(As if the vehemence had stunn'd,  
And turn your drum-heads with the sound;)  
And 'cause your folly's now no news, 25  
But overgrown, and out of use,  
Persuade yourself there's no such matter,

But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature;  
When folly, as it grows in years,  
The more extravagant appears; 30  
For who but you could be possess'd  
With so much ignorance, and beast,  
That neither all mens' scorn and hate,  
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,  
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar, 35  
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture:  
But (like a reprobate) what course  
Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse?  
Can no transfusion of the blood,  
That makes fools cattle, do you good? 40  
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,  
To turn 'em into mungrel-curs,  
Put you into a way, at least,  
To make yourself a better beast?  
Can all your critical intrigues 45  
Of trying sound from rotten eggs;  
Your several new-found remedies  
Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;  
Your arts of fluxing them for claps;  
And purging their infected saps; 50  
Recov'ring shankers, crystallines,  
And nodes and botches in their rinds,  
Have no effect to operate  
Upon that duller block, your pate?  
But still it must be lewdly bent 55  
To tempt your own due punishment;  
And, like your whymsey'd chariots, draw,  
The boys to course you without law;  
As if the art you have so long  
Profess'd, of making old dogs young, 60  
In you had virtue to renew  
Not only youth, but childhood too.  
Can you that understand all books,  
By judging only with your looks,  
Resolve all problems with your face, 65  
As others do with B's and A's;  
Unriddle all that mankind know

With solid bending of your brows;  
All arts and sciences advance,  
With screwing of your countenance, 70  
And, with a penetrating eye,  
Into th' abstrusest learning pry?  
Know more of any trade b' a hint,  
Than those that have been bred up in't;  
And yet have no art, true or false, 75  
To help your own bad naturals;  
But still, the morn you strive t' appear,  
Are found to be the wretcheder:  
For fools are known by looking wise,  
As men find woodcocks by their eyes. 80  
Hence 'tis that 'cause y' have gain'd o' th' college  
A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,  
And brought in none, but spent repute,  
Y' assume a pow'r as absolute  
To judge, and censure, and controll, 85  
As if you were the sole Sir Poll;  
And saucily pretend to know  
More than your dividend comes to.  
You'll find the thing will not be done  
With ignorance and face alone: 90  
No, though y' have purchas'd to your name,  
In history, so great a fame;  
That now your talents, so well known,  
For having all belief out-grown,  
That ev'ry strange prodigious tale 95  
Is measur'd by your German scale;  
By which the virtuosi try  
The magnitude of ev'ry lye,  
Cast up to what it does amount,  
And place the bigg'st to your account? 100  
That all those stories that are laid  
Too truly to you, and those made,  
Are now still charg'd upon your score,  
And lesser authors nam'd no more.  
Alas! that faculty betrays 105  
Those soonest it designs to raise;  
And all your vain renown will spoil,

As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil,  
Though he that has but impudence,  
To all things has a fair pretence; 110  
And put among his wants but shame,  
To all the world may lay his claim:  
Though you have try'd that nothing's borne  
With greater ease than public scorn,  
That all affronts do still give place 115  
To your impenetable face,  
That makes your way through all affairs,  
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs;  
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,  
You must not think 'twill always pass; 120  
For all impostors, when th'ye known,  
Are past their labour, and undone,  
And all the best that can befall  
An artificial natural,  
Is that which madmen find as soon 125  
As once they're broke loose from the moon,  
And, proof against her influence,  
Relapse to e'er so little sense,  
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit  
For sport of boys, and rabble-wit. 130

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PART III.  
CANTO I.

---

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire resolve, at once,  
The one the other to renounce.  
They both approach the Lady's Bower;  
The Squire t'inform, the Knight to woo her.  
She treats them with a Masquerade,  
By Furies and Hobgoblins made;  
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,  
And steals him from himself, by Night.

---

'Tis true, no lover has that pow'r  
T' enforce a desperate amour,  
As he that has two strings t' his bow,  
And burns for love and money too;  
For then he's brave and resolute, 5  
Disdains to render in his suit,  
Has all his flames and raptures double,  
And hangs or drowns with half the trouble;  
While those who sillily pursue,  
The simple, downright way, and true, 10  
Make as unlucky applications,  
And steer against the stream their passions.  
Some forge their mistresses of stars,  
And when the ladies prove averse,  
And more untoward to be won 15  
Than by *Caligula* the Moon,  
Cry out upon the stars, for doing  
Ill offices to cross their wooing;  
When only by themselves they're hindred,  
For trusting those they made her kindred; 20

And still, the harsher and hide-bounder  
The damsels prove, become the fonder.  
For what mad lover ever dy'd  
To gain a soft and gentle bride?  
Or for a lady tender-hearted, 25  
In purling streams or hemp departed?  
Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,  
Through th' windows of a dazzling room?  
But for some cross, ill-natur'd dame,  
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame, 30  
This to the Knight could be no news,  
With all mankind so much in use;  
Who therefore took the wiser course,  
To make the most of his amours,  
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways, 35  
As follows in due time and place.  
No sooner was the bloody fight,  
Between the Wizard and the Knight,  
With all th' appurtenances, over,  
But he relaps'd again t' a lover; 40  
As he was always wont to do,  
When h' had discomfited a foe;  
And us'd the only antique philters,  
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.  
But now triumphant, and victorious, 45  
He held th' atchievement was too glorious  
For such a conqueror to meddle  
With petty constable or beadle;  
Or fly for refuge to the Hostess  
Of th' Inns of Court and Chancery, Justice; 50  
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause  
To th' ordeal trial of the laws;  
Where none escape, but such as branded  
With red-hot irons have past bare-handed;  
And, if they cannot read one verse 55  
I th' Psalms must sing it, and that's worse.  
He therefore judging it below him,  
To tempt a shame the Devil might owe him,  
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail  
And mainprize for him to the gaol, 60

To answer, with his vessel, all  
 That might disastrously befall;  
 And thought it now the fittest juncture  
 To give the Lady a rencounter;  
 T' acquaint her with his expedition, 65  
 And conquest o'er the fierce Magician;  
 Describe the manner of the fray,  
 And show the spoils he brought away;  
 His bloody scourging aggravate;  
 The number of his blows, and weight; 70  
 All which might probably succeed,  
 And gain belief h' had done the deed;  
 Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare  
 No pawning of his soul to swear;  
 But, rather than produce his back, 75  
 To set his conscience on the rack;  
 And in pursuance of his urging  
 Of articles perform'd and scourging,  
 And all things else, upon his part,  
 Demand deliv'ry of her heart, 80  
 Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,  
 And person up to his embraces.  
 Thought he, the ancient errant knights  
 Won all their ladies hearts in fights;  
 And cut whole giants into fritters, 85  
 To put them into amorous twitters;  
 Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield  
 Until their gallants were half kill'd:  
 But when their bones were drub'd so sore  
 They durst not woo one combat more, 90  
 The ladies hearts began to melt,  
 Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.  
 So Spanish heroes, with their lances,  
 At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies;  
 And he acquires the noblest spouse 95  
 That widows greatest herds of cows:  
 Then what may I expect to do,  
 Wh' have quell'd so vast a buffalo?  
 Mean while, the Squire was on his way  
 The Knight's late orders to obey; 100

Who sent him for a strong detachment  
 Of beadies, constables, and watchmen,  
 T' attack the cunning-man for plunder.  
 Committed falsely on his lumber;  
 When he, who had so lately sack'd 105  
 The enemy, had done the tact;  
 Had rifled all his pokes and fobs  
 Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,  
 Which he, by hook or crook, had gather'd,  
 And for his own inventions father'd: 110  
 And when they should, at gaol delivery,  
 Unriddle one another's thievery,  
 Both might have evidence enough,  
 To render ne'ther halter proof.  
 He thought it desperate to tarry, 115  
 And venture to be accessary;  
 But rather wisely slip his fetters,  
 And leave them for the Knight, his betters.  
 He call'd to mind th' unjust, foul play  
 He wou'd have offer'd him that day, 120  
 To make him curry his own hide,  
 Which no beast ever did beside,  
 Without all possible evasion,  
 But of the riding dispensation;  
 And therefore much about the hour 125  
 The Knight (for reasons told before)  
 Resolv'd to leave them to the fury  
 Of Justice, and an unpack'd Jury,  
 The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,  
 And serve him in the self-same trim; 130  
 T' acquaint the Lady what h' had done,  
 And what he meant to carry on;  
 What project 'twas he went about,  
 When *Sidrophel* and he fell out;  
 His firm and stedfast resolution, 135  
 To swear her to an execution;  
 To pawn his inward ears to marry her,  
 And bribe the Devil himself to carry her;  
 In which both dealt, as if they meant  
 Their Party-Saints to represent, 140

Who never fail'd upon their sharing  
In any prosperous arms-bearing,  
To lay themselves out, to supplant  
Each other Cousin-German Saint.  
But, ere the Knight could do his part, 145  
The Squire had got so much the start,  
H' had to the Lady done his errand,  
And told her all his tricks afore-hand.  
Just as he finish'd his report,  
The Knight alighted in the court; 150  
And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,  
And taking time for both to stale,  
He put his band and beard in order,  
The sprucer to accost and board her;  
And now began t' approach the door, 155  
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,  
Convey'd th' informer out of sight,  
And went to entertain the Knight;  
With whom encount'ring, after longees  
Of humble and submissive congees, 160  
And all due ceremonies paid,  
He strok'd his beard, and thus he said:  
Madam, I do, as is my duty,  
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tye;  
And now am come to bring your ear 165  
A present you'll be glad to hear:  
At least I hope so: the thing's done,  
Or may I never see the sun;  
For which I humbly now demand  
Performance at your gentle hand; 170  
And that you'd please to do your part,  
As I have done mine, to my smart.  
With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,  
As if he felt his shoulders ake.  
But she, who well enough knew what 175  
(Before he spoke) he would be at,  
Pretended not to apprehend  
The mystery of what he mean'd;  
And therefore wish'd him to expound  
His dark expressions, less profound. 180

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove  
How much I've suffer'd for your love,  
Which (like your votary) to win,  
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;  
And for those meritorious lashes,  
To claim your favour and good graces. 185

Quoth she, I do remember once  
I freed you from th' enchanted sconce;  
And that you promis'd, for that favour,  
To bind your back to good behaviour, 190  
And, for my sake and service, vow'd  
To lay upon't a heavy load,

And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,  
As other Knights do oft make love;  
Which, whether you have done or no,  
Concerns yourself, not me, to know. 195  
But if you have, I shall confess,  
Y' are honester than I could guess.

Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,  
I cannot prove it but by oath;  
And if you make a question on't,  
I'll pawn my soul that I have done't;  
And he that makes his soul his surety,  
I think, does give the best security. 200

Quoth she, Some say, the soul's secure 205  
Against distress and forfeiture;  
Is free from action, and exempt  
From execution and contempt;  
And to be summon'd to appear  
In th' other world's illegal here; 210  
And therefore few make any account  
Int' what incumbrances they run't:

For most men carry things so even  
Between this World, and Hell, and Heaven,  
Without the least offence to either, 215  
They freely deal in all together;  
And equally abhor to quit  
This world for both, or both for it;  
And when they pawn and damn their souls,  
They are but pris'ners on paroles. 220

- For that (quoth he) 'tis rational,  
 Th' may be accountable in all:  
 For when there is that intercourse  
 Between divine and human pow'rs,  
 That all that we determine here 225  
 Commands obedience every where,  
 When penalties may be commuted  
 For fines or ears, and executed,  
 It follows, nothing binds so fast  
 As souls in pawn and mortgage past: 230  
 For oaths are th' only tests and seals  
 Of right and wrong, and true and false:  
 And there's no other way to try  
 The doubts of law and justice by.
- (Quoth she) What is it you would swear? 235  
 There's no believing till I hear;  
 For, till they're understood, all tales  
 (Like nonsense) are not true nor false.
- (Quoth he) When I resolv'd t' obey  
 What you commanded th' other day, 240  
 And to perform my exercise,  
 (As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,  
 T' avoid all scruples in the case,  
 I went to do't upon the place.  
 But as the Castle is enchanted 245  
 By *Sidrophel* the Witch, and haunted  
 With evil spirits, as you know,  
 Who took my Squire and me for two,  
 Before I'd hardly time to lay  
 My weapons by, and disarray, 250  
 I heard a formidable noise,  
 Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,  
 That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip,  
 I'm ready with th' infernal whip,  
 That shall divest thy ribs from skin, 255  
 To expiate thy ling'ring sin.  
 Th' hast broken perfidiously thy oath,  
 And not perform'd thy plighted troth;  
 But spar'd thy renegado back,  
 Where th' hadst so great a prize at stake; 260

Which now the fates have order'd me  
For penance and revenge to flea,  
Unless thou presently make haste:  
Time is, time was: And there it ceas'd.  
With which, though startled, I confess, 265  
Yet th' horror of the thing was less  
Than th' other dismal apprehension  
Of interruption or prevention;  
And therefore, snatching up the rod,  
I laid upon my back a load; 270  
Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,  
To make my word and honour good;  
Till tir'd and making truce at length,  
For new recruits of breath and strength,  
I felt the blows still ply'd as fast 275  
As if th' had been by lovers plac'd,  
In raptures of platonic lashing,  
And chaste contemplative bardashing;  
When facing hastily about,  
To stand upon my guard and scout, 280  
I found th' infernal Cunning-man,  
And th' Under-witch his *Caliban*,  
With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,  
That on my outward quarters storm'd.  
In haste I snatch'd my weapon up, 285  
And gave their hellish rage a stop;  
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell  
Courageously on *Sidrophel*;  
Who, now transform'd himself t' a bear,  
Began to roar aloud, and tear; 290  
When I as furiously press'd on,  
My weapon down his throat to run;  
Laid hold on him; but he broke loose,  
And turn'd himself from into a goose;  
Div'd under water, in a pond, 295  
To hide himself from being found.  
In vain I sought him; but, as soon  
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,  
Prepar'd with equal haste and rage,  
His Under-sorcerer t' engage.



But bravely scorning to defile  
 My sword with feeble blood and vile,  
 I judg'd it better from a quick-  
 Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,  
 With which I furiously laid on 305  
 Till, in a harsh and doleful tone,  
 It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir:  
 I am too great a sufferer,  
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,  
 But conjur'd into a worse caprich; 310  
 Who sends me out on many a jaunt,  
 Old houses in the night to haunt,  
 For opportunities t' improve  
 Designs of thievery or love;  
 With drugs convey'd in drink or meat, 315  
 All feats of witches counterfeit;  
 Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,  
 And make it for enchantment pass;  
 With cow-itch meazle like a leper,  
 And choak with fumes of guiney pepper; 320  
 Make leachers and their punks with dewtry,  
 Commit fantastical advowtry;  
 Bewitch Hermetic-men to run  
 Stark staring mad with manicon;  
 Believe mechanic Virtuosi 325  
 Can raise 'em mountains in *Potosi*;  
 And, sillier than the antic fools,  
 Take treasure for a heap of coals:  
 Seek out for plants with signatures,  
 To quack of universal cures: 330  
 With figures ground on panes of glass  
 Make people on their heads to pass;  
 And mighty heaps of coin increase,  
 Reflected from a single piece,  
 To draw in fools, whose nat'ral itches 335  
 Incline perpetually to witches;  
 And keep me in continual fears,  
 And danger of my neck and ears;  
 When less delinquents have been scourg'd,  
 And hemp on wooden anvil forg'd, 340

Which others for cravats have worn  
About their necks, and took a turn.

I pity'd the sad punishment  
The wretched caitiff underwent,  
And left my drubbing of his bones, 345  
Too great an honour for pultrones;  
For Knights are bound to feel no blows  
From paulty and unequal foes,  
Who, when they slash, and cut to pieces,  
Do all with civilest addresses: 350

Their horses never give a blow,  
But when they make a leg, and bow.  
I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him  
About the witch with many a question. 355

Quoth he, For many years he drove  
A kind of broking-trade in love;  
Employ'd in all th' intrigues, and trust  
Of feeble, speculative lust:  
Procurer to th' extravagancy,  
And crazy ribaldry of fancy, 360  
By those the Devil had forsook,  
As things below him to provoke.

But b'ing a virtuoso, able  
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,  
He held his talent most adroit 365  
For any mystical exploit;

As others of his tribe had done,  
And rais'd their prices three to one :  
For one predicting pimp has th' odds  
Of chauldrons of plain downright bawds. 370

But as an elf (the Devil's valet)  
Is not so slight a thing to get;  
For those that do his bus'ness best,  
In hell are us'd the ruggedest; 375

Before so meriting a person  
Cou'd get a grant, but in reversion,  
He serv'd two prenticeships, and longer,  
I' th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.  
For (as some write) a witch's ghost,  
As soon as from the body loos'd, 380

Becomes a puney-imp itself  
 And is another witch's elf.  
 He, after searching far and near,  
 At length found one in *Lancashire*,  
 With whom he bargain'd before-hand, 385  
 And, after hanging, entertained;  
 Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats,  
 And practis'd all mechanic cheats,  
 Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes  
 Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes, 390  
 Which he has vary'd more than witches,  
 Or Pharaoh's wizards cou'd their switches;  
 And all with whom h' has had to do,  
 Turn'd to as monstrous figures too.  
 Witness myself, whom h' has abus'd, 395  
 And to this beastly shape reduc'd,  
 By feeding me on beans and bease,  
 He crams in nasty crevices,  
 And turns to comfits by his arts,  
 To make me relish for disserts, 400  
 And one by one, with shame and fear,  
 Lick up the candy'd provender.  
 Beside — — But as h' was running on,  
 To tell what other feats h' had done,  
 The Lady stopt his full career, 405  
 And told him now 'twas time to hear:  
 If half those things (said she) be true —  
 They're all, (quoth he,) I swear by you.  
 Why then (said she,) That *Sidrophel*  
 Has damn'd himself to th' pit of Hell; 410  
 Who, mounted on a broom, the nag  
 And hackney of a Lapland bag,  
 In quest of you came hither post,  
 Within an hour (I'm sure) at most;  
 Who told me all you swear and say, 415  
 Quite contrary another way;  
 Vow'd that you came to him to know  
 If you should carry me or no;  
 And would have hir'd him, and his imps,  
 To be your match-makers and pimps, 420

T' engage the Devil on your side,  
And steal (like *Proserpine*) your bride.  
But he, disdainng to embrace  
So filthy a design and base,  
You fell to vapouring and huffing, 425  
And drew upon him like a ruffin ;  
Surpriz'd him meanly unprepar'd,  
Before h' had time to mount his guard ;  
And left him dead upon the ground,  
With many a bruise and desperate wound : 430  
Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,  
And stole his talismanique louse,  
And all his new-found old inventions ;  
With flat felonious intentions ;  
Which he could bring out where he had, 435  
And what he bought them for, and paid.  
His flea, his morpion, and punese,  
H' had gotten for his proper ease,  
And all in perfect minutes made,  
By th' ablest artist of the trade ; 440  
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,  
He has been eaten up almost ;  
And all together might amount  
To many hundreds on account ;  
For which h' had got sufficient warrant 445  
To seize the malefactors errant,  
Without capacity of bail,  
But of cart's or horse's tail ;  
And did not doubt to bring the wretches  
To serve for pendulums to watches ; 450  
Which, modern virtuosos say,  
Incline to hanging every way.  
Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,  
That, e're he went in quest of you,  
He set a figure to discover 455  
If you were fled to *Rye* or *Dover* ;  
And found it clear, that, to betray  
Yourselves and me, you fled this way :  
And that he was upon pursuit,  
To take you somewhere hereabout. 460

He vow'd he had intelligence  
 Of all that past before and since ;  
 And found that, e'er you came to him,  
 Y' had been engaging life and limb  
 About a case of tender conscience, 465  
 Where both abounded in your own sense ;  
 Till *Ralpho*, by his light and grace,  
 Had clear'd all scruples in the case ;  
 And prov'd that you might swear and own  
 Whatever's by the wicked done, 470  
 For which, most basely to requite  
 The service of his gifts and light,  
 You strove to oblige him by main force,  
 To scourge his ribs instead of yours ;  
 But that he stood upon his guard, 475  
 And all your vapouring out-dar'd ;  
 For which, between you both, the feat  
 Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight  
 Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white, 480  
 (As men of inward light are wont  
 To turn their optics in upon't)  
 He wonder'd how she came to know  
 What he had done, and meant to do ;  
 Held up his affidavit-hand, 485  
 As if h' had been to be arraign'd ;  
 Cast t' wards the door a ghastly look,  
 In dread of *Sidrophel*, and spoke :

Madam, if but one word be true  
 Of all the Wizard has told you, 490  
 Or but one single circumstance  
 In all th' apocryphal romance,  
 May dreadful earthquakes swallow down  
 This vessel, that is all your own ;  
 Or may the heavens fall, and cover 495  
 These reliques of your constant lover.

You have provided well, quoth she,  
 (I thank you) for yourself and me,  
 And shewn your presbyterian wits  
 Jump punctual with the Jesuits ; 500

A most compendious way, and civil,  
At once to cheat the world, the Devil,  
And Heaven and Hell, yourselves, and those  
On whom you vainly think t' impose.  
Why then (quoth he) may Hell surprize — 505  
That trick (said she) will not pass twice:  
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe  
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve.  
But there's a better way of clearing  
What you would prove than downright swearing: 510  
For if you have perform'd the feat,  
The blows are visible as yet,  
Enough to serve for satisfaction  
Of nicest scruples in the action:  
And if you can produce those knobs, 515  
Although they're but the witch's drubs,  
I'll pass them all upon account,  
As if your natural self had done't;  
Provided that they pass th' opinion  
Of able juries of old women, 520  
Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts  
For bellies, may do so for backs.  
Madam, (quoth he,) your love's a million;  
To do is less than to be willing,  
As I am, were it in my power, 525  
T' obey, what you command, and more:  
But for performing what you bid,  
I thank you as much as if I did.  
You know I ought to have a care  
To keep my wounds from taking air: 530  
For wounds in those that are all heart,  
Are dangerous in any part.  
I find (quoth she) my goods and chattels  
Are like to prove but mere drawn battels;  
For still the longer we contend, 535  
We are but farther off the end.  
Bus granting now we should agree,  
What is it you expect from me?  
Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word  
You past in heaven on record. 540

Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,  
Are everlastingly enroll'd :

And if 'tis counted treason here  
To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n, 545

Nor marriages clapp'd up, in Heav'n,

And that's the reason, as some guess,

There is no heav'n in marriages ;

Two things that naturally press

Too narrowly to be at ease. 550

Their bus'ness there is only love,

Which marriage is not like t' improve :

Love, that's too generous to abide

To be against its nature ty'd ;

For where 'tis of itself inclin'd, 555

It breaks loose when it is confin'd ;

And like the soul, its harbourer.

Debarr'd the freedom of the air,

Disdains against its will to stay,

But struggles out, and flies away ; 560

And therefore never can comply

To endure the matrimonial tie,

That binds the female and the male,

Where th' one is but the other's bail ;

Like Roman gaolers, when they slept, 565

Chain'd to the prisoners they kept ;

Of which the true and faithfulest lover

Gives best security to suffer.

Marriage is but a beast, some say,

That carries double in foul way ; 570

And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd,

It should so suddenly be tir'd ;

A bargain at a venture made,

Between two partners in a trade ;

(For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold, 575

But something past away, and sold ?)

That as it makes but one of two,

Reduces all things else as low ;

And, at the best, is but a mart

Between the one and th' other part, 580

That on the marriage-day is paid,  
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;  
And all the rest of better or worse,  
Both are but losers out of purse.  
For when upon their ungot heirs 585  
Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,  
What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,  
Or wager laid at six and seven?  
To pass themselves away, and turn  
Their childrens' tenants e're they're born? 590  
Beg one another idiot  
To guardians, e'er they are begot;  
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,  
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,  
Though got b' implicit generation, 595  
And gen'ral club of all the nation;  
For which she's fortify'd no less  
Than all the island, with four seas;  
Exacts the tribute of her dower  
In ready insolence and power; 600  
And makes him pass away to have  
And hold, to her, himself, her slave,  
More wretched than an ancient villain,  
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;  
While all he does upon the by, 605  
She is not bound to justify,  
Nor at her proper cost and charge  
Maintain the feats he does at large.  
Such hideous sots were those obedient  
Old vassals to their ladies regent; 610  
To give the cheats the eldest hand  
In foul play by the laws o' th' land;  
For which so many a legal cuckold  
Has been ran down in courts and truckeld:  
A law that most unjustly yokes 615  
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,  
Without distinction of degree,  
Condition, age, or quality:  
Admits no power of revocation,  
Nor valuable consideration, 620



Nor writ of error, nor reverse  
 Of Judgment past, for better or worse :  
 Will not allow the privileges  
 That beggars challenge under hedges,  
 Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses 625  
 Their spiritual judges of divorces ;  
 While nothing else but *Rem in Re*  
 Can set the proudest wretches free ;  
 A slavery beyond enduring,  
 But that 'tis of their own procuring, 630  
 As spiders never seek the fly,  
 But leave him, of himself, t' apply,  
 So men are by themselves employ'd,  
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,  
 And run their necks into a noose, 635  
 They'd break 'em after to break loose :  
 As some whom Death would not depart,  
 Have done the feat themselves by art ;  
 Like Indian widows, gone to bed  
 In flaming curtains to the dead ; 640  
 And men as often dangled for't,  
 And yet will never leave the sport.  
 Nor do the ladies want excuse  
 For all the stratagems they use  
 To gain the advantage of the set, 645  
 And lurch the amorous rook and cheat :  
 For as the Pythagorean soul  
 Runs through all beasts, and fish and fowl,  
 And has a smack of ev'ry one,  
 So love does, and has ever done ; 650  
 And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,  
 Takes strangely to the vagabond.  
 'Tis but an ague that's reverst,  
 Whose hot fit takes the patient first,  
 That after burns with cold as much 655  
 As ir'n in *Greenland* does the touch ;  
 Melts in the furnace of desire  
 Like glass, that's but the ice of fire ;  
 And when his heat of fancy's over,  
 Becomes as hard and frail a lover. 660

For when he's with love-powder laden,  
And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,  
The smallest sparkle of an eye  
Give fire to his artillery;  
And off the loud oaths go; but while 665  
They're in the very act, recoil.  
Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance  
Without a sep'rate maintenance;  
And widows, who have try'd one lover,  
Trust none again, 'till th' have made over; 670  
Or if they do, before they marry,  
The foxes weigh the geese they carry;  
And e're they venture o'er a stream,  
Know how to size themselves and them;  
Whence wittiest ladies always choose 675  
To undertake the heaviest goose:  
For now the world is grown so wary,  
That few of either sex dare marry,  
But rather trust on tick t' amours,  
The cross and pile for better or worse; 680  
A mode that is held honourable,  
As well as French, and fashionable:  
For when it falls out for the best,  
Where both are incommoded least,  
In soul and body two unite, 685  
To make up one hermaphrodite,  
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,  
Like *Philip* and *Mary* on a shilling,  
Th' have more punctilios and caprices  
Between the petticoat and breeches, 690  
More petulant extravagances,  
Than poets make 'em in romances.  
Though when their heroes 'sponse the dames,  
We hear no more of charms and flames:  
For then their late attracts decline, 695  
And turn as eager as prick'd wine;  
And all their catterwauling tricks,  
In earnest to as jealous piques;  
Which the ancients wisely signify'd,  
By th' yellow mantos of the bride: 700

For jealousy is but a kind  
Of clap and grincam of the mind,  
The natural effects of love,  
As other flames and aches prove :  
But all the mischief is, the doubt 705  
On whose account they first broke out.  
For though Chinesees go to bed,  
And lie in, in their ladies stead,  
And for the pains they took before,  
Are nurs'd and pamp'p'd to do more 710  
Our green men do it worse, when th' hap  
To fall in labour of a clap :  
Both lay the child to one another :  
But who's the father, who the mother,  
'Tis hard to say in multitudes, 715  
Or who imported the French goods.  
But health and sickness b'ing all one,  
Which both engag'd before to own,  
And are not with their bodies bound  
To worship, only when they're sound, 720  
Both give and take their equal shares  
Of all they suffer by false wares :  
A fate no lover can divert  
With all his caution, wit, and art.  
For 'tis in vain to think to guess 725  
At women by appearances,  
That paint and patch their imperfections  
Of intellectual complexions,  
And daub their tempers o'er with washes  
As artificial as their faces ; 730  
Weard under vizard-masks their talents  
And mother-wits before their gallants,  
Until they're hamper'd in the noose,  
Too fast to dream of breaking loose ;  
When all the flaws they strove to hide 735  
Are made unready with the bride,  
That with her wedding-clothes undresses  
Her complaisance and gentileesses,  
Tries all her arts to take upon her  
The government from th' easy owner ; 740

Until the wretch is glad to wave  
His lawful right, and turn her slave;  
Find all his having, and his holding,  
Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding;  
The conjugal petard, that tears 745  
Down all portcullisses of ears,  
And make the volley of one tongue  
For all their leathern shields too strong;  
When only arm'd with noise and nails,  
The female silk-worms ride the males, 750  
Transform 'em into rams and goats,  
Like Sirens, with their charming notes;  
Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,  
Or those enchanting murmurs made  
By th' husband mandrake and the wife, 755  
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These reasons are but strains  
Of wanton, over-heated brains,  
Which ralliers, in their wit, or drink,  
Do rather wheedle with than think. 760  
Man was not man in paradise,  
Until he was created twice,  
And had his better half, his bride,  
Carv'd from the original, his side,  
T' amend his natural defects, 765  
And perfect his recruited sex;  
Inlarge his breed at once, and lessen  
The pains and labour of increasing,  
By changing them for other cares,  
As by his dry'd-up paps appears. 770  
His body, that stupendous frame,  
Of all the world the anagram,  
Is of two equal parts compact,  
In shape and symmetry exact,  
Of which the left and female side 775  
Is to the manly right a bride;  
Both join'd together with such art,  
That nothing else but death can part.  
Those heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes,  
And face, that all the world surprize, 780

That dazzle all that look upon ye,  
And scorch all other ladies tawny,  
Those ravishing and charming graces  
Are all made up of two half faces,  
That in a mathematic line, 785  
Like those in other heavens, join,  
Of which if either grew alone,  
T' would fright as much to look upon:  
And so would that sweet bud, your lip,  
Without the other's fellowship. 790  
Our noblest senses act by pairs;  
Two eyes to see; to hear, two ears;  
Th' intelligencers of the mind,  
To wait upon the soul design'd;  
But those that serve the body alone, 795  
Are single, and confin'd to one.  
The world is but two parts, that meet  
And close at th' equinoctial fit;  
And so are all the works of nature,  
Stamp'd with her signature on matter; 800  
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,  
Or smallest blade of grass receive;  
All which sufficiently declare,  
How entirely marriage is her care,  
The only method that she uses 805  
In all the wonders she produces:  
And those that take their rules from her,  
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.  
For what secures the civil life,  
But pawns of children, and a wife? 810  
That lie like hostages at stake,  
To pay for all men undertake;  
To whom it is as necessary  
As to be born and breathe, to marry;  
So universal all mankind, 815  
In nothing else, is of one mind.  
For in what stupid age, or nation,  
Was marriage ever out of fashion?  
Unless among the Amazons,  
Or cloister'd friars, and vestal nuns; 820

Or Stoicks, who, to bar the freaks  
And loose excesses of the sex,  
Prepost'rously wou'd have all women  
Turn'd up to all the world in common.  
Though men would find such mortal feuds, 825  
In sharing of their public goods,  
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,  
Than they're supply'd with now by wives;  
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,  
As beasts do, of their native growths: 830  
For simple wearing of their horns  
Will not suffice to serve their turns,  
For what can we pretend t' inherit,  
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?  
Could claim no right to lands or rents, 835  
But for our parents' settlements;  
Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,  
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.  
What honours or estates of peers,  
Cou'd be preserv'd but by their heirs? 840  
And what security maintains  
Their right and title, but the banes?  
What crowns could be hereditary,  
If greatest monarchs did not marry,  
And with their consorts consummate 845  
Their weightiest interests of state?  
For all the amours of princes are  
But guarantees of peace or war.  
Or what but marriage has a charm  
The rage of empires to disarm, 850  
Make blood and desolation cease,  
And fire and sword unite in peace,  
When all their fierce contest for forage  
Conclude in articles of marriage?  
Nor does the genial bed provide 855  
Less for the int'rests of the bride;  
Who else had not the least pretence  
T' as much as due benevolence;  
Could no more title take upon her  
To virtue, quality, and honour, 860

Than ladies-errant, unconfin'd,  
And feme-coverts t' all mankind  
All women would be of one piece,  
The virtuous matron and the miss;  
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train, 865  
The same with those in *Leukner's Lane*;  
But for the difference marriage makes  
'Twixt wives and ladies of the lakes;  
Besides the joys of place and birth,  
The sex's paradise on earth; 870  
A privilege so sacred held,  
That none will to their mothers yield;  
But rather than not go before,  
Abandon Heaven at the door.  
And if th' indulgent law allows 875  
A greater freedom to the spouse,  
The reason is, because the wife  
Runs greater hazards of her life;  
Is trusted with the form and matter  
Of all mankind by careful nature; 880  
Where man brings nothing but the stuff  
She frames the wond'rous fabric of;  
Who therefore, in a streight, may freely  
Demand the clergy of her belly,  
And make it save her the same way 885  
It seldom misses to betray;  
Unless both parties wisely enter  
Into the liturgy indenture,  
And though some fits of small contest  
Sometimes fall out among the best; 890  
That is no more than ev'ry lover  
Does from his hackney-lady suffer;  
That makes no breach of faith and love,  
But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.  
For as in running, ev'ry pace 895  
Is but between two legs a race,  
In which both do their utte most  
To get before, and win the post,  
Yet when they're at their race's ends,  
They're still as kind and constant friends, 900

And, to relieve their weariness,  
By turns give one another ease;  
So all those false alarms of strife  
Between the husband and the wife,  
And little quarrels, often prove 905  
To be but now recruits of love;  
When those wh' are always kind or coy,  
In time must either tire or cloy.  
Nor are their loudest clamours more,  
Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour; 910  
Like music, that proves bad or good;  
According as 'tis understood.  
In all amours, a lover burns  
With frowns as well as smiles by turns;  
And hearts have been as oft with sullen 915  
As charming looks surpriz'd and stolen,  
Then why should more bewitching clamour  
Some lovers not as much enamour?  
For discords make the sweetest airs?  
And curses are a kind of pray'rs; 920  
Too slight alloys for all those grand  
Felicities by marriage gain'd.  
For nothing else has pow'r to settle  
Th' interests of love perpetual;  
An act and deed, that makes one heart 925  
Becomes another's counter-part,  
And passes fines on faith and love,  
Inroll'd and register'd above,  
To seal the slippery knots of vows,  
Which nothing else but death can loose. 930  
And what security's too strong,  
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,  
That to its friend is glad to pass  
Itself away, and all it has;  
And, like an anchorite, gives over 935  
This world for th' heaven of a lover?  
I grant (quoth she) there are some few  
Who take that course, and find it true;  
But millions whom the same does sentence  
To heav'n b' another way — repentance. 940



Love's arrows are but shot at rovers;  
 Though all they hit, they turn to lovers;  
 And all the weighty consequents  
 Depend upon more blind events, 945  
 Than gamesters, when they play a set  
 With greatest cunning at piquet,  
 Put out with caution, but take in  
 They know not what, unsight, unseen.  
 For what do lovers, when they're fast  
 In one another's arms embrac't, 950  
 But strive to plunder, and convey  
 Each other, like a prize, away?  
 To change the property of selves,  
 As sucking children are by elves?  
 And if they use their persons so, 955  
 What will they to their fortunes do?  
 Their fortunes! the perpetual aims  
 Of all their extasies and flames.  
 For when the money's on the book,  
 And, All my worldly goods — but spoke, 960  
 (The formal livery and seizin  
 That puts a lover in possession,)  
 To that alone the bridegroom's wedded;  
 The bride a flam, that's superseded.  
 To that their faith is still made good, 965  
 And all the oaths to us they vow'd:  
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,  
 W' have nothing left we can call ours:  
 Our money's now become the Miss  
 Of all your lives and services; 970  
 And we forsaken, and postpon'd;  
 But bawds to what before we own'd;  
 Which, as it made y' at first gallant us,  
 So now hires others to supplant us,  
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors, 975  
 (As we had been) for new amours:  
 For what did ever heiress yet  
 By being born to lordship get?  
 When the more lady sh' is of manours,  
 She's but expos'd to more trepanners, 980

Pays for their projects and designs,  
And for her own destruction fines;  
And does but tempt them with her riches,  
To use her as the Dev'l does witches;  
Who takes it for a special grace 985  
To be their cully for a space,  
That when the time's expir'd, the drazels  
For ever may become his vassals:  
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,  
Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits; 990  
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,  
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds,  
Until they force her to convey,  
And steal the thief himself away.  
These are the everlasting fruits 995  
Of all your passionate love-suits,  
Th' effects of all your amorous fancies  
To portions and inheritances;  
Your love sick rapture for fruition  
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition; 1000  
To which you make address and courtship;  
And with your bodies strive to worship,  
That th' infants' fortunes may partake  
Of love too, for the mother's sake.  
For these you play at purposes, 1005  
And love your love's with A's and B's;  
For these at Beste and L'Ombre woo,  
And play for love and money too;  
Strive who shall be the ablest man  
At right gallanting of a fan; 1010  
And who the most genteely bred  
At sucking of a vizard-bead;  
How best t'accost us in all quarters;  
T' our question — and command new Garters;  
And solidly discourse upon 1015  
All sorts of dresses, Pro and Con.  
For there's no mystery nor trade,  
But in the art of love is made,  
And when you have more debts to pay  
Than Michaelmas and Lady-Day, 1020

And no way possible to do't,  
 But love and oaths, and restless suit,  
 To us y' apply to pay the scores  
 Of all your cully'd, past amours:  
 Act o'er your flames and darts again, 1025  
 And charge us with your wounds and pain;  
 Which others influences long since  
 Have charm'd your noses with and shins;  
 For which the surgeon is unpaid,  
 And like to be, without our aid. 1030  
 Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!  
 How debts and mortgages inchant!  
 What graces must that lady have  
 That can from executions save!  
 What charms that can reverse extent, 1035  
 And null decree and exigent!  
 What magical attracts and graces,  
 That can redeem from *Scire facias*!  
 From bonds and statutes can discharge,  
 And from contempts of courts enlarge! 1040  
 These are the highest excellencies  
 Of all your true or false pretences:  
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear  
 As much t' an hostess dowager,  
 Grown fat and pursy by retail 1045  
 Of pots of beer and bottled ale;  
 And find her fitter for your turn;  
 For fat is wondrous apt to burn;  
 Who at your flames would soon take fire,  
 Relent, and melt to your desire, 1050  
 And, like a candle in the socket,  
 Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.  
 By this time 'twas grown dark and late,  
 When they heard a knocking at the gate,  
 Laid on in haste with such a powder, 1055  
 The blows grew louder still and louder;  
 Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been  
 Bestow'd as freely on his skin,  
 Expounding, by his inward light,  
 Or rather more prophetic fright, 1060

To be the Wizard, come to search,  
And take him napping in the lurch,  
Turn'd pale as ashes or a clout:  
But why or wherefore is a doubt:  
For men will tremble, and turn paler  
1065 With too much or too little valour.  
His heart laid on, as if it try'd  
To force a passage through his side,  
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,  
But in a fury to fly at 'em;  
1070 And therefore beat, and laid about,  
To find a cranny to creep out.  
But she, who saw in what a taking  
The Knight was by his furious quaking,  
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight;  
1075 Know, I'm resolv'd to break no rite  
Of hospitality t' a stranger;  
But, to secure you out of danger,  
Will here myself stand sentinel,  
To guard this pass 'gainst *Sidrophel*.  
1080 Women, you know, do seldom fail  
To make the stoutest men turn tail;  
And bravely scorn to turn their backs  
Upon the desp'ratest attacks.  
At this the Knight grew resolute  
1085 As *Ironsides* and *Hardiknute*:  
His fortitude began to rally,  
And out he cry'd aloud to sally.  
But she besought him to convey  
His courage rather out o' th' way,  
1090 And lodge in ambush on the floor,  
Or fortify'd behind a door;  
That if the enemy shou'd enter,  
He might relieve her in th' adventure.  
Mean while they knock'd against the door  
1095 As fierce as at the gate before,  
Which made the Renegado Knight  
Relapse again t' his former fright.  
He thought it desperate to stay  
Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,  
1100

- But rather post himself, to serve  
The lady, for a fresh reserve.  
His duty was not to dispute,  
But what sh' had order'd execute;  
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey, 1105  
And therefore stoutly march'd away;  
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,  
Though in the dark, and all alone;  
Till fear, that braver feats performs  
Than ever courage dar'd in arms, 1110  
Had drawn him up before a pass,  
To stand upon his guard, and face:  
This he courageously invaded,  
And having enter'd, barricado'd,  
Insconc'd himself as formidable 1115  
As could be underneath a table,  
Where he lay down in ambush close,  
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.  
Few minutes he had lain perdue,  
To guard his desp'rate avenue, 1120  
Before he heard a dreadful shout,  
As loud as putting to the rout,  
With which impatiently alarm'd,  
He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd,  
And after ent'ring, *Sidrophel*, 1125  
Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell:  
He therefore sent out all his senses,  
To bring him in intelligences,  
Which vulgar, out of ignorance,  
Mistake for falling in a tran e; 1130  
But those that trade in geomancy,  
Affirm to be the strength of fancy;  
In which the Lapland Magi deal,  
And things incredible reveal.  
Mean while the foe beat up his quarters, 1135  
And storm'd the out-works of his fortress:  
And as another, of the same  
Degree and party, in arms and fame,  
That in the same cause had engag'd,  
And war with equal conduct wag'd, 1140

By vent'ring only but to thrust  
His head a span beyond his post,  
B' a gen'ral of the cavaliers  
Was dragg'd thro' a window by th' ears;  
So he was serv'd in his redoubt, 1145  
And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,  
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,  
As if they'd scorn'd to trade or barter,  
By giving or by taking quarter: 1150  
They stoutly on his quarters laid,  
Until his scouts came in t' his aid.  
For when a man is past his sense,  
There's no way to reduce him thence,  
But twinging him by th' ears or nose, 1155  
Or laying on of heavy blows;  
And if that will not do the deed,  
To burning with hot irons proceed.  
No sooner was he come t' himself,  
But on his neck a sturdy elf 1160  
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,  
And thus attack'd him with reproof;

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us  
B' our friend, thy Evil Genius,  
Who, for thy horrid perjuries, 1165  
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,  
The Brethren's privilege (against  
The wicked) on themselves, the Saints,  
Has here thy wretched carcass sent  
For just revenge and punishment; 1170  
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,  
But by an open, free confession;  
For if we catch thee failing once,  
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray, 1175  
And filch the lady's heart away?  
To spirit her to matrimony? —  
That which contracts all matches — money.  
It was th' enchantment of her riches  
That made m'apply t' your croney witches, 1180

That, in return, wou'd pay th' expence,  
 The wear and tear of conscience;  
 Which I cou'd have patch'd up, and turn'd,  
 For the hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her then? Speak true. 1185

No more (quoth he) than I love you. —

How wou'd'st th' have us'd her, and her money? —

First turn'd her up to alimony;

And laid her dowry out in law,

To null her jointure with a flaw, 1190

Which I before-hand had agreed

T' have put, on purpose, in the deed;

And bar her widow's making over

T' a friend in trust, or private lover.

What made thee pick and chuse her out, 1195

T' employ their sorceries about? —

That which makes gamesters play with those

Who have least wit, and most to lose.

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,

As thou hast damn'd thyself to us? 1200

I see you take me for an ass:

'Tis true, I thought the trick wou'd pass

Upon a woman well enough,

As 't has been often found by proof,

Whose humours are not to be won,

But when they are impos'd upon, 1205

For love approves of all they do

That stand for candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies

Of bears and witches in disguise? 1210

That is no more than authors give

The rabble credit to believe:

A trick of following their leaders,

To entertain their gentle readers;

And we have now no other way 1215

Of passing all we do or say:

Which, when 'tis natural and true,

Will be believ'd b' a very few,

Beside the danger of offence,

The fatal enemy of sense. 1220

Why did thou chuse that cursed sin,  
Hypocrisy, to set up in?

Because it is in the thriving'st calling,  
The only Saints-bell that rings all in ;  
In which all churches are concern'd ,  
And is the easiest to be learn'd : 1225

For no degrees, unless th' employ't,  
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't:  
A gift that is not only able  
To domineer among the rabble, 1230

But by the laws impower'd to rout,  
And awe the greatest that stand out;  
Which few hold forth against, for fear  
Their hands should slip, and come too near;  
For no sin else among the Saints 1235  
Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows? —  
That wick makes others break a house,  
And hang, and scorn ye all, before  
Endure the plague of being poor. 1240

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks  
Than all your doating politicks,  
That are grown old, and out of fashion,  
Compar'd with your New Reformation ;  
That we must come to school to you, 1245  
To learn your more refin'd, and new.

Quoth he, if you will give me leave  
To tell you what I now perceive,  
You'll find yourself an arrant chouse,  
If y' were but at a Meeting-House. — 1250  
'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,  
Because, w' have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine  
What wond'rous things they will engage in:  
That as your fellow-fiends in Hell  
Were angels all before they fell, 1255  
So are you like to be agen,  
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be  
Thy scholar in this mystery ; 1260



And therefore first desire to know  
Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,  
And one of us? — A livelihood.

What renders beating out of brains,  
And murder, godliness? — Great gains. 1265

What's tender conscience? — 'Tis a botch,  
That will not bear the gentlest touch;  
But breaking out, dispatches more  
Than th' epidemical'st plague-sore. 1270

What makes y' encroach upon our trade,  
And damn all others? — To be paid.

What's orthodox, and true believing  
Against a conscience? — A good living.

What makes rebelling against Kings  
A Good Old Cause? — Administ'ring. 1275

What makes all doctrines plain and clear? —  
About two hundred pounds a year.

And that which was prov'd true before,  
Prove false again? — Two hundred more. 1280

What makes the breaking of all oaths  
A holy duty? — Food and cloaths.

What laws and freedom, persecution? —  
B'ing out of pow'r, and contribution.

What makes a church a den of thieves? —  
A dean and chapter, and white sleeves. 1285

And what would serve, if those were gone,  
To make it orthodox? — Our own.

What makes morality a crime,  
The most notorious of the time; 1290

Morality, which both the Saints,  
And wicked too, cry out against? —

'Cause grace and virtue are within  
Prohibited degrees of kin;

And therefore no true Saint allows  
They shall be suffer'd to espouse; 1295

For Saints can need no conscience,  
That with morality dispense;

As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted  
In nature only, and not imputed: 1300

But why the wicked should do so,  
We neither know, or care to do.

What's liberty of conscience,  
I' th natural and genuine sense?

'Tis to restore, with more security, 1305

Rebellion to its ancient purity;

And christian liberty reduce

To th' elder practice of the Jews.

For a large conscience is all one,

And signifies the same with none. 1310

It is enough (quoth he) for once,

And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:

*Nick Machiavel* had ne'er a trick,

(Though he gave his name to our Old Nick,)

But was below the least of these, 1315

That pass i' th' world for holiness.

This said, the furies and the light

In th' instant vanish'd out of sight,

And left him in the dark alone,

With stinks of brimstone and his own. 1320

The Queen of Night, whose large command

Rules all the sea, and half the land,

And over moist and crazy brains,

In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,

Was now declining to the west, 1325

To go to bed, and take her rest;

When *Hudibras*, whose stubborn blows

Deny'd his bones that soft repose,

Lay still expecting worse and more,

Stretch'd out at length upon the floor: 1330

And though he shut his eyes as fast

As if h' had been to sleep his last,

Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards

Do make the Devil wear for vizards,

And pricking up his ears, to hark 1335

If he cou'd hear too in the dark,

Was first invaded with a groan,

And after, in a feeble tone,

These trembling words: Unhappy wretch?

What hast thou gotten by this fetch; 1340

- Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,  
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade?  
By sauntering still on some adventure,  
And growing to thy horse a Centaure?  
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs 1345  
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?  
For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,  
As well in conquest as defeat.  
Night is the sabbath of mankind,  
To rest the body and the mind, 1350  
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,  
And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.  
The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd,  
As meant to him, this reprimand,  
Because the character did hit 1355  
Point-blank upon his case so fit;  
Believ'd it was some drolling spright,  
That staid upon the guard that night,  
And one of those h' had seen, and felt  
The drubs he had so freely dealt; 1360  
When, after a short pause and groan,  
The doleful Spirit thus went on:  
This 'tis t' engage with dogs and bears  
Pell-mell together by the ears,  
And, after painful bangs and knocks, 1365  
To lie in limbo in the stocks,  
And from the pinnacle of glory  
Fall headlong into purgatory.  
(Thought he, this devil's full of malice,  
That on my late disasters rallies :) 1370  
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,  
By being more heroic-minded;  
And at riding handled worse,  
With treats more slovenly and coarse:  
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, 1375  
And hot disputes with conjurers;  
And when th' hadst bravely won the day,  
Wast fain to steal thyself away.  
I see, thought he, this shameless elf  
Wou'd fain steal me too from myself, 1380

That impudently dares to own  
What I have suffer'd for and done,)  
And now but vent'ring to betray,  
Hast met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, how does the Devil know  
What 'twas that I design'd to do?

1385

His office of intelligence,  
His oracles, are ceas'd long since;  
And he knows nothing of the Saints,  
But what some treacherous spy acquaints.  
This is some pettifogging fiend,  
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,  
That undertakes to understand,  
And juggles at the second-hand;  
And now would pass for Spirit Po,

1390

And all mens' dark concerns foreknow,  
I think I need not fear him for't;  
These rallying devils do no hurt.

1395

With that he rouz'd his drooping heart,  
And hastily cry'd out, What art?  
A wretch (quoth he) whom want of grace  
Has brought to this unhappy place.

1400

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight;  
Thus far I'm sure th' art in the right;  
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,  
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.

1405

Thou art some paultry, black-guard spright,  
Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;

Thou hast no work to do in th' house,

Nor half-penny to drop in shoes;

1410

Without the raising of which sum,

You dare not be so troublesome,

To pinch the slatterns black and blue,

For leaving you their work to do.

This is your bus'ness good Pug-Robin,

1415

And your diversion dull dry-bobbing,

T' entice fanaticks in the dirt,

And wash them clean in ditches for't;

Of which conceit you are so proud,

At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud,

1420

As now you wou'd have done by me,  
But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir (quoth the voice) y' are no such Sophi  
As you would have the world judge of ye.

If you design to weigh our talents 1425  
I' the standard of your own false balance,  
Or think it possible to know

Us ghosts as well as we do you;

We, who have been the everlasting 1430  
Companions of your drubs and basting,  
And never left you in contest,

With male or female, man or beast,

But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,

In all adventures, as your 'Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true 1435  
By the idlest pug of all your crew:

For none cou'd have betray'd us worse

Than those allies of ours and yours.

But I have sent him for a token

To your Low-Country *Hogen-Mogen*, 1440

To whose infernal shores I hope

He'll swing like skippers in a rope.

And if y' have been more just to me

(As I am apt to think) than he,

I am afraid it is as true, 1445

What th' ill-affected say of you:

Y' have spous'd the Covenant and Cause,

By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir quoth the voice, 'tis true, I grant,

We made and took the Covenant; 1450

But that no more concerns the Cause

Than other perj'ries do the laws,

Which when they're prov'd in open court,

Wear wooden peccadillo's for't:

And that's the reason Cov'nanters 1455

Hold up their hands like rogues at bars.

I see, quoth *Hudibras*, from whence

These scandals of the Saints commence,

That are but natural effects

Of Satan's malice and his sects, 1460

Those Spider-Saints, that hang by threads,  
Spun out o' th' intrails of their heads.

Sir, quoth the voice, that may as true  
And properly be said of you,  
Whose talents may compare with either, 1465  
Or both the other put together.

For all the Independents do,  
Is only what you forc'd 'em to;  
You, who are not content alone 1470  
With tricks to put the Devil down,

But must have armies rais'd to back  
The gospel-work you undertake;  
As if artillery, and edge-tools,  
Were the only engines to save souls;  
While he, poor devil, has no pow'r 1475  
By force to run down and devour;

Has ne'er a Classis; cannot sentence  
To stools or poundage of repentance;  
Is ty'd up only to design, 1480  
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine,

In which you all his arts out-do,  
And prove yourselves his betters too.  
Hence 'tis possessions do less evil

Than mere temptations of the Devil,  
Which, all the horrid'st actions done, 1485  
Are charg'd in courts of law upon;  
Because, unless they help the elf,  
He can do little of himself;

And therefore where he's best possess'd,  
Acts most against his interest; 1490  
Surprizes none, but those wh' have priests

To turn him out, and exorcists,  
Supply'd with spiritual provision,  
And magazines of ammunition;  
With crosses, relicks, crucifixes, 1495

Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;  
The tools of working our salvation  
By mere mechanick operation;  
With holy water, like a sluice,  
To overflow all avenues. 1500

But those wh' are utterly unarm'd  
 T' oppose his entrance, if he storm'd,  
 He never offers to surprize,  
 Although his falsest enemies;  
 But is content to be their drudge, 1505  
 And on their errands glad to trudge:  
 For where are all your forfeitures  
 Intrusted in safe hands but ours?  
 Who are but jailors of the holes,  
 And dungeons where you clap up souls; 1510  
 Like under-keepers, turn the keys,  
 T' your mittimus anathemas;  
 And never boggle to restore  
 The members you deliver o'er  
 Upon demand, with fairer justice 1515  
 Than all your convenanting Trustees;  
 Unless to punish them the worse,  
 You put them in the secular pow'rs,  
 And pass their souls, as some demise  
 The same estate in mortgage twice; 1520  
 When to a legal Utlegation  
 You turn your excommunication,  
 And for'a groat unpaid, that's due,  
 Distrain on soul and body too.  
 Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil 1525  
 State prudence to cajole the Devil;  
 And not to handle him too rough,  
 When h' has us in his cloven hoof.  
 'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse  
 Has pass'd between your friends and ours; 1530  
 That as you trust us, in our way,  
 To raise your members, and to lay,  
 We send you others of our own,  
 Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown;  
 Or, frighted with our oratory, 1535  
 To leap down headlong many a story:  
 Have us'd all means to propagate  
 Your mighty interests of state;  
 Laid out our spiritual gifts to further  
 Your great designs of rage and murder. 1540

For if the Saints are nam'd from blood,  
We only have made that tittle good;  
And if it were but in our power,  
We should not scruple to do more,  
And not be half a soul behind  
Of all dissenters of mankind. 1545

Right, quoth the voice, and as I scorn  
To be ungrateful, in return  
Of all those kind good offices,  
I'll free you out of this distress, 1550  
And set you down in safety, where  
It is no time to tell you here.  
The cock crows, and the morn grows on,  
When 'tis decreed I must be gone;  
And if I leave you here till day, 1555  
You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the Spirit grop'd about,  
To find th' enchanted hero out,  
And try'd with haste to lift him up;  
But found his forlorn hope, his crup, 1560  
Unserviceable with kicks and blows,  
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.  
He thought to drag him by the heels,  
Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels;  
But fear, that soonest cures those sores 1565  
In danger of relapse to worse,  
Came in to assist him with its aid  
And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.  
No sooner was he fit to trudge,  
But both made ready to dislodge. 1570  
The Spirit hors'd him like a sack  
Upon the vehicle his back;  
And bore him headlong into th' hall,  
With some few rubs against the wall;  
Where finding out the postern lock'd, 1575  
And th' avenues as strongly block'd,  
H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,  
And in a moment gain'd the pass;  
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted souldier's  
Fore-quarters out by the head and shoulders; 1580



And cautiously began to scout,  
To find their fellow-cattle out.  
Nor was it half a minute's quest,  
E're he retriev'd the champion's beast,  
Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack; 1585  
But ne'er a saddle on his back,  
Nor pistols at the saddle-bow,  
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.  
He thought it was no time to stay,  
And let the night too steal away; 1590  
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight  
Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright:  
And groping out for *Ralpho's* jade,  
He found the saddle too was stray'd,  
And in the place a lump of soap, 1595  
On which he speedily leap'd up;  
And turning to the gate the rein,  
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.  
While *Hudibras*, with equal haste,  
On both sides laid about as fast, 1600  
And spurr'd as jockies use to break,  
Or padders to secure, a neck;  
Where let us leave 'em for a time,  
And to their Churches turn our rhyme;  
To hold forth their declining state, 1605  
Which now come near an even rate.

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## CANTO II.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Saints engage in fierce Contests  
 About their Carnal Interests;  
 To share their sacrilegious Preys,  
 According to their Rates of Grace;  
 Their various Frenzies to reform,  
 When Cromwel left them in a Storm  
 Till, in th' Effigy of Rumps, the Rabble  
 Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.

The learned write, an insect breeze  
 Is but a mungrel prince of bees,  
 That falls before a storm on cows,  
 And stings the founders of his house;  
 From whose corrupted flesh that breed 5  
 Of vermin did at first proceed.  
 So e're the storm of war broke out,  
 Religion spawn'd a various rout  
 Of petulant capricious sects,  
 The maggots of corrupted texts, 10  
 That first run all religion down,  
 And after ev'ry swarm its own.  
 For as the Persian Magi once  
 Upon their mothers got their sons,  
 That were incapable t' enjoy 15  
 That empire any other way;  
 So *Presbyter* begot the other  
 Upon the good old Cause, his mother,  
 Then bore them like the Devil's dam,  
 Whose son and husband are the same. 20  
 And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,  
 Nor int'rest for the common good,  
 Cou'd, when their profits interfer'd,  
 Get quarter for each other's beard.  
 For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd, 25  
 But only by the ears engag'd:  
 Like dogs that snarl about a bone,  
 And play together when they've none,  
 As by their truest characters,  
 Their constant actions, plainly appears. 30

Rebellion now began, for lack  
 Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;  
 The Cause and Covenant to lessen,  
 And Providence to b' out of season :  
 For now there was no more to purchase 35  
 O' th' King's Revenue, and the Churches,  
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,  
 That us'd to urge the Brethren on ;  
 Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the Cause,  
 To cross the cudgels to the laws , 40  
 That what by breaking them th' had gain'd,  
 By their support might be maintain'd ;  
 Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie  
 Secur'd against the hue-and-cry ;  
 For *Presbyter* and *Independant* 45  
 Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant ;  
 Laid out their apostolic functions  
 On carnal orders and injunctions ;  
 And all their precious Gilt and Graces  
 On outlawries and *scire facias* ; 50  
 At Michael's term had many a trial,  
 Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,  
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,  
 Into the bottomless abyss.  
 For when like brethren, and like friends, 55  
 They came to share their dividents,  
 And ev'ry partner to possess  
 His Church and State Joint-Purchases,  
 In which the ablest Saint and best,  
 Was nam'd in trust by all the rest, 60  
 To pay their money ; and, instead  
 Of ev'ry Brother, pass the deed ;  
 He strait converted all his gifts  
 To pious frauds and holy shifts ;  
 And settled all the other shares 65  
 Upon his outward man and's heirs ;  
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands,  
 Deliver'd up into his hands,  
 And pass'd upon his conscience,  
 By Pre-intail of Providence ; 70

Impeach'd the rest for reprobates,  
 That had no titles to estates,  
 But by their spiritual attaints  
 Degraded from the right of Saints.  
 This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun 75  
 With law and conscience to fall on,  
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick  
 As th' Utter Barrister of *Swanswick*;  
 Engag'd with money-bags as bold  
 As men with sand bags did of old; 80  
 That brought the lawyers in more fees  
 Than all unsanctify'd Trustees;  
 Till he who had no more to show  
 I' th' case receiv'd the overthrow;  
 Or both sides having had the worst, 85  
 They parted as they met at first.

Poor *Presbyter* was now reduc'd,  
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd!  
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate  
 From all affairs of Church and State; 90  
 Reform'd t' a reformado Saint,  
 And glad to turn itinerant,  
 To stroll and teach from town to town,  
 And those he had taught up, teach down,  
 And make those uses serve agen 95  
 Against the new-enlighten'd men,  
 As fit as when at first they were  
 Reveal'd against the *Cavalier*;  
 Damn *Anabaptist* and *Fanatic*,  
 As pat as Popish and Prelatic; 100  
 And with as little variation,  
 To serve for any Sect i' th' nation.  
 The Good Old Cause, which some believe  
 To be the Dev'l that tempted *Eve*  
 With knowledge, and does still invite 105  
 The world to mischief with new *Light*,  
 Had store of money in her purse  
 When he took her for bett'r or worse;  
 But now was grown deform'd and poor,  
 And fit to be turn'd out of door. 110

The <i>Independents</i> (whose first station Was in the rear of reformation, A mungrel kind of church-dragoons, That serv'd for horse and foot at once; And in the saddle of one steed The Saracen and Christian rid; Were free of ev'ry spiritual order, To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder) No sooner got the start to lurch Both disciplines, of War and Church, And Providence enough to run The chief commanders of 'em down, But carry'd on the war against The common enemy o' th' Saints, And in a while prevail'd so far, To win of them the game of war, And be at liberty once more T' attack themselves, as th' had before.	115
For now there was no foe in arms, T' unite their factions with alarms, But all reduc'd, and overcome, Except their worst, themselves at home, Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd, and swore, And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for; Subdu'd the Nation, Church, and State, And all things, but their laws and hate: But when they came to treat and transact, And share the spoil of all th' had ransackt, To botch up what th' had torn and rent, Religion and the Government, They met no sooner, but prepar'd To pull down all the war had spar'd: Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish, Subvert, extirpate, and demolish. For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin As Dutch Boors are t' a Sooterkin, Both parties join'd to do their best To damn the public interest, And herded only in consults, To put by one another's bolts;	120
	125
	130
	135
	140
	145
	150

T' out-cant the Babylonian labourers,  
At all their dialects of jabberers,  
And tug at both ends of the saw,  
To tear down Government and Law.  
For as two cheats, that play one game, 155  
Are both defeated of their aim;  
So those who play a game of state,  
And only cavil in debate,  
Although there's nothing lost or won,  
The public bus'ness is undone; 160  
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,  
Becomes the surer way to ruin.

This, when the *Royalists* perceiv'd,  
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,  
And own'd the right they had paid down 165  
So dearly for, the Church and Crown,)  
Th' united constanter, and sided  
The more, the more their foes divided,  
For though out-number'd, overthrown  
And by the fate of war run down, 170  
Their duty never was defeated,  
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;  
For loyalty is still the same,  
Whether it win or lose the game;  
True as the dial to the sun, 175  
Although it be not shin'd upon.  
But when these brethren in evil,  
Their adversaries, and the Devil,  
Began once more to shew them play,  
And hopes, at least, to have a day, 180  
They rally'd in parades of woods,  
And unfrequented solitudes;  
Conven'd at midnight in out-houses,  
T' appoint new-rising rendezvouzes,  
And with a pertinacy unmatch'd, 185  
For new recruits of danger watch'd.  
No sooner was one blow diverted,  
But up another party started;  
And, as if nature too, in haste  
To furnish out supplies as fast, 190

Before her time, had turn'd destruction T' a new and numerous production, No sooner those were overcome, But up rose others in their room, That, like the Christian faith, increast The more, the more they were suppress ; Whom neither chains, nor transportation, Proscription, sale, or confiscation, Nor all the desperate events Of former try'd experiments, Nor wounds cou'd terrify, nor mangling, To leave off loyalty and dangling ; Nor death (with all his bones) affright From vent'ring to maintain the right, From staking life and fortune down 'Gainst all together, for the Crown ; But kept the title of their cause From forfeiture, like claims in laws ; And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation Can ever settle in the nation ; Until, in spight of force and treason, They put their loyalty in possession ; And, by their constancy and faith, Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.	195
Toss'd in a furious hurricane, Did <i>Oliver</i> give up his reign ; And was believ'd, as well by Saints, As mortal men and miscreants, To founder in the Stygian Ferry ; Until he was retriev'd by <i>Sterry</i> , Who, in a false erroneous dream, Mistook the New Jerusalem Profanely for the apocryphal False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall ; Whither it was decreed by Fate His precious reliques to translate, So <i>Romulus</i> was seen before B' as orthodox a Senator ; From whose divine illumination He stole the Pagan revelation.	200
	205
	210
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	230

Next him his Son and Heir Apparent  
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent;  
Who first laid by the Parliament,  
The only crutch on which he leant;  
And then sunk underneath the State,  
That rode him above horseman's weight. 235

And now the Saints began their reign,  
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,  
And felt such bowel-hankerings,  
To see an empire all of Kings. 240  
Deliver'd from the Egyptian awe  
Of Justice, Government, and Law,  
And free t' erect what spiritual Cantons  
Should be reveal'd, or Gospel Hans-Towns,  
To edify upon the ruins 245

Of *John of Leyden's* old Out-goings;  
Who for a weather-cock hung up,  
Upon the Mother Church's top;  
Was made a type, by Providence,  
Of all their revelations since; 250  
And now fulfill'd by his successors,  
Who equally mistook their measures:

For when they came to shape the model,  
Not one could fit another's noddle;  
But found their Light and Gifts more wide 255  
From fadging than th' unsanctify'd;  
While ev'ry individual brother

Strove hand to fist against another;  
And still the maddest, and most crackt,  
Were found the busiest to transact: 260  
For though most hands dispatch apace,  
And make light work, (the proverb says,)  
Yet many diff'rent intellects

Are found t' have countrary effects;  
And many heads t' obstruct intrigues, 265  
As slowest insects have most legs.

Some were for setting up a King;  
But all the rest for no such thing,  
Unless *King Jesus*. Others tamper'd  
For *Fleetwood*, *Desborough*, and *Lambert*; 270



Some for the Rump; and some, more crafty, For Agitators, and the safety; Some for the Gospel, and massacres Of Spiritual Affidavit-makers, That swore to any human regence,	275
Oaths of supremacy and allegiance; Yea, though the ablest swearing Saint That vouch'd the Bulls o' th' Covenant: Others for pulling down th' high-places Of Synods and Provincial Classes,	280
That us'd to make such hostile inroads Upon the Saints, like bloody <i>Nimrods</i> : Some for fulfilling prophecies, And th' expiration of th' excise; And some against th' Egyptian bondage	285
Of holy-days, and paying poundage: Some for the cutting down of groves, And rectifying bakers' loaves; And some for finding out expedients Against the slav'ry of obedience.	290
Some were for Gospel Ministers, And some for Red-coat Seculars, As men most fit t' hold forth the word, And wield the one and th' other sword.	295
Some were for carrying on the work Against the Pope, and some the Turk; Some for engaging to suppress The Camisado of surplices, That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,	300
And turn'd to th' Outward Man the Inward; More proper for the cloudy night Of Popery than Gospel Light. Others were for abolishing That tool of matrimony, a ring,	305
With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom Is marry'd only to a thumb; (As wise as ringing of a pig, That us'd to break up ground, and dig;) The bride to nothing but her will,	310
That nulls the after-marriage still.	

Some were for th' utter extirpation  
 Of linsey-woolsey in the nation ;  
 And some against all idolizing  
 The Cross in shops-books, or Baptizing :  
 Others to make all things recant 315  
 The Christian or Surname of Saint ;  
 And force all churches, streets, and towns,  
 The holy title to renounce.  
 Some 'gainst a Third Estate of Souls,  
 And bringing down the price of coals : 320  
 Some for abolishing black-pudding,  
 And eating nothing with the blood in ;  
 To abrogate them roots and branches ;  
 While others were for eating haunches  
 Of warriors, and now and then, 325  
 The flesh of Kings and mighty men ;  
 And some for breaking of their bones  
 With rods of ir'n, by secret ones ;  
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells  
 For hallowing carriers packs and bells : 330  
 Things that the legend never heard of,  
 But made the wicked sore afraid of.  
 The quacks of Government (who sate  
 At th' unregarded helm of State,  
 And understood this wild confusion 335  
 Of fatal madness and delusion,  
 Must, sooner than a prodigy,  
 Portend destruction to be nigh)  
 Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,  
 And save their wind-pipes from the law ; 340  
 For one rencounter at the bar  
 Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in war ;  
 And therefore met in consultation,  
 To cant and quack upon the nation ;  
 Not for the sickly patient's sake, 345  
 Nor what to give, but what to take ;  
 To feel the pulses of their fees,  
 More wise than fumbling arteries :  
 Prolong the snuff of life in pain,  
 And from the grave recover — Gain. 350

'Mong these there was a politician  
With more heads than a beast in vision,  
And more intrigues in ev'ry one  
Than all the whores of Babylon:  
So politic, as if one eye 355  
Upon the other were a spy,  
That, to trepan the one to think  
The other blind, both strove to blink;  
And in his dark pragmatic way,  
As busy as a child at play. 360  
H' had seen three Governments run down,  
And had a hand in ev'ry one;  
Was for 'em and against 'em all,  
But barb'rous when they came to fall:  
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin, 365  
He made his int'rest with the new one;  
Play'd true and faithful, though against  
His conscience, and was still advanc'd.  
For by the witchcraft of rebellion  
Transform'd t' a feeble state-camelion, 370  
By giving aim from side to side,  
He never fail'd to save his tide,  
But got the start of ev'ry state,  
And at a change ne'er came too late;  
Cou'd turn his word, and oath, and faith, 375  
As many ways as in a lath;  
By turning, wriggle, like a screw,  
Int' highest trust, and out, for new.  
For when h' had happily incurr'd,  
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd, 380  
And pass'd upon a government,  
He play'd his trick, and out he went:  
But being out, and out of hopes  
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,  
Wou'd strive to raise himself upon 385  
The public ruin, and his own;  
So little did he understand  
The desp'rate feats he took in hand.  
For when h' had got himself a name  
For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game; 390

Had forc'd his neck into a noose,  
 To shew his play at fast and loose;  
 And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook  
 For art and subtlety, his luck.  
 So right his judgment was cut fit, 395  
 And made a tally to his wit,  
 And both together most profound  
 At deeds of darkness under-ground;  
 As th' earth is easiest undermin'd  
 By vermin impotent and blind. 400

By all these arts, and many more,  
 H' had practis'd long and much before,  
 Our state artificer foresaw  
 Which way the world began to draw.  
 For as old sinners have all points 405  
 O' th' compass in their bones and joints,  
 Can by their pangs and aches find  
 All turns and changes of the wind,  
 And better than by *Napier's* bones  
 Feel in their own the age of moons; 410  
 So guilty sinners in a state  
 Can by their crimes prognosticate,  
 And in their consciences feel pain  
 Some days before a show'r of rain.  
 He therefore wisely cast about, 415  
 All ways he cou'd t' ensure his throat;  
 And hither came, t' observe and smoke  
 What courses other riskers took;  
 And to the utmost do his best  
 To save himself, and hang the rest. 420

To match this Saint, there was another  
 As busy and perverse a Brother,  
 An haberdasher of small wares  
 In politics and state affairs;  
 More Jew than Rabbi *Achitophel*, 425  
 And better gifted to rebel:  
 For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse  
 The Cause, aloft, upon one house,  
 He scorn'd to set his own in order,  
 But try'd another, and went further; 430

So suddenly addicted still  
To's only principle, his will,  
That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,  
Nor force of argument cou'd move;  
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born, 435  
Could render half a grain less stubborn.  
For he at any time would hang  
For th' opportunity t' harangue;  
And rather on a gibbet dangle,  
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle; 440  
In which his parts were so accomplisht,  
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was non-plusht;  
But still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight it bore, with greater ease;  
And with its everlasting clack 445  
Set all men's ears upon the rack  
No sooner cou'd a hint appear,  
But up he started to picqueer,  
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,  
When he engag'd in controversy. 450  
Not by the force of carnal reason,  
But indefatigable teasing;  
With vollies of eternal babble,  
And clamour more unanswerable.  
For though his topics, frail and weak, 455  
Cou'd ne'er amount above a freak,  
He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,  
Against the desp'ratest assaults;  
And back'd their feeble want of sense,  
With greater heat and confidence; 460  
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,  
The more they're cudgel'd, grow the stiffer.  
Yet when his profit moderated,  
The fury of his heat abated:  
For nothing but his interest 465  
Cou'd lay his Devil of Contest.  
It was his choice, or chance, or curse,  
T' espouse the Cause for bett'r or worse,  
And with his worldly goods and wit,  
And soul and body, worship'd it: 470

But when he found the sullen trapes  
Possess'd with th' Devil, worms, and claps;  
The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,  
Not half so full of jadish tricks;  
Though squeamish in her outward woman, 475  
As loose and rampant as Dol Common;  
He still resolv'd to mend the matter,  
T' adhere and cleave the obstinater;  
And still the skittisher and looser  
Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer. 480  
For fools are stubborn in their way,  
As coins are harden'd by th' alloy:  
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff  
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.  
These two, with others, being met, 485  
And close in consultation set,  
After a discontented pause,  
And not without sufficient cause,  
The orator we nam'd of late,  
Less troubled with the pangs of State 490  
Than with his own impatience,  
To give himself first audience,  
After he had a while look'd wise,  
At last broke silence, and the ice.  
Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt 495  
Our last out-going's brought about,  
More than to see the characters  
Of real jealousies and fears  
Not feign'd, as once, but, sadly horrid,  
Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's forehead; 500  
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,  
And threaten sudden change of weather,  
Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,  
And revolutions in their corns;  
And, since our workings-out are cross'd, 505  
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.  
Was it to run away we meant,  
When, taking of the Covenant,  
The lamest cripples of the brothers  
Took oaths to run before all others; 510

But in their own sense only swore  
To strive to run away before;  
And now would prove, that words and oath  
Engage us to renounce them both?  
'Tis true, the Cause is in the lurch, 515  
Between a Right and Mungrel-Church;  
The Presbyter and Independent,  
That stickle which shall make an end on't;  
As 'twas made out to us the last  
Expedient — (I mean Marg'ret's Fast,) 520  
When Providence had been suborn'd.  
What answer was to be return'd,  
Else why should tumults fright us now,  
We have so many times gone through?  
And understand as well to tame, 525  
As when they serve our turns t' inflame:  
Have prov'd how inconsiderable  
Are all engagements of the rabble,  
Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd,  
With drums and rattles, like a child; 530  
But never prov'd so prosperous,  
As when they were led on by us:  
For all our scourging of religion  
Began with tumult and sedition;  
When hurricanes of fierce commotion 535  
Became strong motives to devotion;  
(As carnal seamen, in a storm,  
Turn pious converts, and reform;)  
When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,  
Maintain'd our feeble privileges; 540  
And brown-bills levy'd in the City,  
Made bills to pass the Grand Committee;  
When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,  
Gave chace to rochets and white sleeves,  
And made the Church, and State, and Laws, 545  
Submit t' old iron and the Cause.  
And as we thriv'd by tumults then,  
So might we better now agen,  
If we knew how, as then we did,  
To use them rightly in our need: 550

Tumults, by which the mutinous  
Betray themselves instead of us.  
The hollow-hearted disaffected,  
And close malignant are detected,  
Who lay their lives and fortunes down, 555  
For pledges to recure our own;  
And freely sacrifice their ears  
T' appease our jealousies and fears;  
And yet, for all these providences  
W' are offer'd, if we had our senses, 560  
We idly sit like stupid blockheads,  
Our hands committed to our pockets;  
And nothing but our tongues at large,  
To get the wretches a discharge:  
Like men condemn'd to thunder-bolts, 565  
Who ere the blow, become mere dolts;  
Or fools besotted with their crimes;  
That know not how to shift betimes,  
And neither have the hearts to stay,  
Nor wit enough to run away; 570  
Who, if we cou'd resolve on either,  
Might stand or fall at least together;  
No mean or trivial solaces  
To partners in extreme distress;  
Who us'd to lessen their despairs, 575  
By parting them int' equal shares;  
As if the more they were to bear,  
They felt the weight the easier;  
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,  
The more he took his turn among. 580  
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,  
If we had courage left, or wit;  
Who, when our fate can be no worse,  
Are fitted for the bravest course;  
Have time to rally, and prepare 585  
Our last and best defence, despair:  
Despair, by which the gallant'st feats  
Have been atchiev'd in greatest straits,  
And horrid'st danger safely wav'd,  
By being courageously out-brav'd; 590



As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd, And poisons by themselves expell'd: And so they might be now agen, If we were, what we shou'd be, men; And not so dully desperate,	595
To side against ourselves with Fate; As criminals, condemn'd to suffer, Are blinded first, and then turn'd over. This comes of breaking Covenants, And setting up Exauns of Saints,	600
That fine, like aldermen, for grace, To be excus'd the efficace. For spiritual men are too transcendent, That mount their banks for Independent, To hang like <i>Mohamet</i> in th' air,	605
Or St. <i>Ignatius</i> at his prayer, By pure geometry, and hate Dependence upon Church or State; Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter; And since obedience is better;	610
(The Scripture says) than sacrifice, Presume the less on't will suffice; And scorn to have the moderat'st stints Prescrib'd their peremptory hints, Or any opinion, true or false,	615
Declar'd as such, in doctrinals: But left at large to make their best on, Without b'ing call'd account or question, Interpret all the spleen reveals; As <i>Whittington</i> explain'd the bells;	620
And bid themselves turn back agen Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem; But look so big and over-grown, They scorn their edifiers t' own, Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,	625
Their tones, and sanctified evpressions Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint, Like Charity on those that want; And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes;	630

For which they scorn and hate them worse  
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.  
For who first bred them up to pray,  
And teach, the House of Commons Way?  
Where had they all their gifted phrases, 635  
But from our *Calamys* and *Cases*?  
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,  
Who e'er had heard of *Nye* or *Owen*?  
Their dispensations had been stifled,  
But for our *Adoniram Byfield*; 640  
And had they not begun the war,  
Th' had ne'er been sainted, as they are:  
For Saints in peace degenerate,  
And dwindle down to reprobate;  
Their zeal corrupts, like standing water, 645  
In th' intervals of war and slaughter;  
Abates the sharpness of its edge,  
Without the power of sacrilege.  
And though they've tricks to cast their sins  
As easy as serpents do their skins, 650  
That in a while grow out again,  
In peace they turn mere carnal men,  
And from the most refin'd of saints,  
As naturally grow miscreants,  
As barnacles turn *Soland* geese 655  
In th' Islands of the *Orcades*.  
Their dispensation's but a ticket,  
For their conforming to the wicked;  
With whom the greatest difference  
Lies more in words, and shew, than sense. 660  
For as the Pope, that keeps the gate  
Of Heaven, wears three crowns of state;  
So he that keeps the gate of Hell,  
Proud *Cerberus*, wears three heads as well:  
And if the world has any troth, 665  
Some have been canoniz'd in both.  
But that which does them greatest harm,  
Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,  
Which puts the over-heated sots  
In fevers still, like other goats. 670

For though the Whore bends Hereticks  
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,  
 Our Schismaticks so vastly differ,  
 Th' hotter th' are, they grow the stiffer;  
 Still setting off their spiritual goods 675  
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds.  
 For zeal's a dreadful termagant,  
 That teaches Saints to tear and rant,  
 And Independents to profess  
 The doctrine of dependences: 680  
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,  
 To raw-heads fierce and bloody-bones:  
 And, not content with endless quarrels  
 Against the wicked, and their morals,  
 The *Gibellines*, for want of *Guelphs*, 685  
 Divert their rage upon themselves.  
 For now the war is not between  
 The Brethren and the Men of Sin,  
 But Saint and Saint, to spill the blood  
 Of one another's brotherhood; 690  
 Where neither side can lay pretence  
 To liberty of conscience,  
 Or zealous suffering for the Cause,  
 To gain one groat'sworth of applause;  
 For though endur'd with resolution, 695  
 'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.  
 Shall precious Saints, and secret ones,  
 Break one another's outward bones,  
 And eat the flesh of Brethren,  
 Instead of Kings and mighty men? 700  
 When fiends agree among themselves,  
 Shall they be found the greatest elves?  
 When *Bell's* at union with the *Dragon*,  
 And *Baal-Peor* friends with *Dagon*,  
 When savage bears agree with bears, 705  
 Shall secret ones lug Saints by th' ears,  
 And not atone their fatal wrath,  
 When common danger threatens both?  
 Shall mastiffs, by the collar pull'd,  
 Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold, 710

And Saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,  
No notice of the danger take?  
But though no pow'r of Heav'n or Hell  
Can pacify fanatic zeal,  
Who wou'd not guess there might be hopes, 715  
The fear of gallowses and ropes,  
Before their eyes, might reconcile  
Their animosities a while;  
At least until th' had a clear stage,  
And equal freedom to engage, 720  
Without the danger of surprize  
By both our common enemies?

This none but we alone cou'd doubt,  
Who understand their workings out;  
And know them, both in soul and conscience, 725  
Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense  
As spiritual out-laws, whom the pow'r  
Of miracle can ne'er restore:  
We, whom at first they set up under,  
In revelation only of plunder, 730  
Who since have had so many trials  
Of their encroaching self-denials,  
That rook'd upon as with design  
To out-reform, and undermine;  
Took all our interest and commands 735  
Perfidiously out of our hands;  
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood  
Without the motive gains allow'd,  
And made us serve as ministerial,  
Like younger sons of Father *Belial*; 740  
And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong  
Th' had done us and the Cause so long,  
We never fail to carry on  
The work still as we had begun;  
But true and faithfully obey'd 745  
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;  
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,  
Nor hang us like the cavaliers;  
Nor put them to the charge of gaols,  
To find us pill'ries and cart's-tails, 750

Or hangman's wages, which the State  
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at,  
 That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,  
 Our ears for keeping true accompts,  
 And burnt our vessels, like a new 755  
 Seal'd peck, or bushel, for b'ing true;  
 But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,  
 Held for the Cause against all others,  
 Disdaining equally to yield  
 One syllable of what we held, 760  
 And though we differ'd now and then  
 'Bout outward things, and outward men,  
 Our inward men, and constant frame  
 Of spirit, still were near the same;  
 And till they first began to cant 765  
 And sprinkle down the Covenant,  
 We ne'er had call in any place,  
 Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace,  
 But join'd our gifts perpetually  
 Against the common enemy. 770  
 Although 'twas ours and their opinion,  
 Each other's Church was but a *Rimmon*:  
 And yet, for all this gospel-union,  
 And outward shew of Church-communion,  
 They'll ne'er admit us to our shares 775  
 Of ruling Church or State affairs;  
 Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence  
 T' our own conditions of repentance;  
 But shar'd our dividend o' th' Crown,  
 We had so painfully preach'd down; 780  
 And forc'd us, though against the grain,  
 T' have calls to teach it up again:  
 For 'twas but justice to restore  
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before;  
 And when 'twas held forth in our way, 785  
 W' had been ungrateful not to pay;  
 Who, for the right w' have done the nation,  
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation;  
 And put our vessels in a way  
 Once more to come again in play. 790

For if the turning of us out  
Has brought this Providence about,  
And that our only suffering  
Is able to bring in the King,  
What would our actions not have done, 795  
Had we been suffer'd to go on?  
And therefore may pretend t' a share,  
At least, in carrying on th' affair.  
But whether that be so, or not,  
W' have done enough to have it thought; 800  
And that's as good as if w' had done't,  
And easier pass't upon account:  
For if it be but half deny'd,  
'Tis half as good as justifi'd.  
The world is nat'rally averse 805  
To all the truth it sees or hears;  
But swallows nonsense, and a lie,  
With greediness and gluttony!  
And though it have the pique, and long,  
'Tis still for something in the wrong; 810  
As women long, when they're with child,  
For things extravagant and wild;  
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,  
But seldom any thing that's wholesome;  
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles 815  
Turn round upon their ears, the poles;  
And what they're confidently told,  
By no sense else can be control'd.  
And this, perhaps, may prove the means  
Once more to hedge-in Providence, 820  
For 'as relapses make diseases  
More desp'rate than their first accesses,  
If we but get again in pow'r,  
Our work is easier than before;  
And we more ready and expert 825  
In th' mystery to do our part.  
We, who did rather undertake  
The first war to create than make,  
And when of nothing 'twas begun,  
Rais'd funds as strange to carry 't on; 830

Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down  
 With plots and projects of our own;  
 And if we did such feats at first,  
 What can we now we're better vers'd?  
 Who have a freer latitude, 835  
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd,  
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,  
 On fairest terms, our discipline;  
 To which it was reveal'd long since,  
 We were ordain'd by Providence; 840  
 When three Saints Ears, our predecessors,  
 The Cause's primitive Confessors,  
 B'ing crucify'd the nation stood  
 In just so many years of blood;  
 That, multiply'd by six, exprest 845  
 The perfect number of the beast,  
 And prov'd that we must be the men  
 To bring this work about agen;  
 And those who laid the first foundation,  
 Compleat the thorough Reformation: 850  
 For who have gifts to carry on  
 So great a work, but we alone?  
 What churches have such able pastors,  
 And precious, powerful, preaching masters?  
 Possess'd with absolute dominions 855  
 O'er brethren's purses and opinions?  
 And trusted with the double keys  
 Of Heaven and their warehouses;  
 Who, when the Cause is in distress,  
 Can furnish out what sums they please, 860  
 That brooding lie in bankers' hands,  
 To be dispos'd at their commands;  
 And daily increase and multiply,  
 With doctrine, use, and usury:  
 Can fetch in parties (as in war 865  
 All other heads of cattle are)  
 From th' enemy of all religions,  
 As well as high and low conditions,  
 And share them, from blue ribbands, down  
 To all blue aprons in the town; 870

From ladies hurried in calleches,  
With cor'nets at their footmens' breeches,  
To bawds as fat as Mother Nab;  
All guts and belly, like a crab.  
Our party's great, and better ty'd 875  
With oaths and trade than any side,  
Has one considerable improvement,  
To double fortify the Cov'nant:  
I mean our Covenant to purchase  
Delinquents titles, and the Churches; 880  
That pass in sale, from hand to hand,  
Among ourselves, for current land;  
And rise or fall, like Indian actions,  
According to the rate of factions;  
Our best reserve for Reformation, 885  
When new out-goings give occasion;  
That keeps the loins of Brethren girt  
The Covenant (their creed) t' assert;  
And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,  
Will once more try th' expedient: 890  
Who can already muster friends,  
To serve for members, to our ends,  
That represent no part o' th' nation,  
But Fisher's-Folly Congregation;  
Are only tools to our intrigues, 895  
And sit like geese to hatch our eggs;  
Who, by their precedents of wit,  
T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit,  
Can order matters underhand,  
To put all bus'ness to a stand; 900  
Lay public bills aside for private,  
And make 'em one another drive out;  
Divert the great and necessary,  
With trifles to contest and vary;  
And make the nation represent, 905  
And serve for us, in Parliament:  
Cut out more work than can be done  
In *Plato's* year, but finish none;  
Unless it be the Bulls of *Lentha*,  
That always pass'd for fundamental; 910



Can set up grandee against grandee,  
 To squander time away, and bandy;  
 Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges  
 To one another's privileges,  
 And, rather than compound the quarrel, 915  
 Engage to th' inevitable peril  
 Of both their ruins; th' only scope  
 And consolation of our hope;  
 Who though we do not play the game,  
 Assist as much by giving aim: 920  
 Can introduce our ancient arts,  
 For heads of factions t' act their parts;  
 Know what a leading voice is worth,  
 A seconding, a third, or fourth;  
 How much a casting voice comes to, 925  
 That turns up trump, of ay, or no;  
 And, by adjusting all at th' end,  
 Share ev'ry one his dividend:  
 An art that so much study cost,  
 And now's in danger to be lost, 930  
 Unless our ancient virtuosos,  
 That found it out, get into th' Houses.  
 These are the courses that we took  
 To carry things by hook or crook;  
 And practis'd down from forty-four, 935  
 Until they turn'd us out of door:  
 Besides the herds of Bouteefeus  
 We set on work without the House;  
 When ev'ry knight and citizen  
 Kept legislative journeymen, 940  
 To bring them in intelligence  
 From all points of the rabble's sense,  
 And fill the lobbies of both Houses  
 With politic important buzzes:  
 Set up committees of cabals, 945  
 To pack designs without the walls;  
 Examine, and draw up all news,  
 And fit it to our present use.  
 Agree upon the plot o' th' farce,  
 And ev'ry one his part rehearse. 950

Make Q's of answers, to way-lay  
What th' other parties like to say:  
What repartees, and smart reflections,  
Shall be return'd to all objections;  
And who shall break the master-jest, 955  
And what, and how, upon the rest:  
Held pamphlets out, with safe editions,  
Of proper slanders and seditions;  
And treason for a token send,  
By Letter to a Country Friend; 960  
Disperse lampoons, the only wit  
That men, like burglary, commit;  
Wit fals'er than a padder's face,  
That all its owner does betrays;  
Who therefore dares not trust it when 965  
He's in his calling to be seen;  
Disperse the dung on barren earth,  
To bring new weeds of discord forth;  
Be sure to keep up congregations,  
In spite of laws and proclamations: 970  
For Charlatans can do no good  
Until they're mounted in a crowd;  
And when they're punish'd, all the hurt  
Is but to fare the better for't;  
As long as confessors are sure 975  
Of double pay for all th' endure;  
And what they earn in persecution,  
Are paid t' a groat in contribution.  
Whence some Tub-Holders-forth have made  
In powd'ring-tubs their riches trade; 980  
And while they kept their shops in prison,  
Have found their prices strangely risen.  
Disdain to own the least regret  
For all the Christian blood w' have let;  
'Twill save our credit, and maintain 985  
Our title to do so again;  
That needs not cost one dram of sense,  
But pertinacious impudence.  
Our constancy t' our principles,  
In time will wear out all things else; 990

- Like marble statues rubb'd in pieces  
 With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses;  
 While those who turn and wind their oaths,  
 Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths;  
 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long 995  
 Before from world to world they swung:  
 As they had turn'd from side to side,  
 And as the changelings liv'd, they dy'd,  
 This said, th' impatient States-monger  
 Could now contain himself no longer; 1000  
 Who had n<sup>o</sup> spar'd to shew his piques  
 Against th' haranguer's politics,  
 With smart remarks of leering faces,  
 And annotations of grimaces.  
 After h' had administer'd a dose 1005  
 Of snuff-mundungus to his nose,  
 And powder'd th' inside of his skull,  
 Instead of th' outward jobbernot,  
 He shook it with a scornful look  
 On th' adversary, and thus he spoke: 1010  
 In dressing a calves head, although  
 The tongue and brains together go,  
 Both keep so great a distance here,  
 'Tis strange if ever they come near;  
 For who did' ever play his gambols 1015  
 With such insufferable rambles?  
 To make the bringing in the *King*,  
 And keeping of him out, one thing?  
 Which none could do, but those that swore  
 T' as point-plank nonsense heretofore: 1020  
 That to defend, was to invade;  
 And to assassinate, to aid:  
 Unless, because you drove him out,  
 (And that was never made a doubt,)  
 No pow'r is able to restore, 1025  
 And bring him in, but on your score:  
 A spiritual doctrine, that conduces  
 Most properly to all your uses.  
 'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said  
 To cure the wounds the vermine made; 1030

And weapons, drest with salves, restore  
 And heal the hurts they gave before ;  
 But whether Presbyterians have  
 So much good nature as the salve,  
 Or virtue in them as the vermine, 1035  
 Those who have try'd them can determine.  
 Indeed , 'tis pity you should miss  
 Th' arrears of all your services,  
 And for th' eternal obligation  
 Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation, 1040  
 Be us'd so unconscionably hard,  
 As not to find a just reward,  
 For letting rapine loose, and murder,  
 To rage just so far, but no further ;  
 And setting all the land on fire, 1045  
 To burn't to a scantling, but no higher ;  
 For vent'ring to assassinate,  
 And cut the throats, of Church and State,  
 And not be allow'd the fittest men  
 To take the charge of both agen : 1050  
 Especially, that have the grace  
 Of self-denying, gifted face ;  
 Who when your projects have miscarry'd,  
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,  
 On those you painfully trepann'd, 1055  
 And sprinkled in at second hand ;  
 As we have been, to share the guilt  
 Of Christian Blood, devoutly spilt ;  
 For so our ignorance was flamm'd  
 To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd ; 1060  
 Till finding your old foe, the hangman,  
 Was like to lurch you at back-gammon,  
 And win your necks upon the set,  
 As well as ours, who did but bet,  
 (For he had drawn your ears before, 1065  
 And nick'd them on the self-same score,)  
 We threw the box and dice away,  
 Before y' had lost us, at foul play ;  
 And brought you down to rook, and lie,  
 And fancy only, on the by ; 1070

Butler.

18

Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles  
From perching upon lofty poles ;  
And rescu'd all your outward traitors  
From hanging up like aligators ;  
For which ingeniously y' have shew'd  
Your Presbyterian gratitude ;  
Would freely have paid us home in kind,  
And not have been one rope behind.  
Those were your motives to divide,  
And scruple, on the other side.  
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,  
To fits of conscience and remorse ;  
To be convinc'd they were in vain,  
And face about for new again ;  
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,  
Than maggots are convinc'd to flies ;  
And therefore all your lights and calls  
Are but apocryphal and false,  
To charge us with the consequences  
Of all your native insolences,  
That to your own imperious wills  
Laid Law and Gospel neck and heels ;  
Corrupted the Old Testament,  
To serve the New for precedent ;  
T' amend its errors, and defects,  
With murther, and rebellion texts ;  
Of which there is not any one  
In all the Book to sow upon :  
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews  
Held Christian doctrine forth, and use ;  
As Mahomet (your chief) began  
To mix them in the Alchoran :  
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,  
And bended elbows on the cushion ;  
Stole from the beggars all your tones,  
And gifted mortifying groans ;  
Had Lights where better eyes were blind,  
As pigs are said to see the wind :  
Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,  
And Knights-bridge with illumination :

1075

1080

1085

1090

1095

1100

1105

1110

Made children, with your tones, to run for't,  
 As bad as bloody-bones, or *Lunsford*:  
 While women, great with child, miscarry'd,  
 For being to malignants marry'd:  
 Transform'd all wives to *Dalilahs* 1115  
 Whose husbands were not for the *Came*;  
 And turn'd the men to ten horn'd cattle,  
 Because they came not out to battle:  
 Made taylors' prentices turn heroes,  
 For fear of being transform'd to *Meros*: 1120  
 And rather forfeit their intendures,  
 Than not espouse the *Saints'* adventures.  
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,  
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like *Orpheus*;  
 Inchant the King's and Churches lands 1125  
 T' obey and follow your commands;  
 And settle on a new freehold,  
 As *Marcelly-Hill* had done of old:  
 Could turn the Covenant, and translate  
 The gospel into spoons and plate: 1130  
 Expound upon all merchants' cashes,  
 And open th' intricate places:  
 Could catechize a money-box,  
 And prove all powches orthodox;  
 Until the Cause became a *Damon*, 1135  
 And *Pythias* the wicked Mammon.  
 And yet, in spight of all your charms  
 To conjure legion up in arms,  
 And raise more devils in the rout  
 Than e'er y' were able to cast out, 1140  
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools  
 Bred up (you say) in your own schools;  
 Who, though but gifted at your feet,  
 Have made it plain, they have more wit;  
 By whom y' have seen so oft trepann'd, 1145  
 And held forth out of all command,  
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,  
 And out-reveal'd at carryings-on;  
 Of all your dispensations worm'd,  
 Out-Providenc'd, and out-reform'd; 1150

- Ejected out of Church and State,  
 And all things, but the peoples' hate;  
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments  
 Of precious, edifying employments,  
 By those who lodg'd their Gifts and Graces, 1155  
 Like better bowlers, in your places;  
 All which you bore with resolution,  
 Charg'd on th' accompt of persecution;  
 And though most righteously oppress,  
 Against your wills, still acquiesc'd; 1160  
 And never hum'd and hah'd sedition,  
 Nor snuffled treason, nor misprision.  
 That is, because you never durst;  
 For had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,  
 Alas! you were no longer able 1165  
 To raise your posse of the rabble:  
 One single red-coat centinel  
 Out-charm'd the magic of the spell;  
 And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse  
 Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse. 1170  
 We knew too well those tricks of yours,  
 To leave it ever in your powers;  
 Or trust our safeties, or undoings,  
 To your disposing of out-goings;  
 Or to your ordering Providence, 1175  
 One farthing's-worth of consequence,  
 For had you pow'r to undermine,  
 Or wit to carry a design,  
 Or correspondence to trepan,  
 Inveigle, or betray one man, 1180  
 There's nothing else that intervenes.  
 And bars your zeal to use the means;  
 And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,  
 To bring in Kings, or keep them out.  
 Brave undertakers to restore, 1185  
 That cou'd not keep yourselves in pow'r;  
 To advance the int'rests of the Crown,  
 That wanted wit to keep your own!  
 'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth  
 To wrong y<sup>e</sup>) done your parts in both, 1190

To keep him out, and bring him in,  
 As grace is introduc'd by sin ;  
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense,  
 And sanctify'd impertinence,  
 Your carrying business in a huddle, 1195  
 That forc'd our rulers to new-model ;  
 Oblig'd the State to tack about.  
 And turn you, root and branch, all out,  
 To reformado, one and all,  
 T' your great Croysado General. 1200  
 Your greedy slav'ring to devour,  
 Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r,  
 That sprung the game you were to set,  
 Before y' had time to draw the net ;  
 Your spight to see the Churches' lands 1205  
 Divided into other hands,  
 And all your sacrilegious ventures  
 Laid out in tickets and debentures ;  
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,  
 By Under-Churches in the town ; 1210  
 And no course us'd to stop their mouths,  
 Nor th' Independents' spreading growths :  
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true  
 Nona bring him in so much as you ;  
 Who have prevail'd beyond their plots, 1215  
 Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots ;  
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,  
 Than all their own rash politics ;  
 And you this way may claim a share  
 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair ; 1220  
 Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the *Jews*  
 From *Pharaoh* and his brick-kilns loose,  
 And flies and mange, that set them free  
 From task-masters and slavery,  
 Were likelier to do the feat, 1225  
 In any indifferent man's conceit :  
 For who e'er heard of restoration  
 Untill your thorough Reformation ?  
 That is, the King's and Churches' land  
 Were sequester'd int' other hands : 1230



For only then, and not before,  
 Your eyes were open'd to restore.  
 And when the work was carrying on,  
 Who cross'd it, but yourselves alone?  
 And by a world of hints appears,  
 All plain and extant as your ears.

1235

But first, o' th' first: The Isle of *Wight*  
 Will rise up, if you should deny't;  
 Where *Henderson*, and th' other masses,  
 Were sent to cap texts, and put cases;  
 To pass for deep and learned scholars,  
 Although but paltry Ob and Sollers:  
 As if th' unseasonable fools

1240

Had been a coursing in the schools;  
 Until th' had prov'd the Devil author  
 O' th' Covenant, and the Cause his daughter,  
 For when they charg'd him with the guilt  
 Of all the blood that had been spilt,  
 They did not mean he wrought th' effusion,  
 In person, like Sir *Pride*, or *Hughson*,  
 But only those who first begun  
 The quarrel were by him set on;  
 And who could those be but the Saints,  
 Those Reformation Termagants?

1245

1250

But e'er this pass'd, the wise debate  
 Spent so much time, it grew too late;  
 For *Oliver* had gotten ground,  
 T' inclose him with his warriors round;  
 Had brought his Providence about,  
 And turn'd th' untimely sophists out,  
 Nor had the *Uxbridge* bus'ness less  
 Of nonsense in't, or sottishness,

1255

1260

When from a scoundrel Holder-forth,  
 The scum as well as son o' th' earth,  
 Your mighty Senators took law;  
 At his command, were forc'd t' withdraw,  
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation  
 To doctrine, use and application.  
 So when the *Scots*, your constant cronies,  
 Th' espousers of your Cause and monies,

1265

1270

- Who had so often, in your aid,  
 So many ways been soundly paid,  
 Came in at last for better ends,  
 To prove themselves your trusty friends,  
 You basely left them, and the Church 1275  
 They train'd you up to, in the lurch,  
 And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians  
 To fall before, as true Philistines.  
 This shews what utensils y' have been,  
 To bring the King's concernments in; 1280  
 Which is so far from being true,  
 That none but he can bring in you:  
 And if he take you into trust,  
 Will find you most exactly just:  
 Such as will punctually repay 1285  
 With double interest, and betray.
- Not that I think those pantomimes,  
 Who vary action with the times,  
 Are less ingenious in their art,  
 Than those who dully act one part; 1290  
 Or those who turn from side to side,  
 More guilty than the wind and tide.  
 All countries are a wise man's home,  
 And so are governments to some,  
 Who change them for the same intrigues 1295  
 That statesmen use in breaking leagues;  
 While others, in old faiths and troths,  
 Look odd as out-of-fashion'd cloths;  
 And nastier in an old opinion,  
 Than those who never shift their linnen. 1300
- For true and faithful's sure to lose,  
 Which way soever the game goes;  
 And whether parties lose or win,  
 Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in:  
 While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight, 1305  
 Is more bewitching than the right;  
 And when the times begin to alter,  
 None rise so high as from the halter.  
 And so may we, if w' have but sense  
 To use the necessary means; 1310

And not your usual stratagems  
 On one another, Lights and Dreams:  
 To stand on terms as positive,  
 As if we did not take, but give:  
 Set up the Covenant on crutches, 1315  
 'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,  
 And dream of pulling churches down,  
 Before w' are sure to prop our own:  
 Your constant method of proceeding,  
 Without the carnal means of heeding; 1320  
 Who 'twixt your inward sense and outward,  
 Are worse, than if y' had none, accounted.  
 I grant, all courses are in vain,  
 Unless we can get in again;  
 The only way that's left us now; 1325  
 But all the difficulty's, How?  
 'Tis true, w' have money, th' only pow'r  
 That all mankind falls down before;  
 Money, that, like the swords of kings,  
 Is the last reason of all things; 1330  
 And therefore need not doubt our play  
 Has all advantages that way;  
 As long as men have faith to sell,  
 And meet with those that can pay well;  
 Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice, 1335  
 One Church and State will not suffice  
 T' expose to sale, beside the wages  
 Of storing plagues to after-ages.  
 Nor is our money less our own,  
 Than 'twas before we laid it down; 1340  
 For 'twill return, and turn t' account,  
 If we are brought, in play upon't:  
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,  
 What pow'r can hinder us to win?  
 We know the arts we us'd before, 1345  
 In peace and war, and something more;  
 And by th' unfortunate events,  
 Can mend our next experiments:  
 For when w' are taken into trust,  
 How easy are the wises choust? 1350

Who see but th' outsides of our feats,  
And not their secret springs and weights ;  
And while they're busy at their ease,  
Can carry what designs we please.  
How easy is it to serve for agents, 1355  
To prosecute our old engagements ?  
To keep the Good Old Cause on foot.  
And present power from taking root ?  
Inflame them both with false alarms  
Of plots and parties taking arms ; 1360  
To keep the Nation's wounds too wide  
From healing up of side to side ;  
Profess the passionat'st concerns  
For both their interests by turns ;  
The only way to improve our own, 1365  
By dealing faithfully with none ;  
(As bowls run true, by being made  
On purpose false, and to be sway'd :)  
For if we should be true to either,  
'Twould turn us out of both together ; 1370  
And therefore have no other means  
To stand upon our own defence,  
But keeping up our ancient party  
In vigour, confident and hearty :  
To reconcile our late dissenters, 1375  
Our brethren, though by other venters ;  
Unite them, and their different maggots,  
As long and short sticks are in faggots,  
And make them join again as close  
As when they first began t' espouse ; 1380  
Erect them into separate  
New Jewish tribes, in Church and State ;  
To join in marriage and commerce,  
And only among themselves converse ;  
And all that are not of their mind, 1385  
Make enemies to all mankind :  
Take all religions in and stickle  
From Conclave down to Conventicle ;  
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,  
According to the Light in being. 1390

- Sometimes for liberty of conscience,  
 And spiritual mis-rule, in one sense ;  
 But in another quite contrary,  
 As dispensations chance to vary ;  
 And stand for, as the times will bear it, 1395  
 All contradictions of the Spirit :  
 Protect their emissaries empower'd  
 To preach sedition and the word ;  
 And when they're hamper'd by the laws,  
 Release the lab'ers for the Cause, 1400  
 And turn the persecution back  
 On those that made the first attack ;  
 To keep them equally in awe,  
 From breaking or maintaining law :  
 And when they have their fits too soon, 1405  
 Before the full-tides of the moon,  
 Put off their zeal t' a fitter season  
 For sowing faction in and treason ;  
 And keep them hooded, and their Churches,  
 Like hawks from baiting on their perches, 1410  
 That, when the blessed time shall come  
 Of quitting *Babylon* and *Rome*,  
 They may be ready to restore  
 Their own Fifth Monarchy once more.  
 Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence 1415  
 Against revolts of Providence.  
 By watching narrowly, and snapping  
 All blind sides of it, as they happen :  
 For if success could make us Saints,  
 Or ruin turn'd us miscreants : 1420  
 A scandal that wou'd fall too hard  
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd.  
 These are the courses we must run,  
 Spight of our hearts, or be undone ;  
 And not to stand on terms and freaks, 1425  
 Before we have secur'd our necks ;  
 But do our work, as out of sight,  
 As starts by day, and suns by night ;  
 All licence of the people own,  
 In opposition to the Crown ; 1430

And for the Crown as fiercely side,  
 The head and body to divide ;  
 The end of all we first design'd,  
 And all that yet remains behind :  
 Be sure to spare no public rapine, 1435  
 On all emergencies, that happen ;  
 For 'tis as easy to supplant  
 Authority as men in want ;  
 As some of us, in trusts, have made  
 The one hand with the other trade ; 1440  
 Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour ;  
 The right a thief ; the left receiver ;  
 And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,  
 The other, by as sly, retail'd.  
 For gain has wonderful effects 1445  
 T' improve the Factory of Sects ;  
 The rule of faith in all professions.  
 And great *Diana* of the *Ephesians* ;  
 Whence turning of Religion's made  
 The means to turn and wind a trade : 1450  
 And though some change it for the worse,  
 They put themselves into a course ;  
 And draw in store of customers,  
 To thrive the better in commerce :  
 For all Religions flock together, 1455  
 Like tame and wild fowl of a feather ;  
 To nab the itches of their sects,  
 As jades do one another's necks.  
 Hence 'tis, Hypocrisy as well  
 Will serve t' improve a Church as *Zeal* : 1460  
 As Persecution or Promotion,  
 Do equally advance Devotion.  
 Let business, like ill watches, go  
 Sometime too fast, sometime too slow ;  
 For things in order are put out 1465  
 So easy, Ease itself will do't ;  
 But when the feat's design'd and meant,  
 What miracle can bar th' event ?  
 For 'tis more easy to betray,  
 Than ruin any other way. 1470

All possible occasions start  
 The weighty'st matters to divert ;  
 Obstruct, perplex, distract, intangle,  
 And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.  
 But in affairs of less import, 1475

That neither do us good nor hurt,  
 And they receive as little by,  
 Out-fawn as much, and out-comply ;  
 And seem as scrupulously just,  
 To bait our hooks for greater trust ; 1480

But still be careful to cry down  
 All public actions, though our own :  
 The least miscarriage aggravate,  
 And charge it all upon the State :  
 Express the horrid'st detestation, 1485

And pity the distracted nation :  
 Tell stories scandalous and false,  
 I' th' proper language of cabals,  
 Where all a subtle statesman says,  
 Is half in words, and half in face ; 1490

(As Spaniards talk in dialogues  
 Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrougs :)  
 Entrust it under solemn vows  
 Of mum, and silence, and the rose,  
 To be retail'd again in whispers, 1495  
 For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the Statesman — When a shout,  
 Heard at a distance, put him out ;  
 And straight another, all aghast,  
 Rush'd in with equal fear and haste ; 1500  
 Who star'd about, as pale as death,  
 And, for a while, as out of breath ;  
 Till having gather'd up his wits,  
 He thus began his tale by fits.

That beastly rabble — that came down 1505  
 From all the garrets — in the town,  
 And stalls, and shop-boards — in vast swarms,  
 With new-chalk'd bills — and rusty arms,  
 To cry the Cause — up, heretofore,  
 And bawl the *Bishops* — out of door, 1510

Are now drawn up — in greater shoals,  
 To roast — and broil us on the coals,  
 And all the Grandees — of our Members  
 Are carbonading on the embers;  
 Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses — 1515  
 Held forth by Rumps — of Pigs and Geese,  
 That serve for Characters — and Badges  
 To represent their Personages:  
 Each bonfire is a funeral pile,  
 In which they roast, and scorch, and broil, 1520  
 And ev'ry representative  
 Have vow'd to roast — and broil alive:  
 And 'tis a miracle, we are not  
 Already sacrific'd incarnate.  
 For while we wrangle here, and jar, 1525  
 W' are grilly'd all at *Temple-Bar*:  
 Some on the sign-post of an ale-house,  
 Hang in effigy, on the gallows;  
 Made up of rags, to personate  
 Respective Officers of State; 1530  
 That henceforth they may stand reputed,  
 Proscrib'd in law, and executed;  
 And while the Work is carrying on,  
 Be ready lifted under *Dun*,  
 That worthy patriot, once the bellows, 1535  
 And tinder-box, of all his fellows;  
 The activ'st Member of the Five,  
 As well as the most primitive;  
 Who, for this faithful service then,  
 Is chosen for a Fifth agen: 1540  
 (For since the State has made a Quint  
 Of Generals, he's lifted in't.)  
 This worthy, as the world will say,  
 Is paid in specie, his own way;  
 For, moulded to the life in clouts, 1545  
 Th' have pick'd from dung-hills hereabouts,  
 He's mounted on a hazel bavin,  
 A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'm;  
 And to the largest bone-fire riding,  
 They've roasted *Cook* already and *Pride* in; 1550



On whom in equipage and state,  
 His scarecrow fellow-members wait,  
 And march in order, two and two,  
 As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do;  
 Each in a tatter'd talisman,  
 Like vermin in effigie slain. 1555

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)  
 Those Rumps are but the tail o' th' Beast,  
 Set up by Popish engineers,  
 As by the crackers plainly appears; 1560  
 For none but Jesuits have a mission  
 To preach the faith with ammunition,  
 And propagate the Church with powder:  
 Their founder was a blown-up Soldier.  
 These spiritual pioneers o' th' Whore's, 1565  
 That have the charge of all her stores,  
 Since first they fail'd in their designs,  
 To take in Heav'n by springing mines,  
 And with unanswerable barrels  
 Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels, 1570  
 Now take a course more practicable,  
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,  
 And blow us up in th' open streets,  
 Disguis'd in Rumps, like Sambenites;  
 More like to ruin, and confound, 1575  
 Than all the doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen Rumps amiss  
 For symbols of State-mysteries;  
 Though some suppose 'twas but to shew  
 How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few; 1580  
 Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps,  
 Are represented best by Rumps.  
 But Jesuits have deeper reaches  
 In all their politic far-fetches,  
 And from the Coptic Priest, Kircherus, 1585  
 Found out this mystic way to jeer us.  
 For, as th' Aegyptians us'd by bees  
 T' express their antic *Ptolomies*;  
 And by their stings, the swords they wore,  
 Held forth authority and power; 1590

Because these subtil animals  
Bear all their int'rests in their tails,  
And when they're once impar'd in that,  
Are banish'd their well order'd state ;  
They thought all governments were best  
By Hieroglyphic Rumps exprest. 1595

For, as in bodies natural,  
The rump's the fundament of all ;  
So, in a commonwealth, or realm,  
The government is call'd the helm ; 1600  
With which, like vessels under sail,  
They're turn'd and winded by the tail ;  
The tail, which birds and fishes steer  
Their courses with through sea and air ;  
To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605  
The same thing with the stern and compass.  
This shews how perfectly the Rump  
And Commonwealth in nature jump.

For as a fly, that goes to bed,  
Rests with his tail above his head, 1610  
So in this mungrel state of ours,  
The rabble are the supreme powers ;  
That hors'd us on their backs, to show us  
A jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The learned Rabbins of the Jews 1615  
Write there's a bone, which they call *lous*,  
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,  
No force in nature can do hurt to ;  
And therefore at the last great day,  
All th' other members shall, they say, 1620  
Spring out of this, as from a seed  
All sorts of vegetals proceed ;  
From whence the learned sons of art  
Os Sacrum justly stile that part.

Then what can better represent 1625  
Than this Rump Bone the Parliament ;  
That, after several rude ejections,  
And as prodigious resurrections,  
With new reversions of nine lives,  
Starts up, and like a cat revives ? 1630

But now, alas! they're all expir'd,  
 And th' House, as well as Members, fir'd;  
 Consum'd in kennels by the rout,  
 With which they other fires put out:  
 Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress,  
 And paulty, private wretchedness;  
 Worse than the Devil, to privation,  
 Beyond all hopes of restoration;  
 And parted, like the body and soul,  
 From all dominion and controul.  
 We, who cou'd lately with a look  
 Enact, establish, or revoke;  
 Whose arbitrary nods gave law,  
 And frowns kept multitudes in awe;  
 Before the bluster of whose huff,  
 All hats, as in storm, flew off;  
 Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,  
 Down to the footman and valet;  
 Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,  
 And prayers than the crowns of hats;  
 Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly;  
 For ruin's just as low as high;  
 Which might be suffer'd, were it all  
 The horror that attends our fall:  
 For some of us have scores more large  
 Than heads and quarters can discharge;  
 And others, who, by restless scraping,  
 With public frauds, and private rapine,  
 Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,  
 Would gladly lay down all at last;  
 And to be but undone, entail  
 Their vessels on perpetual jail;  
 And bless the Dev'l to let them farms  
 Of forfeit souls on no worse terms.

1635

1640

1645

1650

1655

1660

1665

This said, a near and louder shout  
 Put all th' assembly to the rout,  
 Who now begun t' out-run their fear,  
 As horses do from whom they bear;  
 But crowded on with so much haste,  
 Until th' had block'd the passage fast,

1670

And barricado'd it with haunches  
 Of outward men, and bulks, and paunches,  
 That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,  
 And rather save a crippled piece  
 Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675  
 Than have them grilled on the embers;  
 Still pressing on with heavy packs  
 Of one another on their backs:  
 The van-guard could no longer bear 1680  
 The charges of the forlorn rear,  
 But, born down headlong by the rout,  
 Were trampled sorely under foot:  
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable  
 As the horrid cookery of the rabble;  
 And fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1685  
 As lesser pains are by the gout,  
 Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply  
 Of rallied force enough to fly,  
 And beat a Tuscan running-horse,  
 Whose jockey-rider is all spurs. 1690

## CANTO III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious Flight  
 To quit th' enchanted Bow'r by Night.  
 He plods to turn his amorous Suit  
 T' a Plea in Law, and prosecute;  
 Repairs to Counsel, to advise  
 'Bout managing the Enterprise;  
 But first resolves to try by Letter,  
 And one more fair Address, to get her.

Who wou'd believe what strange bugbears  
 Mankind creates itself, of fears  
 That spring like fern, that insect weed,  
 Equivocally, without seed;  
 And have no possible foundation,

But merely in th' imagination ;  
And yet can do more dreadful feats  
Than hags, with all their imps and teats ;  
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves  
Than all their nurseries of elves ? 10  
For fear does things so like a witch,  
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which :  
Sets up communities of senses,  
To chop and change intelligences ;  
As Rosicrucian virtuosos 15  
Can see with ears, and hear with noses ;  
And when they neither see nor hear,  
Have more than both supply'd by fear ;  
That makes 'em in the dark see visions,  
And hag themselves with apparitions ; 20  
And when their eyes discover least,  
Discern the subtlest objects best :  
Do things not contrary, alone,  
To th' course of nature, but its own ;  
The courage of the bravest daunt, 25  
And turn poltroons as valiant :  
For men as resolute appear  
With too much as too little fear ;  
And when they're out of hopes of flying,  
Will run away from death by dying ; 30  
Or turn again to stand it out,  
And those they fled, like lions, rout.  
This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,  
Who, by the furies left perdue,  
And haunted with detachments, sent 35  
From Marshal Legion's regiment,  
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,  
Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat ;  
When nothing but himself, and fear,  
Was both the imp and conjurer ; 40  
As, by the rules o' th' virtuosì,  
It follows in due form of poesie.  
Disguis'd in all the masks of night,  
We left our champion on his flight,  
At blindman's buff, to grope his way, 45

In equal fear of night and day,  
Who took his dark and desp'rate course,  
He knew no better than his horse ;  
And, by an unknown Devil led,  
(He knew as little whither,) fled. 50  
He never was in greater need,  
Nor less capacity, of speed ;  
Disabled, both in man and beast,  
To fly and run away his best ;  
To keep the enemy, and fear, 55  
From equal falling on his rear.  
And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd  
The further and the nearer side,  
(As seamen ride with all their force,  
And tug as if they row'd the horse, 60  
And when the hackney sails most swift,  
Believe they lag, or run a-drift,)  
So, though he posted e'er so fast,  
His fear was greater than his haste :  
For fear, though fleeter than the wind, 65  
Believes 'tis always left behind.  
But when the morn began t' appear,  
And shift t' another scene his fear,  
He found his new officious shade,  
That came so timely to his aid, 70  
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,  
Had turn'd itself to *Ralpho's* shape ;  
So like in person, garb, and pitch,  
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.  
For *Ralpho* had no sooner told 75  
The Lady all he had t' unfold,  
But she convey'd him out of sight,  
To entertain the approaching Knight ;  
And, while he gave himself diversion,  
T' accommodate his beast and person, 80  
And put his beard into a posture  
At best advantage to accost her,  
She order'd th' anti-masquerade  
(For his reception) aforesaid :  
But when the ceremony was done, 85

The lights put out, and furies gone,  
 And *Hudibras*, among the rest,  
 Convey'd away, as *Ralpho* guess'd.  
 The wretched caitiff, all alone,  
 (As he believ'd) began to moan, 90  
 And tell his story to himself,  
 The Knight mistook him for an elf;  
 And did so still, till he began  
 To scruple at *Ralph's* Outward Man;  
 And thought, because they oft agreed 95  
 T' appear in one another's stead,  
 And act the Saint's and Devil's part  
 With undistinguishable art,  
 They might have done so now, perhaps,  
 And put on one another's shapes: 100  
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,  
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,  
 What art? My 'Squire, or that bold Sprite  
 That took his place and shape to-night?  
 Some busy independent pug, 105  
 Retainer to his Synagogue?  
 Alas! quoth he, I'm none of those,  
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose;  
 But *Ralph* himself, your trusty 'Squire,  
 Wh' has dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' mire, 110  
 And from th' enchantments of a widow,  
 Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;  
 And, though a prisoner of war,  
 Have brought yon safe where you now are;  
 Which you would gratefully repay 115  
 Your constant Presbyterian way.  
 That's stranger (quoth the Knight) and stranger.  
 Who gave thee notice of my danger?  
 Quoth he, Th' infernal Conjuror  
 Pursu'd and took me prisoner; 120  
 And knowing you were hereabout,  
 Brought me along to find you out;  
 Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,  
 Have noted all they said or did:  
 And though they lay to him the pageant, 125

I did not see him, nor his argent;  
Who play'd their sorceries out of sight,  
T' avoid a fiercer second fight.  
But didst thou see no Devils then?  
Not one (quoth he) but carnal men, 130  
A little worse than fiends in hell,  
And that She-Devil Jezebel,  
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,  
To see them take your deposition.

What then (quoth *Hudibras*) was he 135  
That play'd the Dev'l to examine me?  
A rallying weaver in the town,  
That did it in a parson's gown;  
Whom all the parish take for gifted;  
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it: 140  
In which you told them all your feats,  
Your conscientious frauds and cheats;  
Deny'd your whipping, and confest  
The naked truth of all the rest,  
More plainly than the Rev'rend Writer, 145  
That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre;  
All which they took in black and white,  
And cudgell'd me to under-write.

What made thee, when they all were gone,  
And none but thou and I alone, 150  
To act the Devil, and forbear  
To rid me of my hellish fear?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate  
And frame of sp'rit too obstinate  
To be by me prevail'd upon 155  
With any motives of my own;  
And therefore strove to counterfeit  
The Dev'l a-while, to nick your wit;  
The Devil, that is your constant crony,  
That only can prevail upon ye; 160  
Else we might still have been disputing.  
And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find  
Th' had left the enemy behind,  
And saw no farther harm remain, 165



But feeble weariness and pain ;  
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,  
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day ;  
And, by declining of the road,  
They had, by chance, their rear made good ; 170  
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,  
That parting's wont to rent and tear,  
And give the desperat'st attack  
To danger still behind its back.  
For having paus'd to recollect, 175  
And on his past success reflect,  
T' examine and consider why,  
And whence, and how, they came to fly,  
And when no Devil had appear'd,  
What else, it cou'd be said, he fear'd ; 180  
It put him in so fierce a rage,  
He once resolv'd to re-engage ;  
Toss'd like a foot-ball back again,  
With shame and vengeance, and disdain.  
Quoth he, it was thy cowardise- 185  
That made me from this leaguer rise ;  
And when I'd half reduc'd the place,  
To quit it infamously base ;  
Was better cover'd by the new  
Arriv'd detachment then I knew ; 190  
To slight my new acquests, and run  
Victoriously from battles won ;  
And reckning all I gain'd or lost,  
To sell them cheaper than they cost ;  
To make me put myself to flight, 195  
And conqu'ring run away by night ;  
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe  
Durst never have presum'd to do ;  
To mount me in the dark, by force,  
Upon the bare ridge of my horse ; 200  
Expos'd in *querpo* to their rage,  
Without my arms and equipage ;  
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,  
I might th' unequal fight renew ;  
And, to preserve thy Outward Man, 205

Assum'd my place, and led the van.

All this, quoth *Ralph*, I did, 'tis true,

Not to preserve myself, but you;

You, who were damn'd to baser drubs

Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,

210

To mount two-wheel'd carroches, worse

Than managing a wooden-horse:

Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,

Eras'd or coup'd for perjurers;

Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain,

215

Had had no reason to complain:

But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome

To blame the hand that paid your ransome,

And rescu'd your obnoxious bones

From unavoidable battoons.

220

The enemy was reinforc'd,

And we disabled, and unhors'd,

Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,

And no way left but hasty flight,

Which, though as desp'rate in th' attempt,

225

Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.

But weré our bones in fit condition

To reinforce the expedition,

'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,

To think of falling on again.

230

No martial project to surprize

Can ever be attempted twice;

Nor cast design serve afterwards,

As gamesters tear their losing-cards,

Beside, our bangs of man and beast

235

Are fit for nothing now but rest;

And for a-while will not be able

To rally, and prove serviceable;

And therefore I, with reason, chose

This stratagem t' amuse our foes;

240

To make an honourable retreat,

And wave a total sure defeat;

For those that fly may fight again,

Which he can never do that's slain.

Hence timely running's no mean part

245

Of conduct in the martial art ;  
By which some glorious feats atchieve,  
As citizens by breaking thrive ;  
And cannons conquer armies, while  
They seem to draw off and recoil ; 250  
Is held the gallantest course, and bravest  
To great exploits, as well as safest ;  
That spares th' expence of time and pains,  
And dangerous beating out of brains ;  
And in the end prevails as certain 255  
As those that never trust to fortune ;  
But make their fear do execution  
Beyond the stoutest resolution ;  
As earthquakes kill without a blow,  
And, only trembling, overthrow, 260  
If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men  
That only sav'd a citizen,  
What victory could e'er be won,  
If ev'ry one would save but one ?  
Or fight indanger'd to be lost, 265  
Where all resolve to save the most ?  
By this means, when a battle's won,  
The war's as far from being done ;  
For those that save themselves, and fly,  
Go halves, at least, i' th' victory ; 270  
And sometimes, when the loss is small,  
And danger great, they challenge all ;  
Print new additions to their feats,  
And emendations in Gazettes ;  
And when, for furious haste to run, 275  
They durst not stay to fire a gun,  
Have done't with bonfires, and at home  
Made squibs and crackers overcome ;  
To set the rabble on a flame,  
And keep their governors from blame ; 280  
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,  
Confirm'd with fire-works and with bells ;  
And though reduc'd to that extream,  
They have been forc'd to sing Te Deum ;  
Yet, with religious blasphemy, 285

By flattering Heaven with a lie,  
And for their beating giving thanks,  
Th' have rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks ;  
For those who run from th' enemy,  
Engage them equally to fly ; 290  
And when the fight becomes a chace,  
Those win the day that win the race ;  
And that which would not pass in fights,  
Has done the feat with easy flights ;  
Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign 295  
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign ;  
Restor'd the fainting high and mighty  
With brandy-wine and aqua-vitae ;  
And made 'em stoutly overcome  
With bachrach, hoccamore, and mum ; 300  
Whom the uncontroll'd decrees of fate  
To victory necessitate ;  
With which, although they run or burn,  
They unavoidably return :  
Or else their sultan populaces 305  
Still strangle all their routed Bassas.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, I understand  
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,  
And who those were that run away,  
And yet gave out th' had won the day ; 310  
Although the rabble sous'd them for't,  
O'er head and ears in mud and dirt.  
'Tis true, our modern way of war  
Is grown more politic by far,  
But not so resolute, and bold, 315  
Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.  
For now they laugh at giving battle,  
Unless it be to herds of cattle ;  
Or fighting convoys of provision,  
The whole design o' the expedition ; 320  
And not with downright blows to rout  
The enemy, but eat them out :  
As fighting, in all beasts of prey,  
And eating, are perform'd one way,  
To give defiance to their teeth 325

And fight their stubborn guts to death;  
And those atchieve the high'st renown,  
That bring the others' stomachs down,  
There's now no fear of wounds, nor maiming;  
All dangers are reduc'd to famine; 330  
And feats of arms, to plot, design,  
Surprize, and stratagem, and mine;  
But have no need nor use of courage,  
Unless it be for glory or forage:  
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance, 335  
When one side vent'ring to advance,  
And come uncivilly too near,  
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear;  
And forc'd with terrible resistance,  
To keep hereafter at a distance; 340  
To pick out ground to incamp upon,  
Where store of largest rivers run,  
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,  
To part th' engagements of their warriors;  
Where both from side to side may skip, 345  
And only encounter at bo-peep:  
For men are found the stouter-hearted,  
The certainer th' are to be parted,  
And therefore post themselves in bogs,  
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs, 350  
And made their mortal enemy,  
The water-rat their strict ally.  
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold,  
But who bears hunger best, and cold;  
And he's approv'd the most deserving, 355  
Who longest can hold out at starving;  
And he that routs most pigs and cows,  
The formidablest man of prowess.  
So th' emperor *Caligula*,  
That triumph'd o'er the British Sea, 360  
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,  
Lobsters, 'stead of cuirasiers,  
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles  
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles;  
And led his troops with furious gallops, 365

To charge whole regiments of scallops:  
Not like their ancient way of war,  
To wait on his triumphal carr;  
But when he went to dine or sup,  
More bravely eat his captives up; 370  
And left all war, by his example,  
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

Quoth *Ralph*, By all that you have said,  
And twice as much that I cou'd add,  
'Tis plain you cannot now do worse, 375  
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course,  
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,  
Or waging battle to subdue her:

Though some have done it in romances,  
And bang'd them into amorous fancies; 380  
As those who won the *Amazons*,

By wanton drubbing of their bones;  
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,  
By courting of her back and side.  
But since those times and feats are over, 385

They are not for a modern lover,  
When mistresses are too cross-grain'd  
By such addresses to be gain'd:  
And if they were, wou'd have it out  
With many another kind of bout. 390

Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,  
As this of force to win the *Jezebel*;  
To storm her heart, by th' antic charms  
Of ladies errant, force of arms;  
But rather strive by law to win her, 395

And try the title you have in her.  
Your case is clear; you have her word,  
And me to witness the accord;  
Besides two more of her retinue  
To testify what pass'd between you; 400

More probable, and like to hold,  
Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold;  
For which so many, that renounc'd  
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd;  
And bills upon record been found, 405

That forc'd the ladies to compound;  
And that, unless I miss the matter,  
Is all the bus'ness you look after.  
Besides, encounters at the bar  
Are braver now than those in war, 410  
In which the law does execution  
With less disorder and confusion:  
Has more of honour in't, some hold;  
Not like the new way, but the old;  
When those the pen had drawn together, 415  
Decided quarrels with the feather,  
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,  
And more than bullets now of lead.  
So all their combats now, as then,  
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen; 420  
That does the feat with braver vigours,  
In words at length, as well as figures;  
Is judge of all the world performs  
In voluntary feats of arms;  
And whatso'er's atchiev'd in fight, 425  
Determines which is wrong or right:  
For whether you prevail, or lose,  
All must be try'd these in the close;  
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun  
What you must trust to e're y' have done. 430  
The law, that settles all you do,  
And marries where you did but woo;  
That makes the most perfidious lover  
A lady, that's as false, recover;  
And if it judge upon your side, 435  
Will soon extend her for your bride;  
And put her person, goods, or lands,  
Or which you like best int' your hands.  
For law's the wisdom of all ages,  
And manag'd by the ablest sages; 440  
Who, though their bus'ness at the bar  
Be but a kind of civil war,  
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons  
Than e'er the *Grecians* did and *Trojans*,  
They never manage the contest 445

T' impair their public interest ;  
Or by their controversies lessen  
The dignity of their profession :  
Not like us Brethren, who divide  
Our Commonwealth, the Cause, and Side ; 450  
And though w' are all as near of kindred  
As th' outward man is to the inward,  
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle  
About the slightest fingle-fangle ;  
While lawyers have more sober sense 455  
Than t'argue at their own expence,  
But make their best advantages  
Of others' quarrels, like the *Swiss* ;  
And out of foreign controversies,  
By aiding both sides, fill their purses ; 460  
But have no int'rest in the cause  
For which th' engage, and wage the laws ;  
Nor further prospect than their pay,  
Whether they lose or win the day :  
And though th' abounded in all ages, 465  
With sundry learned clerks and sages,  
Though all their business be dispute,  
Which way they canvass ev'ry suit,  
Th' have no disputes about their art,  
Nor in Polemics controvert : 470  
While all professions else are found  
With nothing but disputes t' abound :  
Divines of all sorts, and physicians,  
Philosophers, mathematicians :  
The Galenist and Paracelsian 475  
Condemn the way each other deals in :  
Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
To cut themselves out work to wrangle :  
Astrologers dispute their dreams,  
That in their sleeps they talk of schemes : 480  
And heralds stickle, who got who  
So many hundred years ago.  
But lawyers are too wise a nation  
T' expose their trade to disputation ;  
Or make the busy rabble judges 485



- Of all their secret piques and grudges ;  
 In which whoever wins the day,  
 The whole profession's sure to pay.  
 Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,  
 Dare undertake to do their feats ; 490  
 When in all other sciences  
 They swarm, like insects, and increase.
- For what bigot durst ever draw,  
 By inward light, a deed in law ?  
 Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495  
 An answer to a declaration ?  
 For those that meddle with their tools  
 Will cut their fingers, if they're fools :  
 And if you follow their advice,  
 In bills, and answers, and replies, 500  
 They'll write a love-letter in chancery,  
 Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,  
 And soon reduce her to b' your wife,  
 Or make her weary of her life.
- The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts 505  
 To edify by *Ralpho's* Gifts,  
 But in appearance cry'd him down,  
 To make them better seem his own,  
 (All Plagiaries' constant course  
 Of sinking when they take a purse), 510  
 Resolv'd to follow his advice,  
 But kept it from him by disguise ;  
 And, after stubborn contradiction,  
 To counterfeit his own conviction,  
 And by transition fall upon 515  
 The resolution as his own.
- Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest  
 Is of all others the unwise ;  
 For if I think by law to gain her,  
 There's nothing sillier or vainer. 520  
 'Tis but to hazard my pretence,  
 Where nothing's certain, but th' expence ;  
 To act against myself, and traverse  
 My suit and title to her favours ;  
 And if she shou'd (which Heav'n forbid) 525

O'erthrow me, as the fidler did,  
What aftercourse have I to take,  
'Gainst losing all I have at stake?  
He that with infury is griev'd,  
And goes to law to be reliev'd, 530  
Is sicker than a sottish chowse,  
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,  
Applies himself to cupning men,  
To help him to his goods agen;  
When all he can expect to gain, 535  
Is but to squander more in vain;  
And yet I have no other way  
But is as difficult to play.  
For to reduce her by main force,  
Is now in vain; by fair means, worse;  
But worst of all, to give her over,  
'Till she's as desp'rate to recover:  
For bad games are thrown up too soon,  
Until th' are never to be won.  
But since I have no other course, 545  
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,  
He that complies against his will,  
Is of his own opinion still;  
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,  
For reasons to himself best known:  
But 'tis not to b' avoided now, 550  
For *Sidrophel* resolves to sue;  
Whom I must answer, or begin  
Inevitably first with him.  
For I've receiv'd advertisement, 555  
By times enough, of his intent;  
And knowing he that first complains  
Th' advantage of the business gains;  
For Courts of Justice understand  
The plaintiff to be eldest hand; 560  
Who what he pleases may aver;  
The other, nothing, till he swear;  
Is freely admitted to all grace,  
And lawful favour, by his place;  
And for his bringing custom in, 565

Has all advantages to win.  
I, who resolve to oversee  
No lucky opportunity,  
Will go to council, to advise  
Which way t' encounter, or surprize, 570  
And, after long consideration,  
Have found out one to fit th' occasion;  
Most apt for what I have to do,  
As counsellor and justice too.  
And truly so, no doubt, he was, 575  
A lawyer fit for such a case.  
An old dull sot, who told the clock  
For many years at Bridewell-dock,  
At Westminster, and Hicks's-Hall,  
And *Hiccius Doctius* play'd in all; 580  
Where, in all governments and times,  
H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,  
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,  
By hind'ring justice or maintaining;  
To many a whore gave priviledge, 585  
And whipp'd for want of quarteridge:  
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent  
For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent;  
And many a trusty pimp and croney  
To Puddle-dock for want of money; 590  
Engag'd the constable to seize  
All those that would not break the peace,  
Nor give him back his own foul words,  
Though sometimes Commoners or Lords,  
And kept 'em prisoners of course, 595  
For being sober at ill hours,  
That in the morning he might free  
Or bind 'em over for his fee;  
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,  
For leave to practise in their ways; 600  
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share  
With th' headborough and scavenger;  
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound  
For taking up the public ground;  
The kennel, and the King's highway, 605

For being unmolested, pay;  
 Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,  
 And cage, to those that gave him most;  
 Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,  
 And for false weights on chandelers;  
 Made victuallers and vintners fine  
 For arbitrary ale and wine;  
 But was a kind and constant friend  
 To all that regularly offend;  
 As residentiary bawds,  
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods;  
 That cheat in lawful mysteries,  
 And pay church duties and his fees;  
 But was implacable, and awkward,  
 To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.

To this brave man the Knight repairs  
 For council in his law-affairs;  
 And found him mounted in his pew,  
 With books and money plac'd for shew,  
 Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,  
 And for his false opinion pay;  
 To whom the Knight, with comely grace,  
 Put off his hat to put his case;  
 Which he as proudly entertain'd  
 As th' other courteously strain'd;  
 And, to assure him, 'twas not that  
 He look'd for, bid him put on's hat.

Quoth he, There is one *Sidrophel*,  
 Whom I have cudgell'd — Very well.  
 And now he brags t' have beaten me. —  
 Better and better still, quoth he. —  
 And vows to stick me to a well  
 Where-e'er he meets me — Best of all.  
 'Tis true, the knave has taken's oath  
 That I robb'd him — Well done, in troth  
 When h' has confess'd he stole my cloak,  
 And pick'd my fob, and what he took;  
 Which was the cause that made me bang him,  
 And take my goods again — Marry hang him.  
 Now whether I should before-hand,

Swear he robb'd me? — I understand.  
Or bring my action of conversion  
And trover for my goods? — Ah, Whoreson!  
Or if 'tis better to indite,  
Or bring him to his trial? — Right. 650  
Prevent what he designs to do,  
And swear for th' State against him? — True.  
Or whether he that is defendant  
In this case has the better end on't;  
Who, putting in a new cross-bill, 655  
May traverse th' action? — Better still.  
Then there's a Lady too — Aye, marry!  
That's easily prov'd accessary;  
A widow, who, by solemn vows  
Contracted to me for my spouse, 660  
Combin'd with him to break her word,  
And has abetted all. — Good Lord!  
Suborn'd th' aforesaid *Sidrophel*  
To tamper with the Dev'l of Hell;  
Who put m' into a horrid fear, 665  
Fear of my life. — Make that appear.  
Made an assault with fiends and men  
Upon my body. — Good agen,  
And kept me in a deadly fright,  
And false imprisonment, all night: 670  
Mean while they robb'd me, and my horse,  
And stole my saddle. — Worse and worse.  
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,  
T' avoid a wretched miscarriage.  
Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye, 675  
You have as good and fair a battery  
As heart can wish, and need not shame  
The proudest man alive to claim.  
For if th' have us'd you as you say;  
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy. 680  
I wou'd it were my case, I'd give  
More than I'll say, or you'll believe.  
I would so trounce her, and her purse;  
I'd make her kneel for better or worse;  
For matrimony and hanging here 685

Both go by destiny so clear,  
That you as sure may pick and choose,  
As Cross, I win; and, Pile, you lose;  
And, if I durst, I would advance  
As much in ready maintenance, 690  
As upon any case I've known,  
But we that practise dare not own.  
The law severely contrabands  
Our taking bus'ness off men's hands;  
'Tis common barratry, that bears 695  
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,  
And crops them till there is not leather  
To stick a pin in left of either;  
For which some do the Summer-fault,  
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault. 700  
But you may swear, at any rate,  
Things not in nature, for the State:  
For in all courts of justice here  
A witness is not said to swear,  
But make oath; that is, in plain terms 705  
To forge whatever he affirms.  
(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,  
Because 'tis to my purpose pat —)  
For Justice, though she's painted blind,  
It to the weaker side inclin'd, 710  
Like Charity; else right and wrong  
Could never hold it out so long,  
And, like blind Fortune, with a slight  
Convey mens' interest and right  
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's, 715  
As easily as *Hocus Pocus*;  
Play fast and loose; make men obnoxious,  
And clear again, like *Hiccius Doctius*.  
Then whether you wou'd take her life,  
Or but recover her for your wife, 720  
Or be content with what she has,  
And let all other matters pass,  
The bus'ness to the law's alone,  
The proof is all it looks upon:  
And you can want no witnesses 725

- To swear to any thing you please,  
That hardly get their mere expences  
By th' labour of their consciences;  
Or letting out to hire their ears  
To affidavit customers, 730  
At inconsiderable values,  
To serve for jury-men or tallies,  
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters,  
Of trustees and administrators.
- For that, quoth he, let me alone; 735  
W' have store of such, and all our own;  
Bred up and tutor'd by our teachers,  
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.
- That's well, quoth he; but I should guess,  
By weighing all advantages, 740  
Your surest way is first to pitch  
On *Bongey* for a water-witch;  
And when y' have hang'd the conjurer,  
Y' have time enough to deal with her.
- In th' intr'im, spare for no trepans 745  
To draw her neck into the bans:  
Ply her with love-letters and billets,  
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilllets  
With trains t' inveigle, and surprize,  
Her heedless answers and replies; 750  
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,  
They'll serve for other by-designs;  
And make an artist understand  
To copy out her seal or hand;  
Or find void places in the paper 755  
To steal in something to intrap her;  
Till, with her worldly goods and body,  
Spight of her heart, she has endow'd ye,  
Retain all sorts of witnesses,  
That ply i' th' Temple under trees; 760  
Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,  
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;  
Or wait for customers between  
The pillars-rows in Lincoln's Inn;  
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail, 765

And affidavit-men, ne'er fail  
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,  
According to their ears and cloaths,  
Their only necessary tools,  
Besides the Gospel and their souls: 770  
And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys,  
I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give, quoth *Hudibras*,  
A straw to understand a case,  
Without the admirable skill 775

To wind and manage it at will;  
To vere, and tack, and steer a cause  
Against the weather-gage of laws;  
And ring the changes upon cases  
As plain as noses upon faces; 780

As you have well instructed me,  
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.  
I long to practise your advice,  
And try the subtle artifice;  
To bait a letter, as you bid; 785

As not long after, thus he did:  
For having pump'd up all his wit,  
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

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AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF  
HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

---

I who was once as great as *Caesar*,  
Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezzar* ;  
And from as fam'd a conqueror  
As ever took degree in war,  
Or did his exercise in battle, 5  
By you turn'd out to grass with cattle;  
For since I am deny'd access  
To all my earthly happiness:  
Am fallen from the paradise  
Of your good graces, and fair eyes; 10  
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent  
To everlasting banishment;  
Where all the hopes I had t' have won  
Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.  
Yet if you were not so severe 15  
To pass your doom before you hear,  
You'd find, upon my just defence,  
How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.  
That once I made a vow to you,  
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true: 20  
But not because it is unpaid,  
'Tis violated, though delay'd;  
Or, if it were, it is no fau't,  
So heinous as you'd have it thought;  
To undergo the loss of ears, 25  
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:  
For there's difference in the case,  
Between the noble and the base,  
Who always are observ'd t' have done't  
Upon as different an account: 30

The one for great and weighty cause,  
 To salve in honour ugly flaws;  
 For none are like to do it sooner  
 Than those who are nicest of their honour:  
 The other, for base gain and pay, 35  
 Forswear, and perjure by the day;  
 And make th' exposing and retailing  
 Their souls and consciences a calling.  
 It is no scandal, nor aspersion,  
 Upon a great and noble person, 40  
 To say he nat'rally abhorrd  
 Th' old-fashion'd trick, To keep his word;  
 Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame  
 In meaner men to do the same:  
 For to be able to forget, 45  
 Is found more useful to the great,  
 Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,  
 To make 'em pass for wond'rous wise.  
 But though the law on perjurers  
 Inflicts the forfeiture of ears, 50  
 It is not just that does exempt  
 The guilty, and punish th' innocent;  
 To make the ears repair the wrong  
 Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue;  
 And when one member is forsworn 55  
 Another to be cropt or torn.  
 And if you shou'd, as you design,  
 By course of law, recover mine,  
 You're like, if you consider right,  
 To gain but little honour by't. 60  
 For he that for his lady's sake  
 Lays down his life or limbs at stake,  
 Does not so much deserve her favour,  
 As he that pawns his soul to have her.  
 This y' have acknowledg'd I have done, 65  
 Although you now disdain to own;  
 But sentence what you rather ought  
 T' esteem good service than a fau't.  
 Besides, oaths are not bound to bear  
 That literal sense the words infer, 70

But, by the practice of the age,  
 Are to be judg'd how far th' engage;  
 And, where the sense by custom's checkt,  
 Are found void, and of none effect.  
 For no man takes or keeps a vow 75  
 But just as he sees others do;  
 Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,  
 As not to yield and bow a little:  
 For as best-temper'd blades are found,  
 Before they break, to bend quite round, 80  
 So truest oaths are still most tough,  
 And though they bow, are breaking proof.  
 Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd  
 In love a greater latitude?  
 For as the law of arms approves 85  
 All ways to conquest, so should love's;  
 And not be ty'd to true or false,  
 But make that justest that prevails:  
 For how can that which is above  
 All empire, high and mighty love, 90  
 Submit its great prerogative  
 To any other power alive?  
 Shall love, that to no crown gives place,  
 Become the subject of a case?  
 The fundamental law of nature, 95  
 Be over-rul'd by those made after?  
 Commit the censure of its cause  
 To any but its own great laws?  
 Love, that's the world's preservative,  
 That keeps all souls of things alive; 100  
 Controuls the mighty pow'r of fate,  
 And gives mankind a longer date;  
 The life of nature, that restores  
 As fast as time and death devours;  
 To whose free-gift the world does owe, 105  
 Not only earth, but heaven too;  
 For love's the only trade that's driven,  
 The interest of state in heav'n,  
 Which nothing but the soul of man  
 Is capable to entertain. 110

For what can earth produce, but love  
 To represent the joys above?  
 Or who but lovers can converse,  
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse?  
 Address and compliment by vision; 115  
 Make love and court by intuition?  
 And burn in amorous flames as fierce  
 As those celestial ministers?  
 Then how can any thing offend,  
 In order to so great an end? 120  
 Or heav'n itself a sin resent,  
 That for its own supply was meant?  
 That merits, in a kind mistake,  
 A pardon for th' offence's sake.  
 Or if it did not, but the cause 125  
 Were left to th' injury of laws,  
 What tyranny can disapprove  
 There should be equity in love;  
 For laws that are inanimate,  
 And feel no sense of love or hate, 130  
 That have no passion of their own,  
 Nor pity to be wrought upon,  
 Are only proper to inflict  
 Revenge on criminals as strict:  
 But to have power to forgive, 135  
 Is empire and prerogative;  
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem  
 To grant a pardon than condemn.  
 Then since so few do what they ought,  
 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault. 140  
 For why should he who made address,  
 All humble ways, without success,  
 And met with nothing, in return,  
 But insolence, affronts, and scorn,  
 Not strive by wit to countermine, 145  
 And bravely carry his design?  
 He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,  
 Blown up with philters of love-powder?  
 And after letting blood, and purging,  
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging; 150

Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,  
 And claw'd by goblins in the night;  
 Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,  
 With rude invasion of his beard;  
 And when your sex was foully scandal'd, 155  
 As foully by the rabble handled;  
 Attack'd by despicable foes,  
 And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows;  
 And, after all, to be debarr'd  
 So much as standing on his guard; 160  
 When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,  
 Have leave to kick for being kick'd?  
 Or why should you, whose mother-wits  
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites,  
 That with your breeding-teeth begin, 165  
 And nursing babies, that lie in,  
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon  
 Our cully sex, and we use none?  
 We, who have nothing but frail vows  
 Against your stratagems t' oppose; 170  
 Or oaths more feeble than your own?  
 By which we are no less put down?  
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,  
 And kill with a retreating eye:  
 Retire the more, the more we press, 175  
 To draw us into ambushes.  
 As pirates all false colours wear  
 T' intrap th' unwary mariner,  
 So women, to surprise us, spread  
 The borrow'd flags of white and red; 180  
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks  
 Than their old grandmothers, the Piets;  
 And raise more devils with their looks,  
 Than conjurer's less subtle books;  
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues, 185  
 In tow'rs, and curls, and perriwigs,  
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,  
 Than *Philip Nye's* thanksgiving beard,  
 Prepost'rously t' entice, and gain  
 Those to adore 'em they disdain; 190

And only draw 'em in, to clog  
With idle names a catalogue.

A lover is, the more he's brave,  
T' his mistress but the more a slave;  
And whatsoever she commands, 195

Becomes a favour from her hands;  
Which he's obliged t' obey, and must,  
Whether it be unjust or just.  
Then when he is compell'd by her  
T' adventures he would else forbear, 200

Who with his honour can withstand,  
Since force is greater than command?  
And when necessity's obey'd,  
Nothing can be unjust or bad;  
And therefore when the mighty pow'rs 205

Of love, our great ally and yours,  
Join'd forces not to be withstood  
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood,  
All I have done, unjust or ill,  
Was in obedience to your will; 210

And all the blame that can be due,  
Falls to your cruelty and you.  
Nor are those scandals I confest,  
Against my will and interest,  
More than is daily done of course 215

By all men, when they're under force;  
When some upon the rack confess  
What th' hangman and their prompters please;  
But are no sooner out of pain,  
Than they deny it all again. 220

But when the Devil turns confessor,  
Truth is a crime he takes no pleasure  
To hear, or pardon, like the founder  
Of liars, whom they all claim under;  
And therefore, when I told him none, 225

I think it was the wiser done,  
Nor am I without precedent,  
The first that on th' adventure went:  
All mankind ever did of course,  
And daily does the same, or worse, 230

For what romance can show a lover,  
 That had a lady to recover,  
 And did not steer a nearer course,  
 To fall a-board on his amours?  
 And what at first was held a crime, 235  
 Has turn'd to honourable in time.  
 To what a height did infant *Rome*,  
 By ravishing of women, come!  
 When men upon their spouses seiz'd,  
 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd, 240  
 They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd.  
 Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd;  
 Nor took the pains t' address and sue,  
 Nor play'd the masquerade to woo:  
 Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents; 245  
 Nor juggled about settlements:  
 Did need no license, nor no priest,  
 Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist;  
 Nor lawyers, to join land and money  
 In th' holy state of matrimony, 250  
 Before they settled hands and hearts,  
 Till alimony or death them parts:  
 Nor wou'd endure to stay until  
 Th' had got the very bride's good will;  
 But took a wise and shorter course 255  
 To win the ladies, downright force.  
 And justly made 'em prisoners then,  
 As they have often since, us men,  
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,  
 The luckiest of all love's intrigues; 260  
 And when they had them at their pleasure,  
 Then talk'd of love and flames at leisure;  
 For after matrimony's over,  
 He that holds out but half a lover,  
 Deserves for ev'ry minute more 265  
 Than half a year of love before;  
 For which the dames in contemplation  
 Of that best way of application,  
 Prov'd nobler wives than e'er was known,  
 By suit or treaty to be won; 270

And such as all posterity  
 Cou'd never equal nor come nigh.  
 For women first were made for men,  
 Not men for them — It follows, then,  
 That men have right to ev'ry one, 275  
 And they no freedom of their own:  
 And therefore men have pow'r to chuse,  
 But they no charter to refuse.  
 Hence 'tis apparent, that what course  
 Soe'er we take to your amours, 280  
 Though by the indirectest way,  
 'Tis no injustice, nor foul play;  
 And that you ought to take that course,  
 As we take you, for better or worse;  
 And gratefully submit to those 285  
 Who you, before another, chose.  
 For why should ev'ry savage beast  
 Exceed his great lord's interest?  
 Have freer pow'r than he in grace,  
 And nature, o'er the creature has? 290  
 Because the laws he since has made  
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had;  
 Retrench'd the absolute dominion  
 That nature gave him over women!  
 When all his pow'r will not extend 295  
 One law of nature to suspend;  
 And but to offer to repeal  
 The smallest clause, is to rebel.  
 This, if men rightly understood  
 Their privilege, they wou'd make good;  
 And not, like sots, permit their wives 300  
 T' encroach on their prerogatives;  
 For which sin they deserve to be  
 Kept, as they are, in slavery:  
 And this some precious Gifted Teachers, 305  
 Unrev'rently reputed leachers,  
 And disobey'd in making love,  
 Have vow'd to all the world to prove,  
 And make ye suffer, as you ought,  
 For that uncharitable fau't. 310



But I forget myself, and rove  
 Beyond th' instructions of my love.  
 Forgive me (Fair) and only blame  
 Th' extravagancy of my flame,  
 Since 'tis too much at once to show 315  
 Excess of love and temper too.  
 All I have said that's bad and true,  
 Was never meant to aim at you,  
 Who have so sov'reign a controul  
 O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul, 320  
 That, rather than to forfeit you,  
 Has ventur'd loss of heaven too:  
 Both with an equal pow'r possest,  
 To render all that serve you blest:  
 But none like him, who's destin'd either 325  
 To have, or lose you, both together.  
 And if you'll but this fault release  
 (For so it must be, since you please)  
 I'll pay down all that vow, and more,  
 Which you commanded, and I swore, 330  
 And expiate upon my skin  
 Th' arrears in full of all my sin.  
 For 'tis but just that I should pay  
 Th' accruing penance for delay,  
 Which shall be done, until it move 335  
 Your equal pity and your love.  
 The Knight, perusing this Epistle,  
 Believ'd h' had brought her to his whistle;  
 And read it like a jocund lover,  
 With great applause t' himself, twice over; 340  
 Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit  
 And humble distance to his wit;  
 And dated it with wond'rous art,  
 Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;  
 Then seal'd it with his Coat of Love, 345  
 A smoaking faggot — and above,  
 Upon a scroll — I burn, and weep;  
 And near it — For her Ladyship;  
 Of all her sex most excellent,  
 These to her gentle hands present. 350

Then gave it to his faithful Squire,  
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,  
To send it back, or burn the letter,  
But guessing that it might import,

355

Though nothing else, at least her sport,  
She open'd it, and read it out,

With many a smile and leering flout:

Resolv'd to answer it in kind,

And thus perform'd what she design'd.

360

THE LADY'S ANSWER  
TO THE KNIGHT.

---

That you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,  
Is no strange news, nor ever was;  
At least to me, who once, you know,  
Did from the pound replevin you,  
When both your sword and spurs were won 5  
In combat by an Amazon.  
That sword, that did (like Fate) determine  
Th' inevitable death of vermine.  
And never dealt its furious blows,  
But cut the throats of pigs and cows, 10  
By *Trulla* was, in single fight,  
Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight;  
Your heels degraded of your spurs,  
And in the stocks close prisoners;  
Where still they'd lain, in base restraint, 15  
If I, in pity of your complaint,  
Had not, on honourable conditions,  
Releas't 'em from the worst of prisons;  
And what return that favour met  
You cannot (though you wou'd) forget, 20  
When, being free, you strove t' evade  
The oaths you had in prison made;  
Forswore yourself; and first deny'd it,  
But after own'd and justify'd it,  
And when y' had falsely broke one vow, 25  
Absolv'd yourself by breaking two.  
For while you sneakingly submit,  
And beg for pardon at our fees,  
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,  
To hope for quarter for your ears, 30

And doubting t'was in vain to sue,  
 You claim us boldly as your due;  
 Declare that treachery and force,  
 To deal with us, is th' only course;  
 We have no title nor pretence 35  
 To body, soul, or conscience;  
 But ought to fall to that man's share  
 That claims us for his proper ware.  
 These are the motives which, t' induce  
 Or fright us into love, you use. 40  
 A pretty new way of gallanting,  
 Between soliciting and ranting;  
 Like sturdy beggars, that intreat  
 For charity at once, and threat.  
 But since you undertake to prove 45  
 Your own propriety in love;  
 As if we were but lawful prize  
 In war between two enemies,  
 Or forfeitures, which ev'ry lover,  
 That wou'd but sue for, might recover, 50  
 It is not hard to understand  
 The myst'ry of this bold demand,  
 That cannot at our persons aim,  
 But something capable of claim.  
 'Tis not those paultry counterfeit 55  
 French stones, which in our eyes you set,  
 But our right diamonds, that inspire  
 And set your am'rous hearts on fire.  
 Nor can those false St. Martin's beads, 60  
 Which on our lips you lay for reds,  
 And make us wear, like Indian dames,  
 Add fuel to your scorching flames;  
 But those true rubies of the rock,  
 Which in our cabinets we lock.  
 'Tis not those orient pearls our teeth, 65  
 That you are so transported with;  
 But those we wear about our necks,  
 Produce those amorous effects.  
 Nor is't those threads of gold, our hair,  
 The periwigs you make us wear, 70

But those bright guineas in our chests, That light the wild fire in your breasts. These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so, That all their sly intrigues I know, And can unriddle, by their tones,	75
Their mystick cabals and jargones; Can tell what passions, by their sounds, Pine for the beauties of my grounds; What raptures fond and amorous O' th' charms and graces of my house;	80
What extasy and scorching flame, Burns for my money in my name; What from th' unnatural desire To beasts and cattle takes its fire; What tender sigh, and trickling tear,	85
Longs for a thousand pounds a year; And languishing transports are fond Of statute, mortgage, bill and bond. These are th' attracts which most men fall	
Inamour'd, at first sight, withal: To these th' address with serenades, And court with balls and masquerades; And yet, for all the yearning pain Y' have suffer'd for their loves in vain,	90
I fear they'll prove so nice and coy To have, and t'hold, and to enjoy, That all your oaths and labour lost, They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post. This is not meant to disapprove	95
Your judgment in your choice of love; Which is so wise, the greatest part Of mankind study't as an art; For love shou'd, like a deodand, Still fall to th' owner of the land;	100
And where there's substance for its ground, Cannot but be more firm and sound Than that which has the slightest basis Of airy virtue, wit, and graces; Which is of such thin subtlety,	105
It steals and creeps in at the eye,	110

And, as it can't endure to stay,  
Steals out again as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns  
From solid gold and precious stones,  
Must, like its shining patents, prove  
As solid and as glorious love. 115

Hence 'tis you have no way t' express  
Our charms and graces but by these:  
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,  
Which beauty invades and conquers with, 120  
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,  
With which a philter-love commands?

This is the way all parents prove,  
In managing their childrens' love;  
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed, 125  
As if th' were bur'ing of the dead;  
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,  
To join in wedlock all they have:

And when the settlement's in force,  
Take all the rest for better or worse: 130  
For money has a power above  
The stars and fate to manage love;  
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,  
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.

And though some say, the parents' claims  
To make love in their childrens' names, 135  
Who many times at once provide  
The nurse, the husband, and the bride;  
Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,  
And woo and contract in their names;

And as they christen, use to marry 'em,  
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em;  
Is not to give in matrimony,  
But sell and prostitute for money: 140  
'Tis better than their own betrothing,  
Who often do't for worse than nothing;

And when th' are at their own dispose,  
With greater disadvantage choose.  
All this is right; but for the course  
You take to do't, by fraud or force, 145

150

'Tis so ridiculous, as soon  
 As told, 'tis never to be done;  
 No more than setters can betray,  
 That tell what tricks they are to play.  
 Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155  
 Which all men either break or bow:  
 Then what will those forbear to do,  
 Who perjure when they do but woo?  
 Such as before-hand swear and lie  
 For earnest to their treachery; 160  
 And, rather than a crime confess,  
 With greater trive to make it less;  
 Like thieves, who, after sentence past,  
 Maintain their innocence to the last;  
 And when their crimes were made appear 165  
 As plain as witnesses can swear,  
 Yet, when the wretches come to die,  
 Will take upon their death a lie.  
 Nor are the virtues you confess  
 T' your ghostly father, as you guest, 170  
 So slight as to be justify'd  
 By being as shamefully deny'd.  
 As if you thought your word would pass  
 Point blank on both sides of a case;  
 Or credit were not to be lost 175  
 B' a brave Knighti-Errant of the Post,  
 That eats perfidiously his word,  
 And swears his ears through a two inch board:  
 Can own the same thing, and disown,  
 And perjure booty, Pro and Con: 180  
 Can make the Gospel serve his turn,  
 And help him out, to be forsworn;  
 When 'tis laid hands upon, and kist,  
 To be betray'd and sold like Christ.  
 These are the virtues in whose name 185  
 A right to all the world you claim,  
 And boldly challenge a dominion,  
 In grace and nature, o'er all women:  
 Of whom no less will satisfy  
 Than all the sex your tyranny. 190

Although you'll find it a hard province,  
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,  
 To govern such a num'rous crew,  
 Who, one by one, now govern you:  
 For if you all were *Solomons*, 195  
 And wise and great as he was once,  
 You'll find they're able to subdue  
 (As they did him) and baffle you.  
 And if you are impos'd upon  
 'Tis by your own temptation done, 200  
 That with your ignorance invite,  
 And teach us how to use the slight.  
 For when we find y' are still more taken  
 With false attracts of our own making;  
 Swear that's a rose, and that a stone, 205  
 Like sots, to us that laid it on,  
 And what we did but slightly prime,  
 Most ignorantly daub in rhyme;  
 You force us, in our own defences,  
 To copy beams and influences; 210  
 To lay perfections on the graces,  
 And draw attracts upon our faces:  
 And, in compliance to your wit,  
 Your own false jewels counterfeit.  
 For, by the practice of those arts 215  
 We gain a greater share of hearts;  
 And those deserve in reason most  
 That greatest pains and study cost;  
 For great perfections are, like heaven,  
 Too rich a present to be given. 220  
 Nor are these master-strokes of beauty  
 To be perform'd without hard duty,  
 Which, when they're nobly done and well,  
 The simple natural excell.  
 How fair and sweet the planted rose 225  
 Beyond the wild in hedges grows!  
 For without art the noblest seeds  
 Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.  
 How dull and rugged, e're 'tis ground  
 And polish'd, looks a diamond! 230



Though Paradise were e'er so fair,  
It was not kept so without care.  
The whole world, without art and dress,  
Would be but one great wilderness;  
And mankind but a savage herd, 235  
For all that nature has conferr'd.  
This does but rough-hew, and design;  
Leaves art to polish and refine.  
Though women first were made for men,  
Yet men were made for them agen; 240  
For when (outwitted by his wife)  
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,  
If women had not interven'd,  
How soon had mankind had an end!  
And that it is in being yet, 245  
To us alone you are in debt.  
And where's your liberty of choice,  
And our unnatural No Voice?  
Since all the privilege you boast,  
And falsly usurp'd, or vainly lost, 250  
Is now our right; to whose creation  
You owe your happy restoration:  
And if we had not weighty cause  
To not appear, in making laws,  
We could, in spite of all your tricks, 255  
And shallow, formal politicks,  
Force you our managements t' obey,  
As we to yours (in shew) give way.  
Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive  
T' advance your high prerogative, 260  
You basely, after all your braves,  
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves;  
And 'cause we do not make it known,  
Nor publicly our int'rest own,  
Like sots, suppose we have no shares 265  
In ord'ring you and your affairs;  
When all your empire and command  
You have from us at second hand:  
As if a pilot, that appears  
To sit still only while he steers, 270

And does not make a noise and stir  
 Like ev'ry common mariner,  
 Knew nothing of the card, nor star,  
 And did not guide the man of war;  
 Nor we, because we don't appear 275  
 In councils, do not govern there;  
 While, like the mighty *Prester John*,  
 Whose person none dares look upon,  
 But is preserv'd in close disguise,  
 From being made cheap to vulgar eyes, 280  
 W' enjoy as large a pow'r unseen,  
 To govern him, as he does men;  
 And in the right of our Pope *Joan*,  
 Make Emp'rors at our feet fall down;  
 Or *Joan de Pucel's* braver name, 285  
 Our right to arms and conduct claim;  
 Who, though a spinster, yet was able  
 To serve *France* for a Grand Constable.  
 We make and execute all laws;  
 Can judge the judges and the cause; 290  
 Prescribe all rules of right or wrong  
 To th' long robe, and the longer tongue;  
 'Gainst which the world has no defence,  
 But our more pow'rful eloquence.  
 We manage things of greatest weight 295  
 In all the world's affairs of state:  
 Are ministers of war and peace,  
 That sway all nations how we please.  
 We rule all churches and their flocks,  
 Heretical and orthodox; 300  
 And are the heavenly vehicles  
 O' th' spirits in all conventicles.  
 By us is all commerce and trade  
 Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;  
 For nothing can go off so well, 305  
 Nor bears that price, as what we sell.  
 We rule in ev'ry publique meeting,  
 And make men do what we judge fitting;  
 Are magistrates in all great towns,  
 Where men do nothing but wear gowns. 310

We make the man of war strike sail,  
 And to our braver conduct veil,  
 And, when h' has chac'd his enemies,  
 Submit to us upon his knees.  
 Is there an officer of state 315  
 Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,  
 That's haughty and imperious?  
 He's but a journeyman to us.  
 That as he gives us cause to do't,  
 Can keep him in, or turn him out. 320

We are your guardians, that increase  
 Or waste your fortunes, how we please;  
 And, as you humour us, can deal  
 In all your matters, ill or well.  
 'Tis we that can dispose alone, 325  
 Whether your heirs shall be your own,  
 To whose integrity you must,  
 In spite of all your caution, trust;  
 And, 'less you fly beyond the seas  
 Can fit you with what heirs we please;  
 And force you t' own 'em, though begotten 330  
 By French Valets or Irish Footmen.  
 Nor can the vigourousest course  
 Prevail, unless to make us worse;  
 Who still, the harsher we are us'd 335  
 Are further off from b'ing reduc'd:  
 And scorn t' abate, for any ills,  
 The least punctilios of our wills.  
 Force does but whet out wits t' apply  
 Arts, born with us, for remedy; 340  
 Which all your politics, as yet,  
 Have ne'er been able to defeat:  
 For when y' have try'd all sorts of ways,  
 What fools d' we make of you in plays!  
 While all the favours we afford, 345  
 Are but to girt you with the sword,  
 To fight our battles in our steads,  
 And have your brains beat out o' your heads;  
 Encounter, in despite of nature,  
 And fight at once, with fire and water,

With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,  
 Our pride and vanity t' appease;  
 Kill one another, and cut throats,  
 For our good graces, and best thoughts;  
 To do your exercise for honour, 355  
 And have your brains beat out the sooner;  
 Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon  
 Things that are never to be known;  
 And still appear the more industrious,  
 The more your projects are prepost'rous; 360  
 To square the circle of the arts,  
 And run stark mad to shew your parts;  
 Expound the oracle of laws,  
 And turn them which way we see cause:  
 Be our solicitors and agents, 365  
 And stand for us in all engagements.  
 And these are all the mighty pow'rs  
 You vainly boast to cry down ours;  
 And what in real value's wanting,  
 Supply with vapouring and ranting; 370  
 Because yourselves are terrify'd,  
 And stoop to one another's pride,  
 Believe we have as little wit  
 To be out-hector'd, and submit;  
 By your example, lose that right 375  
 In treaties which we gain'd in fight;  
 And, terrify'd into an awe,  
 Pass on ourselves a Salique law:  
 Or, as some nations use, give place,  
 And truckle to your mighty race: 380  
 Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,  
 As if they were the better women.

## NOTES TO PART I. \*)

### CANTO I.

1 *When civil dudgeon &c.*] *Dudgeon*. Who made the alterations in the last Edition of this Poem I know not, but they are certainly sometimes for the worse; and I cannot believe the Author would have changed a word so proper in that place as *dudgeon* is, for that of *fury*, as it is in the last Edition. To take in *dudgeon*, is inwardly to resent some injury or affront; a sort of grumbling in the gizzard, and what is previous to actual fury.

24 *That could as well, &c.*] Bind over to the Sessions, as being a Justice of the Peace in his County, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot in the Parliament's army, and a committee-Man.

38 *As Montaigne, &c.*] *Montaigne*, in his Essays, supposes his cat thought him a fool, for losing his time in playing with her.

66 *Profoundly skill'd, &c.*] *Analytick* is a part of logic, that teaches to decline and construe reason, as grammar does words.

93 *A Babylonish, &c.*] A confusion of languages, such as some of our modern Virtuosi used to express themselves in.

103 *Or Cerberus himself, &c.*] *Cerberus*; a name which poets give a dog with three heads, which they feigned door-keeper of Hell, that caressed the unfortunate souls sent thither, and devoured them ~~that~~ would get out again; yet *Hercules* tied him up, and made him follow. This dog with three heads denotes the past, the present, and the time to come; which receive, and, as it were, devour all things. *Hercules* got the better of him, which shews that heroic actions are always victorious over time, because they are present in the memory of posterity.

115 *That had the, &c.*] *Demosthenes*, who is said to have had a defect in his pronunciation, which he cured by using to speak with little stones in his mouth.

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\*) Reprinted from the London Edition 1805.

120 *Than Tycho Brahe, &c.*] *Tycho Brahe* was an eminent Danish mathematician.

131 *Whatever Sceptick, &c.*] *Sceptick*. *Pyrrho* was the chief of the Sceptick Philosophers, and was at first, as *Apollodorus* saith, a painter, then became the hearer of *Driso*, and at last the disciple of *Anaxagoras*, whom he followed into India, to see the *Gymnosophists*. He pretended that men did nothing but by custom; that there was neither honesty nor dishonesty, justice nor injustice, good nor evil. He was very solitary, lived to be ninety years old, was highly esteemed in his country, and created chief priest. He lived in the time of *Epicurus* and *Theophrastus*, about the 120th Olympiad. His followers were called *Pyrrhonians*; besides which they were named the *Ephecticks* and *Aphoreticks*, but more generally *Scepticks*. This sect made their chiefest good to consist in a sedateness of mind, exempt from all passions; in regulating their opinions, and moderating their passions, which they called *Ataxia* and *Metriopathia*; and in suspending their judgment in regard of good and evil, truth or falsehood, which they called *Epechi*. *Sextus Empiricus*, who lived in the second century, under the Emperor *Antoninus Pius*, wrote ten books against the mathematicians or astrologers, and three of the *Pyrrhonian* opinion. The word is derived from the Greek *ἀσέπτεσθαι*, quod est, *considerare, speculari*.

143 *He cou'd reduce, &c.*] The old philosophers thought to extract notions out of natural things, as chymists do spirits and essences; and, when they had refined them into the nicest subtilties, gave them as insignificant names as those operators do their extractions: But (as *Seneca* says) the subtiler things are rendered, they are but the nearer to nothing. So are all their definitions of things by acts the nearer to nonsense.

147 *Where Truth, &c.*] Some authors have mistaken truth for a real thing, when it is nothing but a right method of putting those notions or images of things (in the understanding of man) into the same state and order that their originals hold in nature, and therefore *Aristotle* says. *Unumquodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem*. Met. L. ii.

148 *Like words congeal'd, &c.*] Some report that in *Nova Zembla*, and *Greenland*, mens' words are wont to be frozen in the air, and at the thaw may be heard.

151 *In School-Divinity as able,*

*As he that Hight, Irrefragable, &c.*]

Here again is another alteration of three or four lines, as I think, for the worse.

Some specific epithets were added to the title of some famous doctors, as *Angelicus*, *Irrefragabilis*, *Subtilis*, &c. Vide *Vossi Etymolog.* *Baillet Jugemens de Savans*, & *Possevin's Apparatus*.

153 *A Second Thomas, or at once,*

*To name them all, another Dunce.*

*Thomas Aquinas*, a *Dominican* friar, was born in 1224, and studied at Cologne and Paris. He new modelled the school-divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelic Doctor*, and *Eagle of Divines*. The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high value on his merits, so that they offered him bishopricks, which he refused with as much ardor as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XII. We have his works in eighteen volumes, several times printed.

*Johannes Duns Scotus* was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scotch strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say, he was born in Northumberland: the Scots alledge he was born at Duns, in the Mers, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called *Duns Scotus*. *Moreri*, *Buchanan*, and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion, and for proof cite his epitaph:

*Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,  
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.*

He died at Cologne, Novemb. 8. 1308. In the supplement to *Dr. Cave's Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary learned in physicks, metaphysicks, mathematicks, and astronomy; that his fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30,000 scholars came thither to hear his lectures: that when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin; so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees but such as were of this mind. He was a great opposer of *Thomas Aquinas's* doctrine; and, for being a very acute logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*; which was the reason also, that an old punster always called him the *Lathy Doctor*.

158 *As tough as, &c.*] *Sorbon* was the first and most considerable college of the university of Paris, founded in the reign of

St. Lewis, by *Robert Sorbon*, which name is sometimes given to the whole University of Paris, which was founded, about the year 741, by *Charlemagne*, at the persuasion of the learned *Alcuinus*, who was one of the first professors there; since which time it has been very famous. This college has been rebuilt with an extraordinary magnificence, at the charge of Cardinal Richelieu, and contains lodgings for thirty-six doctors, who are called the *Society of Sorbon*. Those which are received among them before they have received their doctor's degree are only said to be of the *Hospitality of Sorbon*. Claud. Hemerans de Acad. Paris. Spontan. in Annal.

173 *He know, &c.*] There is nothing more ridiculous than the various opinions of authors about the seat of Paradise. Sir Walter Raleigh has taken a great deal of pains to collect them, in the beginning of his *History of the World*; where those, who are unsatisfied, may be fully informed.

180 *By a High-Dutch, &c.*] *Goropius Becanus* endeavours to prove that High-Dutch was the language that Adam and Eve spoke in Paradise.

181 *If either of, &c.*] Adam and Eve being made, and not conceived and formed in the womb, had no navels as some learned men have supposed, because they had no need of them.

182 *Who first made, &c.*] Musick is said to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who first found out the proportion of notes from the sounds of hammers upon an anvil.

232 *Like Mahomet's, &c.*] *Mahomet* had a tame dove, that used to pick seeds out of his ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His ass was so intimate with him, that the Mahometans believed it carried him to heaven, and stays there with him to bring him back again.

257 *It was Monastick, and did grow  
In holy Orders by strict Vow.*

He made a vow never to cut his beard until the Parliament had subdued the King; of which order of fanatick votaries there were many in those times.

281 *So learned Taliacotius, &c.*] *Taliacotius* was an Italian surgeon, that found out a way to repair lost and decayed noses.

This *Taliacotius* was chief surgeon to the Great Duke of Tuscany, and wrote a treatise, *De Curtis Membris*, which he dedicates to his great master; wherein he not only declares the models of his



wonderful operations in restoring of lost members, but gives you cuts of the very instruments and ligatures he made use of therein; from hence our Author (*cum poetica licentia*) has taken his simile.

289 *For as Aeneas, &c.*] *Aeneas* was the son of *Anchises* and *Venus*; a Trojan, who, after long travels, came to Italy, and after the death of his father-in-law, *Latinus*, was made king of *Latium*, and reigned three years. His story is too long to insert here, and therefore I refer you to *Virgil's Aeneids*. Troy being laid in ashes, he took his aged father *Anchises* upon his back, and rescued him from his enemies. But being too solicitous for his son and household gods, he lost his wife *Creusa*; which Mr. Dryden, in his excellent translation, thus expresseth.

*Haste my dear father, ('tis no time to wait),  
And load my shoulders with a willing freight.  
Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care;  
One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share.  
My hand shall lead our little son; and you,  
My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.*

337 *For Arthur, &c.*] Who this *Arthur* was, and whether any ever reigned in Britain, has been doubted heretofore, and is by some to this very day. However, the history of him, which makes him one of the nine worthies of the world, is a subject sufficient for the Poet to be pleasant upon.

359 *Toledo trusty, &c.*] The capital city of New Castile, in Spain, with an archbishopric and primacy. It was very famous, amongst other things, for tempering the best metal for swords, as *Damascus* was, and perhaps may be still.

389 *But left the trade, as many more  
Have lately done, &c.*

*Oliver Cromwell* and *Colonel Pride* had been both brewers.

433 *That Caesar's Horse, who, as Fame goes,  
Had corns upon his Feet and Toes.*

*Julius Caesar* had a horse with feet like a man's. *Utebatur equo insigni; pedibus prope humanis, & in modum digitorum angulis fissis.* Suet. in *Jul. Cap.* 61.

467 *The mighty Tyrian Queen, that gain'd  
With subtle Shreds & Tract of Land.*

*Dido*, Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much land as she

could compass with an ox's hide, which she cut into small thongs, and cheated the owner of so much ground as served her to build Carthage upon.

476 *As the bold, &c.*] *Aeneas*, whom *Virgil* reports to use a golden bough for a pass to hell; and tailors call that place Hell where they put all they steal.

526 *As three, &c.*] Read the great Geographical Dictionary, under that word.

530 *In Magick, &c.*] Talisman is a device to destroy any sort of vermin, by casting their images in metal, in a precise minute, when the stars are perfectly inclined to do them all the mischief they can. This has been experienced by some modern Virtuosi upon rats, mice, and fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the effect with admirable success.

Raymund Lully interprets *cabal*, out of the Arabic, to signify *Scientia superabundans*; which his commentator, *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over-magnifying, has rendered a very superfluous foppery.

532 *As far as, &c.*] The author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the learning of the ancient Magi to be derived from that knowledge which God himself taught *Adam* in Paradise before the fall.

535 *And much of Terra Incognita,  
The intelligible World cou'd say.*

The intelligible world is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Psittacorum Regio*, &c. discovered only by the philosophers; of which they talk, like parrots, what they do not understand.

538 *As learned, &c.*] No nation in the world is more addicted to this occult philosophy than the Wild-Irish are, as appears by the whole practice of their lives; of which see *Camden* in his description of Ireland.

539 *Or Sir Agrippa, &c.*] They who would know more of Sir *Cornelius Agrippa*, here meant, may consult the Great Dictionary.

541 *He Anthroposophus and Floud,  
And Jacob Behmen understood.*

*Antroposophus* is only a compound Greek word, which signifies a man that is wise in the knowledge of men, as is used by some anonymous author to conceal his true name.

Dr. *Floud* was a sort of an English Rosy-crucian, whose works are extant, and as intelligible as those of *Jacob Behmen*.

545 *In Rosy-crucian Love as learned,  
As he that Vere Adeptus earned.*

The fraternity of the Rosy-crucians is very like the sect of the ancient Gnostici, who called themselves so from the excellent learning they pretended to, although they were really the most ridiculous sots of mankind.

*Vere Adeptus* is one that has commenced in their fanatick extravagance.

646 *Thou that with Ale or viler Liquors,  
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vicars.*

This *Vicars* was a man of as great interest and authority in the late Reformation as *Pryn* or *Withers*, and as able a poet. He translated *Virgil's Aeneids* into as horrible *Travesty* in earnest, as the French *Scarron* did in *burlesque*, and was only outdone in his way by the politic author of *Oceana*.

714 *We that are, &c.*] This speech is set down as it was delivered by the Knight, in his own words: But since it is below the gravity of heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the rest of his harangues have only his sense expressed in other words, unless in some few places, where his own words could not be so well avoided.

753 *In bloody, &c.*] *Cynarctomachy* signifies nothing in the world but a fight between dogs and bears; though both the learned and ignorant agree that in such words very great knowledge is contained: And our Knight, as one, or both, of those, was of the same opinion.

758 *Or Force, &c.*] Another of the same kind, which, though it appear ever so learned and profound, means nothing else but the weeding of corn.

777 *The Indians fought for the Truth  
Of th' Elephant and Monkey's Tooth.*

The History of the White Elephant and the Monkey's Tooth, which the Indians adored, is written by *Mons. le Blanc*. This monkey's tooth was taken by the Portuguese from those that worshipped it; and though they offered a vast ransom for it, yet the Christians were persuaded by their priests rather to burn it. But as soon as the fire was kindled, all the people present were not able to endure the horrible stink that came from it, as if the fire had been made of

the same ingredients with which seamen use to compose that kind of granados which they call stinkards.

903 *'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke  
In Foreign land, yclept —*

*Mamaluke* is the name of the militia of the Sultans of Egypt. It signified a servant or soldier. They were commonly captives taken from amongst the Christians, and instructed in military discipline, and did not marry. Their power was great; for besides that the Sultans were chosen out of their body, they disposed of the most important offices of the kingdom. They were formidable about 200 years; till at last *Selim*, Sultan of the Turks, routed them, and killed their Sultan, near Aleppo, 1516, and so put an end to the empire of Mamalukes, which had lasted 267 years.

No question but the rhyme to Mamaluke was meant Sir *Samuel Luke*, of whom in the Biographical Notice.

913 *Honour is like a widow, won  
With brisk attempt and putting on; &c.*

Our English proverbs are not impertinent to this purpose:

*He that woos a Maid, must seldom come in her sight;  
But he that woos a Widow, must woo her Day and Night.*

This proverb being somewhat immodest, Mr. *Ray* says he would not have inserted it in his collection, but that he met with it in a little book, intitled, the *Quakers' Spiritual Court proclaimed*, written by *Nathaniel Smith*, Student in Physic; wherein the author mentions it as counsel given him by *Hilkiah Bedford*, an eminent Quaker in London, who would have had him to have married a rich widow, in whose house he lodged.

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## CANTO II.

47 *That is to say, whether Tollutation,  
As they do term't, or Succussation.*

*Tollutation* and *Succussation* are only Latin words for ambling  
Butler. 22

and trotting; though I believe both were natural amongst the old Romans; since I never read they made use of the trammel, or any other art, to pace their horses.

60 *As Indian Britons, &c.*] The American Indians call a great bird they have, with a white head, a penguin, which signifies the same thing in the British tongue: from whence (with other words of the same kind) some authors have endeavoured to prove, that the Americans are originally derived from the Britons.

65 *The dire, &c.*] Pharsalia is a city of Thessaly, famous for the battle won by *Julius Caesar* against *Pompey the Great*, in the neighbouring plains, in the 607th year of Rome, of which read *Lucan's Pharsalia*.

129 *Chiron, the &c.*] *Chiron*, a Centaur, son to Saturn and *Phillyris*, living in the mountains, where, being much given to hunting, he became very knowing in the virtues of plants, and one of the most famous physicians of his time. He imparted his skill to *Aesculapius*, and was afterwards Apollo's governor, until being wounded by *Hercules*, and desiring to die, Jupiter placed him in heaven, where he forms the sign of *Sagittarius* or the Archer.

134 *In Staffordshire, where virtuous Worth  
Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth, &c.*

The whole history of this ancient ceremony you may read at large in *Dr. Plot's History* of Staffordshire, under the town *Tutbury*.

155 *Grave as, &c.*] For the history of *Pegu*, read *Mandelsa* and *Olearius's Travels*.

172 *In military, &c.*] *Paris Garden*, in *Southwark*, took its name from the possessor.

231 *Though by, &c.*] *Promethean fire*. *Prometheus* was the son of *Iapetus*, and brother of *Atlas*, concerning whom the poets have feigned, that having first formed men of the earth and water, he stole fire from heaven to put life into them; and that having thereby displeased Jupiter, he commanded *Vulcan* to tie him to mount *Caucasus* with iron chains, and that a vulture should prey upon his liver continually: but the truth of the story is, that *Prometheus* was an astrologer, and constant in observing the stars upon that mountain; and that, among other things, he found the art of making fire, either by the means of a flint, or by contracting the sun-beams in a glass. *Bochart* will have *Magog*, in the Scripture, to be the *Prometheus* of the Pagans.

He here and before sarcastically derides those who were great admirers of the sympathetic powder and weapon salve, which were in great repute in those days, and much promoted by the great Sir *Kenelm Digby*, who wrote a treatise *ex professo* on that subject, and, I believe, thought what he wrote to be true, which since has been almost exploded out of the world.

267 *And 'mong, &c.*] Cossacks are a people that live near Poland. This name was given them for their extraordinary nimbleness; for *cosa*, or *kosa*, in the Polish tongue, signifies a goat. He that would know more of them, may read *Le Laboureur* and *Thuldenus*.

275, *And tho', &c.*] This custom of the Huns is described by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, *Hunni semicruda cujusvis Pecoris corna vescuntur, quam inter femora sua & equorum terga subsertam, calefacient brevi*. P. 686.

283 *He spous'd in India,*  
*Of noble House, a Lady gay.*

The Story in *Le Blanc*, of a bear that married a king's daughter, is no more strange than many others, in most travellers, that pass with allowance; for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their labour, and observed nothing but what they might have done as well at home.

343 *In Magic he was deeply read,*  
*As he that made the Brazen-Head;*  
*Profoundly skill'd in the Black Art;*  
*As English Merlin for his Heart.*

*Roger Bacon* and *Merlin*. See *Collier's Dictionary*.

368 *As Joan &c.*] Two notorious women; the last was known here by the name of *Mall Cutpurse*.

378 *Than the Amazonian, &c.*] *Penthesile*, Queen of the Amazons, succeeded *Orythia*. She carried succours to the Trojans, and after having given noble proofs of her bravery, was killed by *Achilles*. *Pliny* saith, it was she that invented the battle-ax. If any one desire to know more of the Amazons, let him read *Mr. Sanson*.

385 *They wou'd not suffer the stout'st Dams*  
*▲ To swear by Hercules's Name.*

The old Romans had particular oaths for men and women to swear by; and therefore *Macrobius* says, *Viri per Castorem non*

*jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem; Aedepol autem juramentum erat tum mulieribus, quam viris commune, &c.*

393 *As stout, &c.*] Two formidable women at arms, in romances, that were cudgelled into love by their gallants.

395 *Of Gundibert, &c.*] *Gundibert* is a feigned name, made use of by Sir William d'Avenant in his famous epic poem, so called; wherein you may find also that of his mistress. This poem was designed by the author to be an imitation of the English Drama: it being divided into five books, as the other is into five acts; the Cantos to be parallel of the scenes, with this difference, that this is delivered narratively, the other dialogues. It was ushered into the world by a large preface, written by Mr. Hobbes, and by the pens of two of our best poets, viz. Mr. Waller and Mr. Cowley, which one would have thought might have proved a sufficient defence and protection against snarling critics. Notwithstanding which, four eminent wits of that age (two of which were Sir John Denham and Mr. Donne) published several copies of verses to Sir William's discredit, under this title, *Certain Verses written by several of the Author's Friends, to be reprinted with the second Edition of Gundibert in 8vo. Lond. 1653.* These verses were as wittily answered by the author, under this title, *The incomparable Poem of Gundibert vindicated from the Wit Combat of four Esquires, Clinias, Damoetas, Sancho, and Jack-Pudding; printed in 8vo. Lond. 1665.* Vide *Langbain's Account of Dramatic Poets.*

496 *What OEstrum, &c.*] *OEstrum* is not only a Greek word for madness, but signifies also a gadbee or horse-fly, that torments cattle in the summer, and makes them run about as if they were mad.

525 *Wore in their Hats, &c.*] Some few days after the King had accus'd the five Members of Treason in the House of Commons, great crowds of the rabble came down to Westminster-Hall, with printed copies of the Protestation tied in their hats like favours.

526 *When 'twas resolv'd by either House  
Six Members Quarrel to espouse.*

The King ordered six Members to be apprehended, and their papers seized; charging them of plotting with the Scots, and favouring the late tumults; but the House voted against the arrest of their persons or papers; whereupon the King having preferred articles against those Members, he went with his guard to the House to demand them; but they, having notice, withdrew.

578 *Make that, &c.*] Abusive or insulting had been better; but our Knight believed the learned language more convenient to understand in than his own Mother-tongue.

650 *And is indeed the self same Case*  
*With theirs that swore t' Et caeteras.*

The convocation, in one of the short Parliaments, that ushered in the long one, (as dwarfs are wont to do knights-errant,) made an oath to be taken by the clergy for observing canonical obedience; in which they enjoined their brethren, out of the abundance of their consciences, to swear to articles with, &c.

652 *Or the French League, in which men vow'd*  
*To fight to the last Drop of Blood.*

The Holy League in France, designed and made for the extirpation of the Protestant Religion, was the original, out of which the *Solemn League and Covenant* here was (with the difference only of circumstances) most faithfully transcribed. Nor did the success of both differ more than the intent and purpose; for after the destruction of vast numbers of people of all sorts, both ended with the murder of two Kings, whom they had both sworn to defend: And as our Covenanters swore every man to run one before another in the way of Reformation, so did the French, in the Holy League, to fight to the last drop of blood.

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### CANTO III.

134 *First Trulla stav'd, &c.*] *Staving* and *Tailing* are terms of art used in the Bear-Garden, and signify there only the parting of dogs and bears: Though they are used metaphorically in several other professions, for moderating; as law, divinity, hectoring, &c.

153 *Or like the late corrected leathern*  
*Ears of the Circumcised Brethren.*

*Pryn, Bastwick, and Burton*, who laid down their ears as proxies for their profession of the godly party, not long after maintained their right and title to the pillory to be as good and lawful as theirs who first of all took possession of it in their names.

328 *That old, &c.*] *Pygmalion*, king of Tyre, was the son of Margenus, or Mechres, whom he succeeded, and lived 56 years,



whereof he reigned 47. *Dido*, his sister, was to have governed with him, but it was pretended the subjects thought it not convenient. She married *Siehaus*, who was the king's uncle, and very rich; wherefore he put him to death; and *Dido* soon after departed the kingdom. Poets say, *Pygmalion* was punished for the hatred he bore to women with the love he had to a statue.

925 *And as the French we conquer'd once,  
Now give us Laws for Pantaloon's, &c.*

*Pantaloon's* were some of the fantastick fashions wherein we aped the French.

*At quisquis Insula satus Britunnica  
Sic patria insolens fastidiet suam,  
Ut more simiae laboret fingere,  
Et aemulari Gallicas ineptias,  
Et omni Gallo ego hunc opinor ebrium;  
Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus esse nititur,  
Sic Dii jubete, fiat ex Gallo Capus.*

Thomas More.

*Gallus* is a river in Phrygia, rising out of the mountains of *Celenae*, and discharging itself into the river *Sanger*, the water of which is of that admirable quality, that, being moderately drunk, it purges the brain, and cures madness; but largely drunk, it makes men frantick. *Pliny, Horatius.*

1123 A learned divine in King *James's* time wrote a polemick work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky nick-name of *The Pope's Bull baited*.

1156 *Canónical Cravat, &c.*] *Smectymnus* was a club of five parliamentary holders-forth; the characters of whose names and talents were by themselves expressed in that senseless and insignificant word. They wore handkerchiefs about their necks for a mark of distinction (as the Officers of the Parliament Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into carnal cravats. About the beginning of the long Parliament, in the year 1641, these five wrote a book against Episcopacy and the Common Prayer, to which they all subscribed their names; being *Stephen Marshal, Edmund Calamey, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstaw*, and from thence they and their followers were called *Smectymnians*. They are remarkable for another pious book, which they wrote some time after that, intitled, *The Kings Cabinet unlocked*, wherein all

the chaste and endearing expressions, in the letters that passed betwixt his Majesty King *Charles I.* and his Royal Consort, are by these painful labourers in the Devil's vineyard turned into burlesque and ridicule. Their books were answered with as much calmness and genteelness of expression, and as much learning and honesty, by the Rev. Mr. *Symonds*, then a deprived clergyman, as their's was stuffed with malice, spleen, and rascally invectives.

1249 *Cardinals they say do grope*  
*At t'other end the new made Pope.*

This relates of the story of Pope *Joan*, who was called *John VIII.* *Platina* saith she was of English extraction, but born at Mentz; who, having disguised herself like a man, travelled with her paramour to Athens, where she made such progress in learning. that coming to Rome, she met with few that could equal her; so that, on the death of Pope *Leo IV.* she was chosen to succeed him; but being got with child by one of her domestics, her travail came upon her between the Colossian Theatre and St. Clement's, as she was going to the Lateran Church, and died upon the place, having sat two years, one month, and four days, and was buried there without any pomp. He owns that, for the shame of this, the Popes decline going through this street to the Lateran.

1262 *To leave your Vitiligation, &c.*

Vitiligation is a word the Knight was passionately in love with, and never failed to use it upon all occasions; and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argued too great a neglect of his learning and parts; though it means no more than a preverse humour of wrangling.

1373 *Mere Disparata, &c.*] *Disparata* are things separate and unlike, from the Latin word *Disparo*.

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## NOTES TO PART II.

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### CANTO I.

1 *But now t' observe, &c.*] The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know that it was written on purpose in imitation of Virgil, who begins the IVth Book of his *Aeneids* in the very same manner, *At regina gravi, &c.* And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe that invention and fancy ought to be measured (like cases in law) by precedents, or else they are in the power of the critick.

205 *A Saxon Duke, &c.*] This history of the Duke of *Saxony* is not so strange as that of a Bishop, his countryman, who was quite eaten up with rats and mice.

237 *King Pyrrhus, &c.*] *Pyrrhus*, King of Epirus, as *Pliny* says, had this occult quality in his toe, *Pollicis in dextro Pede tactu Lionosis medebatur*, L. 7. C. 11.

259 *In close Catasta shut, &c.*] *Catasta* is but a pair of Stocks in English. But heroical poetry must not admit of any vulgar word (especially of paltry signification), and therefore some of our modern authors are fain to import foreign words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our language.

371 The ancient writers of the lives of saints were of the same sort of people who first writ of knighterrantry: and as in the one they rendered the brave actions of some great persons ridiculous, by their prodigious lies, and sottish way of describing them, so they have abused the piety of some devout persons, by imposing such stories on them as this upon St. *Francis*.

393 *This made the beauteous Queen, &c.*] The History of *Pasiphae* is common enough: only this may be observed, that tho' she brought the bull a son and heir, yet the husband was fain to father it; as appears by the name; perhaps, because being an

island, he was within the four seas when the infant was begotten.

338 *As your own Secretary, &c.]* *Albertus Magnus* was a Swedish Bishop, who wrote a very learned work, *De Secretis Mulierum*.

470 *Unless it be to squint, &c.]* *Pliny*, in his Natural History, affirms, that *Uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Paetorum*, Lib. 2.

532 *As Friar Bacon's Noddle was, &c.]* The tradition of Friar Bacon and the Brazen Head is very commonly known; and, considering the times he lived in, is not much more strange than what another great Philosopher of his name has delivered up of a ring, that being tied in a string, and held like a pendulum in the middle of a silver bowl, will vibrate of itself, and tell exactly, against the sides of the divining cup, the same thing with, *Time is, Time was, &c.*

533 *American Indians*, among whom (the same authors affirm) there are others, whose skulls are so soft, to use their own words, *Ut Digito perforari possunt*.

556 *Or Oracle, &c.]* *Jupiter's Oracle* in Epirus, near the city of Dodona, *Ubi Nemus erat Jovi sacrum, Querneum totum, in quo Jovis Dodonaei templum fuisse narratur*.

715 *Semiramis*, Queen of Assyria, is said to be the first that invented Eunuchs. *Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium prima*. Am. Marcel. L. 34. p. 12.

725 *For some Philosophers, &c.]* Sir K. D. in his Book of Bodies, who has this story of the German Boy, which he endeavours to make good by several natural reasons; by which those who have the dexterity to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.

845 *A Persian Emperor, &c.]* Xerxes, who used to whip the seas and wind. *In Corum atque Eurum solitus saevire Flagellis*. Juv. Sat. 10.

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## CANTO II.

15 *So th' ancient toiks, &c.*] *In Porticu (Stoicorum Schola Athenis) Discipulorum seditionibus mille Quadringenti triginta Cives interfecti sunt. Diog. Laert. in vita Zenonis, p. 383.* Those old Virtuosos were better proficient in those exercises than modern, who seldom improve higher than cuffing and kicking.

19 *Bonum* is such a kind of animal as our modern Virtuosi from *Don Quixote* will have windmills under sail to be. The same authors are of opinion, that all ships are fishes while they are afloat; but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the dock, become ships again.

413 *In a town, &c.*] The history of the Cobbler had been attested by persons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

548 *Have been exchange'd, &c.*] The Knight was kept prisoner in Exeter, and, after several exchanges proposed, but none accepted of, was at last released for a barrel of ale, as he often used to declare.

678 *Bore a slave with him in his chariot.*

— *Et sibi Consul*

*Me placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.*

683 *Hung out, &c.*] *Tunica Coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra praetorium poni, quasi admonitio, & indicium futurae pugnae.* Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.

787 *Next Links, &c.*] That the Roman Emperors were wont to have torches borne before them (by day) in publick, appears by *Herodian in Pertinace.* Lips. in Tacit. p. 16.

879 *Vespasian being dawb'd, &c.*] *C. Caesar succensens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, Luto jussit oppleri congesto per milites in praetextae sinum.* Sueton. in Vespas. C. 5.

## CANTO III.

140 *A Ledger, &c.*] The Witch-finder in Suffolk, who, in the Presbyterian times, had a commission to discover witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caused sixty to be hanged within the compass of one year; and, among the rest, the old minister, who had been a painful preacher for many years.

159 *Did he not help the Dutch, &c.*] In the beginning of the Civil Wars of Flanders, the common people of Antwerp in a tumult broke open the cathedral church, to demolish images and shrines, and did so much mischief in a small time, that *Strada* writes, there were several Devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

161 *Sing catches, &c.*] This Devil at Mascon delivered all his oracles, like his forefathers, in verse, which he sung to tunes. He made several lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his *Memoirs*, written in French.

163 *Appear'd in divers, &c.*] The History of Dr. Dee and the Devil, published by *Mer. Casaubon*, *Isaac Fil.* Prebendary of Canterbury, has a large account of all those passages, in which the style of the true and false angels appears to be penned by one and the same person. The Nun of Loudon, in France, and all her tricks, have been seen by many persons of quality of this nation yet living, who have made very good observations upon the French book written on that occasion.

165 *Met with, &c.*] A Committee of the Long Parliament, sitting in the King's-house in Woodstock-Park, were terrified with several apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the news of the whole nation.

157 *At Sarum, &c.*] *Withers* has a long story, in doggerel, of a soldier in the King's army, who, being a prisoner at Salisbury, and drinking a health to the Devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a single pane of glass.

224 *Since old Hodge Bacon, &c.*] *Roger Bacon*, commonly called Friar Bacon, lived in the reign of our Edward I. and, for some little skill he had in the mathematicks, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the sottish story of the Brazen Head fathered upon him by the ignorant Monks of those days. *Robert Grosthead* was Bishop of Lincoln in the reign of Henry III. He was a learned man for those times, and for that reason suspected by the Clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime, being degraded by Pope Innocent IV. and summoned to appear at Rome, he appealed to the tribunal of Christ; which our lawyers say is illegal, if not a *Praemunire*, for offering to sue in a Foreign Court.

313 *Which Socrates, &c.*] *Aristophanes*, in his Comedy of the

Clouds, brings in *Socrates* and *Chaerephon*, measuring the leap of a flea from the one's beard to the other's.

404 *Was rais'd by him, &c.*] This *Fisk* was a late famous astrologer, who flourished about the time of *Subtile* and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben Jonson*.

436 *Unless it be, &c.*] This experiment was tried by some foreign *Virtuosos*, who planted a piece of ordnance point blank against the Zenith, and having fired it, the bullet never rebounded back again; which made them all conclude that it sticks in the mark: but *Des Cartes* was of opinion, that it does but hang in the air.

477 *As lately 't was, &c.*] This *Sedgwick* had many persons (and some of quality) that believed in him, and prepared to keep the day of judgment with him, but were disappointed; for which the false prophet was afterwards called by the name of *Dooms-day Sedgwick*.

609 *Your modern Indian, &c.*] This compendious new way of magick is affirmed by *Monsieur Le Blanc* (in his travels) to be used in the East Indies.

627 *Bumbastus kept, &c.*] *Paracelsus* is said to have kept a small Devil prisoner in the pommel of his sword, which was the reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his drink. Howsoever, it was to better purpose than *Hannibal* carried poison in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surprised in any great extremity; for the sword would have done the feat alone much better, and more soldier-like; and it was below the honour of so great a commander to go out of the world like a rat.

635 *Agrippa kept, &c.*] *Cornelius Agrippa* had a dog that was suspected to be a spirit, for some tricks he was wont to do beyond the capacity of a dog, as it was thought; but the author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the doctor and the dog from the aspersion, in which he has shewn a very great respect and kindness for them both.

679 *As Averrhois, &c.*] *Averrhois Astronomiam propter Ex-centricos contempnit*. *Phil. Melancthon* in *Elem. Phil.* p. 781.

691 *The Median Emp'r or dreamt his Daughter, &c.*] *Astyages*, King of Media, had this dream of his daughter *Madane*, and the interpretation from the *Magi*; wherefore he married her to a Persian of a mean quality, by whom she had *Cyrus*, who conquered all Asia, and translated the empire from the *Medes* to the *Persians*. *Herodot.* l. 1.

697 *When Caesar, &c.]* *Fiunt aliquando prodigiosi, & longiores Solis Defectus, quales occiso Caesare Dictatore & Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Pallore continuo.* Phil.

701 *Augustus having, &c.]* *Divus Augustus laevum sibi prodidit calceum praepostere idutum, qua die seditione Militum prope afflictus est.* Idem l. 2.

709 *The Roman Senate, &c.]* *Romani L. Crasso & C. Mario Coss. Bubone viso orbem lustrabant.*

737 *For Anaxagoras, &c.]* *Anaxagoras affirmabat Solem candens Ferrum esse, & Peloponneso majorem: Lunam Habitacula in se habere, & Colles, & Valles. Fertur dixisse Caelum omne ex Lapidibus esse compositum; Damnatus & in exilium pulsus est, quod impie Solem candentem luminam esse dixisset.* Diog. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11. 13.

865 *Th' Egyptians say, &c.]* *Egyptii decem millia Annorum & amplius recensent; & observatum est in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata esse Loca Ortuum & Occasuum Solis, ita ut Sol bis ortus sit ubi nunc occidit, & bis descenderit ubi nunc oritur.* Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. p. 60.

871 *Some hold the heavens, &c.]* *Causa quare Caelum non cadit (secundem Empedoclem) est velocitas sui motus.* Comment. in L. 2. Aristot. de Coelo.

877 *Plato believ'd, &c.]* *Plato Solem & Lunam caeteris Planetis inferiores esse putavit.* G. Gunnin in Cosmog. L. 1. p. 11.

881 *The learned Scaliger, &c.]* *Copernicus in Libris Revolutionem, deinde Reinholdus, post etiam Stadius Mathematici nobiles, perspicuis Demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis Apsida Terris esse propiorem, quam Ptolemaei aetate duodecim partibus, i. e. uno & triginta terrae semidiameteris.* Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 455.

895 *Cardan believ'd, &c.]* *Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda Halices seu Majoris Ursae omne magnum Imperium pendere.* Idem p. 325.

913 *Than th' old Chaldean, &c.]* *Chaldaei jactant se quadringinta septuaginta Annorum millia in periclitandis, experientisque Puerorum Animis possuisse.* Cicero.

975 *Like Money, &c.]* *Druidas pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in posteriore vita reddituri.* Patricius Tom. 2. p. 9.

1001 *That paltry story, &c.]* *There was a notorious idiot (that is here described by the name and character of Whachum) who counterfeited a Second Part of Hudibras, as untowardly as*



Captain *Pe*, who could not write himself, and yet made a shift to stand on the pillory for forging other mens' hands, as his fellow Whachum no doubt deserved; in whose abominable doggrel this story of Hudibras and a French mountebank at Brentford fair is as properly described.

1024 *That the Vibration, &c.*] The device of the vibration of a *Pendulum* was intended to settle a certain measure of ells and yards, &c. (that should have its foundation in nature) all the world over: For by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating by the motion of the sun, or any star, how long the vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the string, and weight of the pendulum, they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time compute the exact length of any string that must necessarily vibrate into so much space of time; so that if a man should ask in China for a quarter of an hour of satin, or taffata, they would know perfectly what it meant; and all mankind learn a new way to measure things no more by the yard, foot, or inch, but by the hour, quarter, and minute.

1113 *Before the Secular, &c.*] As the Devil is the Spiritual Prince of Darkness, so is the Constable the Secular, who governs in the night with as great authority as his colleague, but far more imperiously.

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## NOTES TO PART III.

### CANTO I.

15 *And more, &c.*] *Caligula* was one of the Emperors of Rome, son of *Germanicus* and *Agrippina*. He would needs pass for a god, and had the heads of the ancient statues of the gods taken off, and his own placed on in their stead; and used to stand between the statues of *Castor* and *Pollux* to be worshipped; and often bragged of lying with the Moon.

43 *And us'd &c.*] *Philters* were love potions, reported to be much in request in former ages; but our true Knight-Errant Hero made use of no other but what his noble achievements by his sword produced.

52 *To th' Ordeal, &c.*] *Ordeal* trials were, when supposed criminals, to discover their innocence, went over several red-hot coulter irons. These were generally such whose chastity was suspected, as the vestal virgins, &c.

93 *So Spanish Heroes, &c.*] The young Spaniards signalize their valour before the Spanish ladies at bull feasts, which often prove very hazardous, and sometimes fatal to them. It is performed by attacking of a wild bull, kept on purpose, and let loose at the combatant; and he that kills most, carries the laurel, and dwells highest in the ladies' favour.

137 *To pawn, &c.*] His exterior ears were gone before, and so out of danger; but by *inward ears* is here meant his conscience.

252 *Loud as, &c.*] A speaking trumpet, by which the voice may be heard at a great distance, very useful at sea.

276 *As if th' had, &c.*] This alludes to some abject lechers, who used to be disciplined with amorous lashes by their mistresses.

323 *Bewitch Hermetik Men, &c.*] *Hermes Trismegistus*, an Egyptian Philosopher, and said to have lived *Anno Mundi* 2076, in the reign of *Ninus*, after *Moses*. He was a wonderful philosopher

and proved that there was but one God, the creator of all things; and was the author of several most excellent and useful inventions. But those Hermetick Men here mentioned, though the pretended sectators of this great man, are nothing else but a wild and extravagant sort of enthusiasts, who make a hodgepodge of Religion and Philosophy, and produce nothing but what is the object of every considering person's contempt.

326 *Potosi.*] Potosi is a city of Peru, the mountains whereof afford great quantities of the finest silver in all the Indies.

603 *More wretched, &c.*] *Villainage* was an ancient tenure, by which the tenants were obliged to perform the most abject and slavish services for their lords.

639 *Like Indian Widows, &c.*] The Indian women, richly attired, are carried in a splendid and pompous machine to the funeral pile where the bodies of their deceased husbands are to be consumed, and there voluntarily throw themselves into it, and expire; and such as refuse, their virtue is ever after suspected, and they live in the utmost contempt.

647 *For as the Pythagorean, &c.*] It was the opinion of *Pythagoras* and his followers, that the soul transmigrated (as they termed it) into all the diverse species of animals; and so was differently disposed and affected, according to their different natures and constitutions.

707 *For tho' Chineses, &c.*] The Chinese men of quality, when their wives are brought to bed, are nursed and tended with as much care as women here, and are supplied with the best strengthening and nourishing diet.

751 *Transform them into Rams, &c.*] The Sirens, according to the poets, were three sea-monsters, half women and half fish: their names were Parthenope, Lignea and Leucosia. Their usual residence was about the island of Sicily, where, by the charming melody of their voices, they used to detain those that heard them, and then transform them into some sort of brute animals.

755 *By the Husband Mandrake, &c.*] Naturalists report, that if a male and female Mandrake lie near each other, there will often be heard a sort of murmuring noise.

797 *The World is but two Parts, &c.*] The equinoctial divides the globe into North and South.

819 *Unless among the Amazons, &c.*] The Amazons were women of Scythia, of heroick and great atchievements. They suf-

fered no men to live among them; but once every year used to have conversation with men, of the neighbouring countries, by which if they had a male child, they presently either killed or crippled it; but if a female, they brought it up to the use of arms, and burnt off one breast, leaving the other to suckle girls.

865 *The Nymphs of chaste Diana's, &c.*] Diana's Nymphs, all of whom vowed perpetual virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact observation of their vow.

866 *Lewkner's Lane.*] Some years ago swarmed with notoriously lascivious and profligate persons.

877 *The Reason of it is, &c.*] Demanding the *clergy of her belly*, which, for the reasons aforesaid, is pleaded in excuse by those who take the liberty to oblige themselves and friends.

1086 *As Ironside or Hardiknute, &c.*] Two famous and valiant princes of this country; the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

1131 *But those that trade in Geomancy, &c.*] The Lapland Magi. The Laplanders are an idolatrous people, far North: and it is very credibly reported, by authors and persons that have travelled in their country, that they do perform things incredible by what is vulgarly called *Magick*.

1158 *To burning with, &c.*] An allusion to canterizing in apoplexies, &c.

1321 *The Queen of Night, &c.*] The moon influences the tides, and predominates over all humid bodies; and persons distempered in mind are called Lunatics.

1344 *And growing to thy Horse, &c.*] The Centaurs were a people of Thessaly, and supposed to be the first managers of horses; and the neighbouring inhabitants never having seen any such thing before, fabulously reported them monsters, half men and half horses.

1423 *Sir (quoth the Voice) &c.*] Sophi is at present the name of the kings of Persia, not superadded, as Pharaoh was to the kings of Egypt, but the name of the family itself, and religion of Hali, whose descendants by Fatimas, Mahomet's daughter, took the name of Sophi.

1454 *Wear wooden Peccadillos &c.*] Peccadillos were stiff pieces that went about the neck, and round about the shoulders, to pin the band, worn by persons nice in dressing; but his wooden one is a *pillory*.

1483 *Hence 'tis Possessions, &c.*] Criminals, in their indictment.

Butler.

23

ments, are charged with *not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being led by the instigation of the Devil.*

1521 *When to a legal Utlegation, &c.]* When they return the excommunication into the Chancery, there is issued out a writ against the person.

1524 *Distrain on Soul, &c.]* Excommunication, which deprives men from being Members of the visible Church, and formally delivers them up to the Devil.

## CANTO II.

1 *The Learned write, &c.]* An *insect breeze*. Breezes often bring along with them great quantities of insects, which some are of opinion, are generated from viscous exhalations in the air; but our Author makes them proceed from a cow's dung, and afterwards become a plague to that whence it received its original.

13 *For as the Persian, &c.]* The Magi were priests and philosophers among the Persians, intrusted with the government both civil and ecclesiastick, much addicted to the observation of the stars. *Zoroaster* is reported to be their first author. They had this custom amongst them, to preserve and continue their families by incestuous copulation with their own mothers. Some are of opinion, that the three wise men that came out of the East to worship our Saviour were some of these.

51 *At Michael's Term, &c.]* St. Michael, an archangel, mentioned in *St. Jude's Epistle*, Verse 9.

78 *And laid about, &c.]* *William Prymme*, of Lincoln's-Inn, Esq. born at Swanswick, who stiled himself *Utter Barrister*, a very warm person, and voluminous writer; and after the Restoration, keeper of the records in the Tower.

146 *As Dutch Boors, &c.]* It is reported of the Dutch women, that making so great use of stoves, and often putting them under their petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly monster, which is called a Sooterkin.

151 *T' out-cant the Babylonian, &c.]* At the building of the Tower of Babel, when God made the confusion of languages.

215 *Toss'd in a furious Hurricane, &c.]* At Oliver's death was

a most furious tempest, such as had not been know in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation.

This *Sterry* reported something ridiculously fabulous concerning *Oliver*, not unlike what *Proculus* did of *Romulus*.

224 *False Heaven*, &c.] After the Restoration, *Oliver's* body was dug up, and his head set at the farther end of Westminster-hall, near which place there is an house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of *Heaven*.

227 *So Romulus*, &c.] A Roman Senator, whose name was *Proculus*, and much beloved by *Romulus*, made oath before the Senate, that this prince appeared to him after his death, and predicted the future grandeur of that city, promising to be protector of it; and expressly charged him, that he should be adored there under the name *Quirinus*; and he had his temple on Mount Quirinale.

234 *Next his Son*, &c.] *Oliver's* eldest son *Richard* was, by him before his death, declared his successor; and, by order of privy-council, proclaimed *Lord Protector*, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence, at the same time, from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen: and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a Parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognized him *Lord Protector*: yet, notwithstanding, *Fleetwood*, *Desborough*, and their partizans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

245 *To edify upon the Ruins*, &c.] *John of Leyden*, whose name was *Buckhold*, was a butcher of the same place, but a crafty, eloquent, and seditious fellow, and one of those called Anabaptists. He went and set up at Munster, where, with *Knipperdoling*, and others of the same faction, they spread their abominable errors, and run about the streets in enthusiastical raptures, crying, *Repent and be baptized*, pronouncing dismal woes against all those that would not embrace their tenets. About the year 1533 they broke out into an open insurrection, and seized the palace and magazines, and grew so formidable that is was very dangerous for those who were not of their persuasion to dwell in Munster; but at length he and his associates being subdued and taken, he was executed at Munster, had his flesh pulled off by two executioners with red-hot pincers for the space of on hour, and then run through with a sword.

351 *'Mong these there was a Politician*, &c.] This was the

famous E. of S. who was endued with a particular faculty of undermining and subverting all sorts of government.

409 *And better than by Napier's Bones, &c.*] The famous *Lord Napier*, of Scotland, the first inventor of logarithms, contrived also a set of square pieces, with numbers on them, made generally of ivory, (which perform arithmetical and geometrical calculations,) and are commonly called *Napier's Bones*.

421 *To match this Saint, &c.*] The great colonel *John Libourn*, whose trial is so remarkable, and well known at this time.

475 *The Trojan Mare, &c.*] After the Grecians had spent ten years in the siege of Troy, without the least prospect of success, they bethought of a stratagem, and made a wooden horse capable of containing a considerable number of armed men: this they filled with the choicest of their army, and then pretended to raise the siege; upon which the credulous Trojans made a breach in the walls of the city to bring in this fatal plunder; but when it was brought in, the inclosed heroes soon appeared, and surprizing the city, the rest entered in at the breach.

520 *(I mean Margaret's Fast) &c.*] That Parliament used to have publick fasts kept in St. Margaret's church, Westminster, as is done to this present time.

605 *To hang like Mahomet, &c.*] It is reported of *Mahomet*, that having built a mosque, the roof whereof was of loadstone, and ordering his corpse, when he was dead, to be put into an iron coffin, and brought into that place, the loadstone soon attracted it near the top, where it still hangs in the air.

No less fabulous is what the legend says of *Ignatius Loyola*, that his zeal and devotion transported him so, that at his prayers he was seen to be raised from the ground for some considerable time together.

650 *As easy as Serpents, &c.*] Naturalists report, that Snakes, Serpents, &c. cast their skins every year.

655 *As Barnacles turn Soland Geese, &c.*] It is said that in the Islands of the Orcades, in Scotland, there are trees which bear those *barnacles*, which dropping off into the water, receive life, and become those birds called *Soland geese*.

663 *So he that keeps the Gate of Hell, &c.*] The poets feign the dog *Cerberus*, that is the porter of hell, to have three heads.

685 *The Gibellines, &c.*] Two great factions in Italy, distin-

guished by those names, which miserably distracted and wasted it about the year 1130.

841 *When three Saints Ears, &c.] Burton, Prynne, and Bastwick*, three notorious ringleaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the late horrid rebellion.

894 *But Fischers Folly, &c.] Fischer's Folly*, was where Devonshire-square now stands, and was a great place of consultation in those days.

907 *Cut out more Works, &c.] Plato's year*, or the grand revolution of the entire machine of the world, was accounted 4000 years.

1200 *T' your great Croysado General, &c.] General Fairfax*, who was soon laid aside after he had done some of their drudgery for them.

1241 *To pass for deep and learned Scholars, &c.]* Two ridiculous scribblers, that were often pestering the world with nonsense.

1250 *Lihe Sir Pride, &c.]* The one a brewer, the other a shoemaker, and both colonels in the rebels' army.

1505 *The beastly Rabble that came down, &c.]* This is an accurate description of the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the secluded Members, in contempt of the Rump-Parliament.

1534 *Be ready listed under Don.]* The hangman's name at that time was *Don*.

1550 *They've roasted Cook already and Pride in.]* Cook acted as solicitor-general against King Charles the First at his trial; and afterwards received his just reward for the same. *Pride*, a colonel in the Parliament's army.

1564 *Their Founder was a blown up Soldier.] Ignatius Loyola*, the founder of the society of the Jesuits, was a gentleman of Biscay, in Spain, and bred a soldier; was at Pampelune when it was besieged by the French in the year 1521; and was so very lame in both feet, by the damage he sustained there, that he was forced to keep his bed.

1585 *And from their Coptick Priests, Kircherus.] Athanasius Kircher*, a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on the Aegyptian mystical learning.

1587 *For, as the Aegyptians us'd by Bees, &c.]* The Aegyptians represented their kings (many of whose names were *Ptolomy*), under the hieroglyphick of a bee, dispensing honey to the good and virtuous, and having a sting for the wicked and dissolute.



## CANTO III.

8 *Than Hags with all their Imps and Teats.*] Alluding to the vulgar opinion, that witches have their imps, or familiar spirits, that are employed in their diabolical practices, and suck private teats they have about them.

15 *As Rosi-crucian Virtuosos, &c.*] The *Rosicrucians* were a sect that appeared in Germany in the beginning of the XVIIth age. They are also called the Enlightened, Immortal, and Invisible. They are a very enthusiastical sort of men, and hold many wild and extravagant opinions.

36 *From Marshal Legion's Regiment.*] He used to preach, as if they might expect legions to drop down from heaven, for the propagation of the good Old Cause.

145 *More plainly than the Reverend Writer, &c.*] A most Reverend Prelate, A. B. of Y. who sided with the disaffected party.

261 *If the Ancients crown'd their bravest Men, &c.*] The Romans highly honoured, and nobly rewarded, those persons that were instrumental in the preservation of the lives of their citizens, either in battle or otherwise.

305 *Or else their Sultan Populaces, &c.*] The Author compares the arbitrary actings of the ungovernable mob to the Sultan or Grand Signior, who very seldom fails to sacrifice any of his chief commanders, called *Bassas*, if they prove unsuccessful in battle.

350 *As the ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs.*] Homer wrote a poem of the War between the Mice and the Frogs.

383 *And stout Rinaldo gain'd his Bride, &c.*] A story in *Tasso*, an Italian Poet, of a hero that gained his mistress by conquering her party.

577 *An old dull Sot, who told the Clock, &c.*] *Prideaux*, a justice of peace, a very pragmatistical busy person in those times, and a mercenary and cruel magistrate, infamous for the following methods of getting of money among many others.

589 *And many a trusty Pimp and Croney, &c.*] There was a gaol for puny offenders.

599 *Made Monsters fine, and Puppet-plays, &c.*] He extorted money from those that kept shows.

715 *From Stiles's Pocket into Nokes's, &c.*] John a Nokes, and John a Stiles, are two fictitious names made use of in stating cases of law only.

742 *On Bongey for a Water Witch.*] *Bongey* was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age, every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magick; and so both *Bacon* and *Bongey* went under the imputation of studying the *black-art*. *Bongey* also, publishing a treatise of Natural Magick, confirmed some well-meaning credulous people in this opinion; but it was altogether groundless; for *Bongey* was chosen provincial of his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.

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#### NOTES ON HUDIBRAS'S EPISTLE TO HIS LADY.

113 *Or who but Lovers can converse, &c.*] Metaphysicians are of opinion, that angels and souls departed, being divested of all gross matter, understand each other's sentiments by intuition, and consequently maintain a sort of conversation without the organs of speech.

121 *Or Heav'n itself a Sin resent, &c.*] In regard children are capable of being inhabitants of Heaven, therefore it should not resent it as a crime to supply store of inhabitants for it.

173 *You wound like Parthians while you fly, &c.*] Parthians are the inhabitants of a province in Persia: They were excellent horsemen, and very exquisite at their bows; and it is reported of them, that they generally slew more on their retreat than they did in the engagement.

188 *Than Philip Nye's Thanksgiving Beard.*] One of the Assembly of Divines, very remarkable for the singularity of his beard.

237 *To what a Height did Infant Rome, &c.*] When *Romulus* had built Rome, he made it an asylum, or place of refuge, for all malefactors, and others obnoxious to the laws to retire to; by which means it soon came to be very populous; but when he began to consider, that, without propagation, it would soon be destitute of inhabitants, he invented several fine shows, and invited the young Sabine women, then neighbours to them; and when they had them secure, they ravished them; from whence proceeded so numerous an offspring.

252 *Till Alimony' or Death them parts.*] Alimony is an allowance that the law gives the woman for her separate maintenance

upon living from her husband. That and death are reckoned the only separations in a married state.

### NOTES ON THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

133 *Whose Arrows learned Poets hold, &c.*] The poets feign Cupid to have two sorts of arrows; the one tipped with gold, and the other with lead. The golden always inspire and inflame love in the persons he wounds with them: but, on the contrary, the leaden create the utmost aversion and hatred. With the first of these he shot *Apollo*, and with the other *Daphne*, according to *Ovid*.

277 *While, like the mighty Prester John, &c.*] *Prester John*, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission.

285 *Or Joan de Pucel's braver Name.*] *Joan of Arc*, called also the *Pucelle*, or Maid of Orleans. She was born at the town of Domremi, on the Meuse, daughter of *James de Arc*, and *Isabella Romee*; and was bred up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty she pretended to an express commission from God to go to the relief of Orleans, then besieged by the English, and defended by *John Comte de Dennis*, and almost reduced to the last extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles the Seventh, when he was almost ruined. She knew that prince in the midst of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity, and members of parliament, openly declared that there was something supernatural in her conduct. She sent for a sword, which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of *St. Katharine de Pierbois*, upon the blade of which the *cross* and *flower-de-luces* were engraven, which put the king in a very great surprise, in regard none besides himself knew of it. Upon this he sent her with the command of some troops, with which she relieved Orleans, and drove the English from it, defeated *Talbot* at the battle of *Pattai*, and recovered Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner in a sally at Champagne in 1430, and tried for a witch or sorceress, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place in May 1430.

378 *Pass on ourselves a Salique Law.*] The *Salique Law* is a law in France, whereby it is enacted, that no female shall inherit that crown.

*The End.*







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